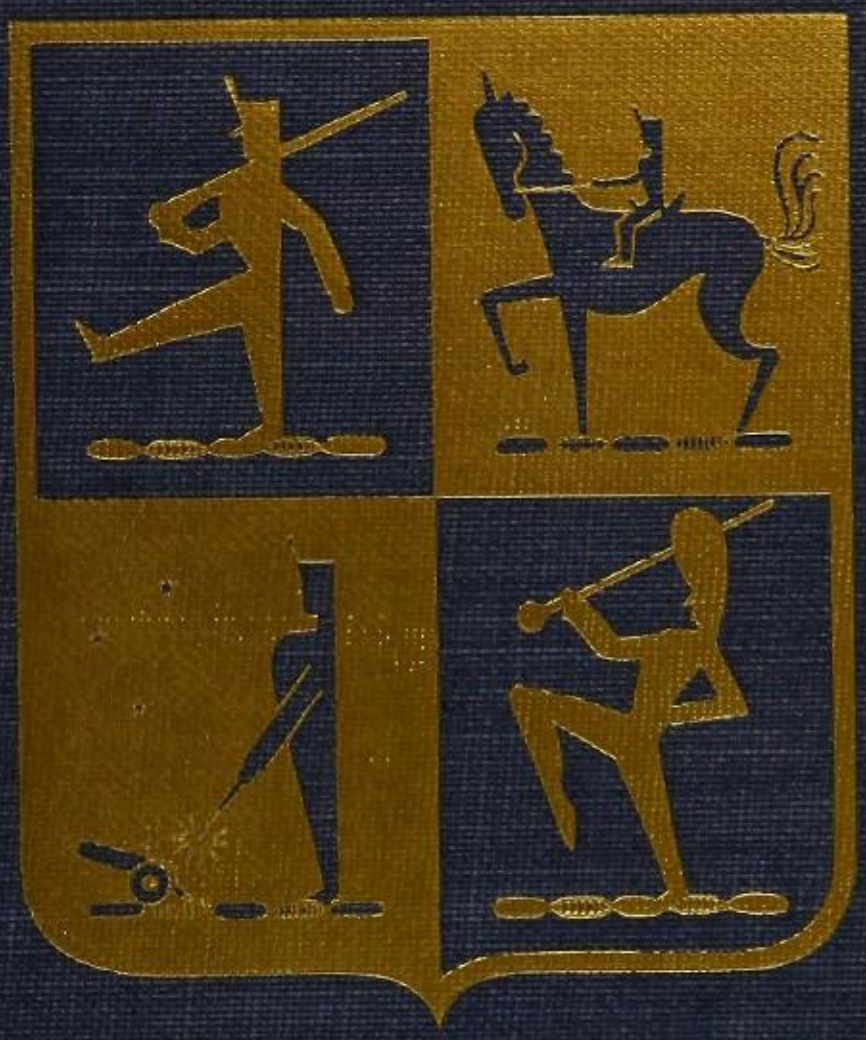
THE ROLL CALL



YEAR BOOK OF CULVER
MILITARY ACADEMY
1941

THE ROLL CALL

THE

ROLL CALL

AN INFORMAL AND OCCASIONALLY
FRIVOLOUS ACCOUNT OF WHAT MADE
THE WHEELS GO ROUND IN 1940–41
AT CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY,
PUBLISHED BY THE FIRST CLASS.

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1941

Because his culture and scholarship have inspired us and his friendliness has won our affections, we, the graduating class of 1941, take pleasure in dedicating this book to

MAJOR CHARLES STUART YOUNG

IN THE 1941 ROLL CALL we portray the real spirit of Culver. This book is not the work of any single person but the product of the combined efforts of many people. We have worked as a group; and as a group we shall remain anonymous, our identities concealed in the words of a composite first-classman who tells our story. To Mr. Frederick Noer of the Indianapolis Engraving Company, to Mr. Logan Anderson and Mr. Douglas Lang of The Lakeside Press, to The Moffett Studio and to Mr. Rodney Albright and Mr. R. A. Weaver we are indebted for the time and effort spent to help make this book complete.

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WHO IS THIS?

THIS is the mythical average first classman that you have heard about. He's not so mythical either, for his identity in actual flesh and blood is pretty well established. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, has attended Culver three years, comes from the Middle West, and has a set of very definite ideas. For example, he was a staunch Republican in the presidential campaign, is broad-minded in his religious views, believes the United States should give all possible aid to Britain, says that Buick is his favorite car, calls Ginger Rogers his favorite movie actress, expects to go to college and then into business, and thinks C. M. A. ought to have spring vacations. But why tell you about him when he can speak for himself? And while he is speaking for himself, he will tell you the story of Culver as he sees it—not as it appears in the eyes of his mother and father nor in the eyes of the faculty nor in the eyes of the public but in his own eyes and with his own words. But here he is . . . .

"Culver is one of my favorite topics of conversation; in fact I have learned so much about it (as well as at it) that I hardly know where to begin. I think I shall start by taking you through C. M. A. on a Tour of Inspection. *I shall introduce you first to the men who made the wheels go 'round in 1941 . . . ."*

COLONEL W. E. GREGORY

COLONEL A. R. ELLIOTT

MEN WHO MAKE THE WHEELS GO ROUND

MEN are at the heart of any organization. If you take a careful look at the men who run Culver, you will see why this school is what it is. Last June the trustees promoted COLONEL WILLIAM EDWARD GREGORY from Acting Superintendent to full rank. The Colonel, I guess, is the sort of man who would have done well in whatever line of work he took up—in his years here he's certainly shown the sort of ability I hope (God willing) I can show in my own time. He's done just about everything there is to do around the school, and no one can honestly say he knows more about how the school runs, inside and out. Starting as a plebe Math instructor, with only a B.S. degree from Miami University, he has spent the last seventeen years in playing an increasingly important role in the affairs of the Academy. He earned a reserve commission—first in Cavalry, then in Field Artillery, his present branch. He earned an M.A. from Michigan, and an Ed.M. from Harvard and will before long have completed the research necessary for his Doctor's Degree in Education from the latter. Last year Colgate granted him an honorary Litt.D. All this is in addition to busy terms as teacher, tactical officer, administrative officer, Dean, and finally Superintendent. For my money, that's a career for any man to be proud of; and to have reached this position before the age of forty is really something. As Superintendent, Dr. Gregory is the final authority on Academy affairs—the last decision is always his; he confers with the Board of Directors, engages new faculty members, supervises the work of all departments of the school, and generally sees that things move as they should. Being head of a million-dollar-a-year organization is no easy job; but I've noticed that even a plebe, when he needs it, can get a hearing from the head man.

Offhand, I'd say that COLONEL ALLEN ROSCOE ELLIOTT has more titles than anyone else around the school: Chairman of the Department of Health and Athletics, Executive Officer, Post Adjutant, Secretary of the Culver Legion, and Colonel in the Infantry Reserve are the most important. Being secretary of the Legion means, of course, that he is an alumnus; in fact, except for a few years just after his graduation and his term of service in the Army during the war, he's been here over a quarter of a century, first as a tactical officer and R.O.T.C. instructor, and later in his present capacities. Few enough of us had any sort of chance to know him well, but those who did can tell tales of a man who is handling a big, tough job with great conscientiousness and rare ability. He supervises the *Alumnus*, maintains contact with alumni in all parts of the country, has general supervision over the whole financial program of the school, watches the entire athletic program, keeps an eye on the health of the corps, and in a few days, when the old Iron Gate is set up on the lawn in front of Main Barracks, and you walk up one by one, lonesomely, to find yourselves no longer cadets, his will be the voice that reads off the final order, dismissing the Culver that you knew, forever. But the old school will still be here, they say, and glad to see us back; and the Colonel will be one of those who will always keep you posted.

Ever notice the number of First Class rings the faculty have? COLONEL CHARLES FRANKLIN MCKINNEY wears one; he began his military career right here at the Academy. At times he seems to know more about you than you do yourself. The Commandant's job is no bed of roses, and it's a rare man who can keep both the respect (for conscientiousness) and the liking (for many reasons) of those over whose lives he has so much control. There isn't

a man at Culver who can honestly say that Colonel Mac hasn't been the squarest shooter he knows. Those eagles on his shoulders were earned at a pretty early age, too—whatever he does seems to be done efficiently and well. At the Faculty Hobby Show there were some professional-looking pieces of furniture that came from the Commandant's workshop—a lot of personal activities seem to be carried on after just about the longest working day of anyone connected with the Academy. I've seen him at all sorts of hours, around the buildings and grounds, inspecting, checking, seeing that the conduct and morale of the corps were all that they should be. When you went on the carpet for a bawling-out, you got it hard, but you knew you deserved it, and you bore no hard feelings. On the other hand, when you went into the double office to the left of the Sally Port on business, you soon found that the Colonel and Miss Romig were two people who really knew their jobs and with whom it was a real pleasure to work.

JOHN SEDDON FLEET, Colonel, CMA, has been connected with Culver almost since the day it was started. His father was the head of the old Missouri Military Academy that moved here at the invitation of our founder, when its own plant burned down, soon after Culver had been launched. The Colonel was thus one of the earliest cadets, and soon after his arrival, he was helping to establish the Maroon's reputation on the athletic field. From here he went to the University of Virginia, and later abroad, to study many things, but mainly his beloved classics. When he addresses us as "Gentlemen," he makes us feel like gentlemen, because he's so very sincere and convincing in everything he does. I wasn't any great shakes as a Latin student, so I didn't get much chance to know him till last fall; but since then I've found him a most sympathetic and well-informed advisor to me as well as the rest of the First Class. My choice of a college, and to a large extent my certainty that it's the right one for my needs and plans and abilities (such as they are), I owe to his courteous and generous advice. I've never known him to appear hurried, and I've never known him to waste words. In all my life, I never expect to meet anyone who so honestly, courteously, considerately, and kindly means *exactly* what he says.

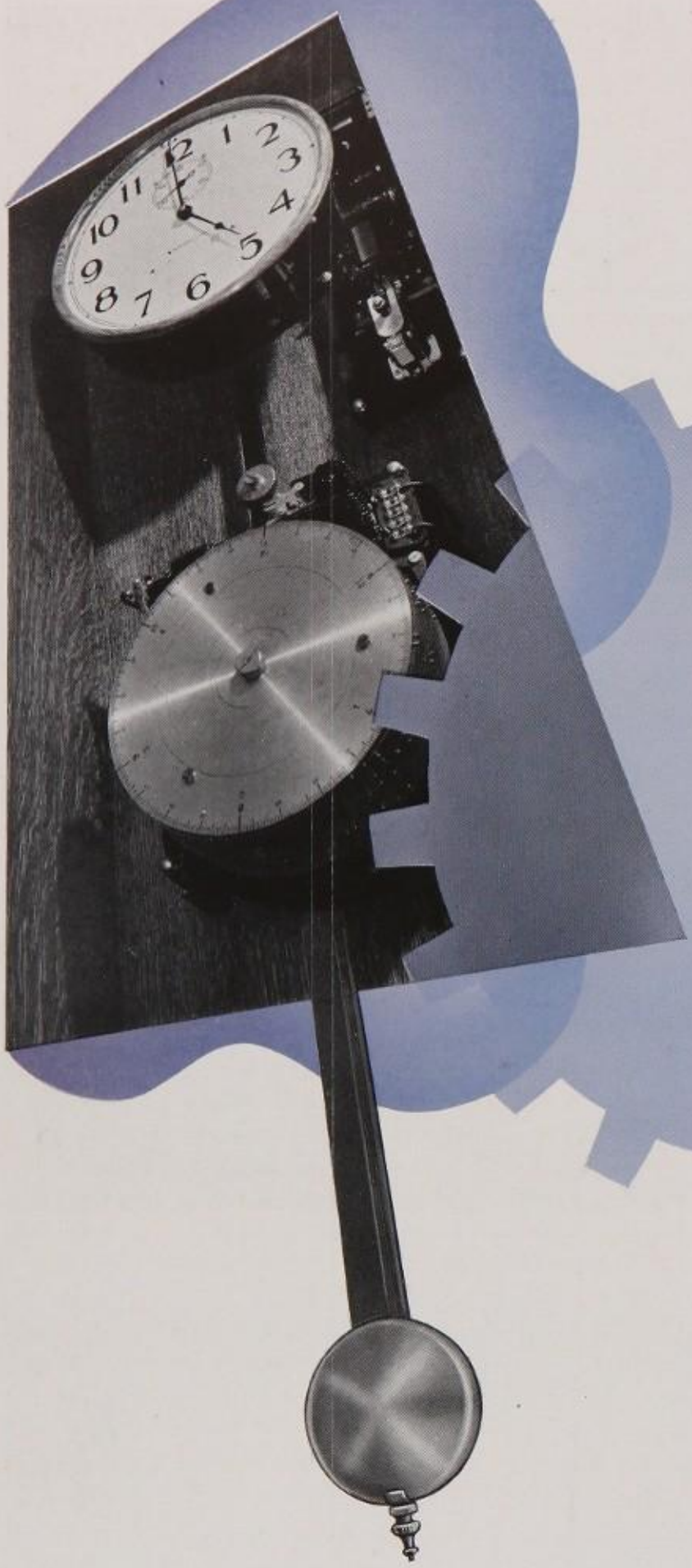
In charge of admissions is COLONEL JOHN HENDERSON, who came to Culver in June, 1919, shortly after leaving the army. He enlisted as a private in 1917, attended the fourth Officers' Training Camp, became Assistant Adjutant of the Coast Artillery Schools, and before the end of the war was Assistant to the Chief of Coast Artillery at Washington. Some rise!

From the time of his arrival here until 1930 he was Y.M.C.A. secretary and the following year took over his present job as Admissions Director. From 1924 till 1930 he was Commandant of the Summer Woodcraft School and for two years commanded the Culver City post of the American Legion, as well as doing a great deal of 'Y' work. Since 1935 he has been treasurer of the Culver Fathers' Association. His department is one of the biggest, busiest, and most important in the school. But we must move along now to get a cadet's-eye-view of the plant. . . .

COLONEL C. F. McKINNEY

COLONEL J. S. FLEET

COLONEL J. W. HENDERSON



. . . Culver Military Academy, home of 600 cadets and almost half as many officers and employees, seems now almost as well known to us as our own backyards at home. But actually, how well do we know our Culver? I found out. Are you aware that it's practically a city—a city that could exist on its own resources for months, if some calamity cut it off suddenly from all communication with everything and everybody outside? Of course, our small city, if so cut off from the world, would lose its communications first—to the everlasting sorrow of all of us. Rex, lord of the academy post office, would no longer hand out the 15,000 letters each week from home and beauty that help make life easier, if not exactly easy. Then, too, the 15,000 other letters that go from us to our families and flames and the heavy mail from the academy to our families would stop.

Rex came here twenty-two years ago—to found the first canteen, then located in the YMCA quarters. In 1921 he began distributing mail. Five hundred memos to the faculty, each placed in the proper box, are his biggest problem, but fat-headed questions from cadets, usually about the color of the envelopes on friend roommate's letter, add to his troubles. He never has time to read anybody's postcards but might like to, if times ever get easier. Mail is picked up in the barracks twice a day, at breakfast and at noon; but, alas, only given out once. Rushes come at Thanksgiving, Easter, and Valentine's Day, naturally. But some Joe averaged seven letters a day, even in the rainy season. I wonder.

We'd miss our telephone calls, too—10,000 come and go annually over the present switchboard. In the old days, all calls came through Mr. Henning's office. That's probably why he looks so happy nowadays. Also, cadets had to get permission to make a call or send a telegram from a Major Stoutenburgh, who could sign his initials to the hopeful Romeo's plea—ASS. Sixty telegrams come to the Academy every week, but the maximum number ever received by a single cadet was 140—by Amon Carter Jr., at his Commencement.

Like Rex, the postmaster, Ines and Esther, the switchboard operators, know an amazing lot about all of us—our names and addresses, our roommates and phone numbers. They say it's fascinating work. They should know.

It would be a nuisance not to get a letter from home or be able to reverse the charges on a phone call to the little woman; but even if we were cut off, we'd still eat. The

Mess Hall could take care of us for quite a while before we'd feel the pinch, even though it would have to go on serving 2,016 meals every day. I've walked through the store rooms and seen the things there are to be seen there. Three hundred and fifty gallons of milk a day are pasteurized—enough to satisfy almost any plebe. Canned goods and vegetables are stored in tons in the basement, as well as the big annex where, daily, trucks pull up to deliver enormous quantities of foodstuffs.

Charlie, who came to the Mess Hall in 1904, has at one time or another visited every military academy in the country, to inspect service and equipment. He's never found one that can match ours in size or completeness. He also can remember the time when the boys appreciated the silverware as souvenirs so much that it was necessary (especially before Christmas) for the Commandant to inspect all cadets for any spoons or forks that might accidentally have fallen into a pocket or cap. A typical meal, so they tell me, might obliterate 225 chickens or 375 pounds of pork loins or 275 pounds of baked ham. Thirteen bushels of spinach swim onto the tables at a time, or five bushels of beans, or 400 pounds of potatoes. Three hundred pounds of bananas, or 198 pounds of grapes, or five crates of pears might disappear in the thirty minutes the average meal lasts.

What small city, or country town, doesn't have its own general store? We have ours—the Q.M. Store and Tailor Shop. The Q.M. will supply you, in return for your check or coupon, with about everything you could get in a ten-cent store, a hardware store, a clothing store, a jewelry store, a drug store, a sporting-goods store, cleaners' shop, a shoe shop, or you name it. Every uniform worn by every cadet is hand tailored in the workshop. If all the grey worsted and whipcord and all the blue overcoating and material used in fatigue blouses were sewn together, it would make a tent big enough to cover the quadrangle and all the buildings around it and leave enough over for a marquee all the way down Pershing Walk—if anybody wanted that kind of tent. They could clean it, too—the Tailor Shop uses 2,000 gallons and more of cleaning fluid every year to take the spots off forty tons of garments, or enough to load a freight train stretching from here to there.

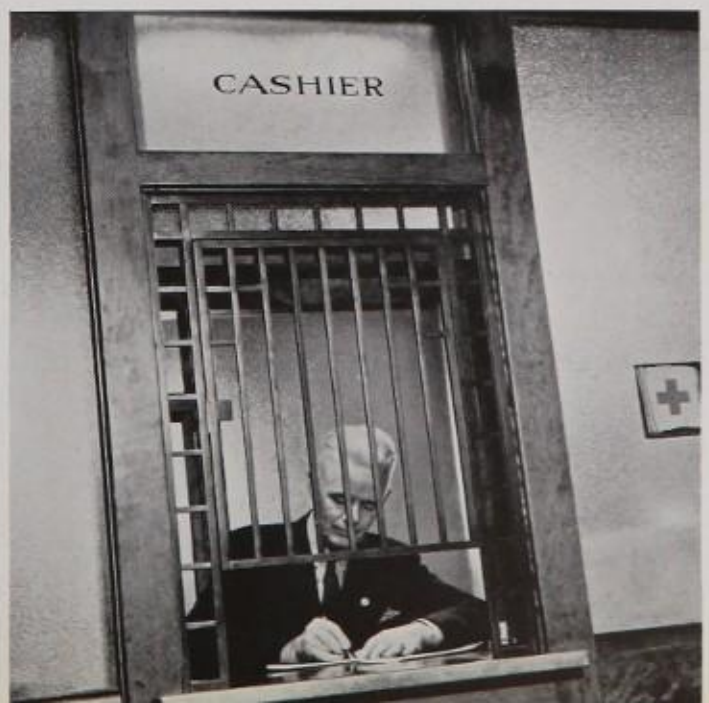
Shoe polish (remember Plebe year?) comes from here, too. Kiwi seems to be what the boys are using nowadays, and they use enough cans of it to make a pile, if placed end to end, taller than the flagpole.

I wonder what happens to the 10,000 records that cross the counter annually. I never got to play my own very much; but somebody must have, because they're all pretty well shot now. One-third of the corps buys a new dictionary every year, besides all the textbooks used in academic and military classes. Sixty gross of pencils—plain ordinary pencils—are used from September till June. By sticking those in the ground one inch apart you could make a fence along the waterfront from the General's house to the tennis courts. Alarm clocks, so useful for borrowing when you go on guard, are sold to the tune of twelve dozen a year. One last thing, lest we forget we're a military organization with Spit 'an Polish as our twin gods: we needed 3,000 yards of white belting, as plebes, to dress our chests; and we need 28,000 buttons to hold us together for all purposes, and I do mean *all* purposes.

We have our own printing plant in our model city, too. Here two presses rumble and groan, turning out such items as the well-known pink slips, taps reports, privilege records and all the 300-odd forms now used by the academy. General orders used to be printed, but today they're turned out on the hectograph. Mr. Mattox, third man to run the print shop, learned his art here in the academy after his arrival in 1927, having previously been a grade-school teacher. He has two job presses—ten by fifteen plate size, equipped with the latest in Kluge feeders—very efficient, very expensive. So what if the presses only clank, and don't really rumble or groan? They work, don't they? Of course, if some dough-heavy patriot would donate a larger press, he could make Mr. Mattox very, very happy. It's on account of the Message Center Record Sheet. You see, the thing's so big it has to be printed in sections; first the top, then the bottom.

Then there's the Canteen. I went in there for a coke on my fact-finding tour and settled back into a sort of dream at the things they told me—a dream compounded of carbonated beverages, hasty meals, tall tales, sandwiches, hot dogs, permits, and a slight case of indigestion. We drank 3,000 cases of cokes a year—enough to float the Admiral Rodman, and in my dazed state I could see just that happening. A company of hamburgers winged their way by to land like ducks in autumn on the lake. A battalion of sandwiches and a squadron of milk-shakes marched past—just one day's load, boys, just one day's load.

The Canteen, by the way, isn't a money-making concern. Founded in 1919 as the Exchange and originally



under the control of the YMCA, three-fourths of its profits are turned over to the corps and distributed according to the size of the organization. That system has been going for twelve years, and this was the first I'd heard of it. Seems a good system to me. By the way, it's vanilla, four to one.

Speaking of eats, there's always the Shack. Good old Shack, it's been there for thirty years, but in its present state only for the last five. Sunday is the big day there with two to three hundred meals served to cadets and guests at one sitting. There are usually three people behind the counter, and the atmosphere is less formal than anywhere else around except the club rooms. The Inn itself has been here fifty-five years, and in its time has played host to a fair number of national and even international celebrities. It can accommodate 156 people if they're all willing to sleep two to a room. Last remodeled in 1933, it is designed to accommodate, the best it can, the Academy's widely varying needs. On a winter weekday the place seems deserted, but on a big weekend every inch of space is filled, as you and I know all too well. I don't suppose there's any system that could be put in that would really satisfy everybody; except in the summer, the Inn is only needed for weekends, and to expand it for them only would be wasteful. In four years here there's been only one thing I've never heard complaints about—the quality of the food in the Inn dining room. It's a wallop to the pocketbook to feed the little woman there very often, but it was a wonderful morale-restorer to go down there once in a while to feed on a steak that was cooked just the way you wanted it and served HOT. And when you felt that some expensive little trinket would make some blonde doll more eager to remember you, that's where you went to get it. It didn't always work; but I tried, more than once, and so did you, you liar.

I never knew much about art, but just being here has taught me something anyway. I was very much interested to find that in the art collection of the academy there are ten volumes of Brady's "Photographic History of the Civil War." These pictures were the first photos, and as I understand are very hard to get. Captain Barada secured them for the academy. There are also 300 pictures of the Napoleanic conquests (no, they're not photographs). Of course, you have all been through the Music and Art Building just as I have and were probably just as surprised at the amazing fields covered by this department of Culver. For instance, Major Stinchcomb rules over a section on ceramics. The Carnegie set, of which we have heard so much, consists of 850 pictures and 125 books on different phases of art. I also found after careful examination that the machine in the art room which looks like a pants presser is in reality a picture mounting press. We were extremely lucky to get the Carnegie Art Set as I understand it. Last summer while Captain Barada was in New York on a buying tour he applied for a set. At the time such a set was unavailable; but when Captain Barada explained the Culver art program and displayed what progress had already been made toward this end, the sample set which had been used as a display prior to this time was presented to Culver. The Art Committee is dividing and classifying the present art collection into groups according to time and subject in an effort to correlate the arts with other subjects being taught, such as history and English.

Our city also has its livery stable although in this case it is the stable and riding hall of the Black Horse Troop. The present riding hall dates only to 1917 when the previous one burned down. I found that it held 137 Troop horses, 2 privately owned horses and one Arabian stallion. (Whooppee! Hi Yo Silver.) As is to be expected, the largest horse is Knight, which is ridden by Lieutenant Graham; the smallest is a polo horse called Bird. That's for Weiss. Those horses eat over a ton of hay every day besides whatever else they eat. They are exercised at least once a day in the ring next to the riding hall, but the hardest workout comes when the troopers are turned loose on the poor, innocent animals. But of course, this must be entirely evident. The riding hall is used for innumerable exhibitions throughout the year such as the Thanksgiving parade, Lancers, Four Gun Drill, and the jumping shows. Of course, on Saturdays during the winter it is used for polo. The most familiar figure of the riding hall to cadets and the most unnoticed by visitors is Skippy. Nine or ten mice and two or three rats are Skippy's daily diet, but this

isn't unusual for a fox terrier with a job like Skippy's. It is this heroic work of Skippy's which keeps the hall free from rats and mice. All this talk about troopers reminds me of something I heard while I was at the stenographic department. The girls that work here say they don't much care for the flies brought in by the troopers. How about that, boys?

While we're on the subject of the stenographic department, I might just as well tell you what I found out there on my walk around my own backyard. There are four stenographers and one clerical girl. In the office they operate typewriters, ditto machine, ediphones, and mimeograph machines. All told, they use about 5,000 staples of paper per week. Everyone knows how hard it is to write letters. Well, these girls write thousands of letters a year. The only trouble is that they don't get any answers for all their work. The stenographers are allowed to play records while at work, but as usual there is a catch. The records have to be ediphone records which instructors have dictated and want copied. After the typist has finished copying the dictation, it goes on the ditto machine; and out comes the required number of copies. This department seems to be the place to pick up just about all the knowledge one wants in any subject since all kinds of sheets for all kinds of topics go through the hands of the stenographers. These girls say they like the instructors, and it seems that certain instructors like them, since they present the girls with boxes of candy. Here they even print books; for instance, Colonel Shanks' math texts and Mr. Goode's masterwork "First Aid to Writers," which is so familiar to every First Classman. I am of the opinion, however, that a good collection of ideas for short stories and themes would be a much greater help. As a final parting shot on this department I might add that the girls say they would like to know more cadets.

I was walking past the laundry the other day and thought I would stop in just to see what actually went on there. I found out all right. There are four large washing machines, six roll flat ironers, eleven pressers, a finishing iron and table, one puff ironer (I was told that thing was a puff ironer, but if anyone can tell me in simple words just exactly what a puff ironer is, I should always be grateful), sock forms (here is something else I can't understand. When my socks come back, they don't have any form at all). Dry room tumbler for turkish towels (Heh! That's clever. Let me say that again. Dry room tumbler for turkish towels) and extractors to give the right amount of water after clothing has been washed. Way back when, the laundry of our mythological city really used to be the laundry of a small city. Before 1931 all laundry from the academy used to go to Maiben's Laundry in Logansport, which used to give the academy five-day service on all washing. Now under our present private laundry the cadets get two-day service, and the academy departments get all laundry back within one day. I don't wonder my towels come back clean even after I have mopped the floor with them. All clothing that goes to the laundry gets three soapings and eleven rinses. What amazed me most about this section of the complete Culver was how the laundry could keep the thirty odd pieces sent each week by every cadet straight and get the right laundry back to the right cadet. After the clothes have been marked, sorted as to color and material, washed, and dried, they are sorted out into smaller piles which are again sorted for each cadet and placed in a box provided for him. Before being sent out to the barracks the laundry in the boxes is again checked. Besides handling the laundry of members of the corps this establishment must take all the washing of various parts of the school such as the mess hall, infirmary, and the Inn.

It seems that at Culver haircuts are as necessary as clean laundry, so we have in our city a barber shop completely equipped except for a striped barber pole. Here our two barbers average forty to fifty haircuts a day, which isn't bad for any small city barber. However, Slim gives about only three or four massages a week, and approximately the same number of shampoos. Slim tells me there have been only 165 thousand haircuts since he has been here. Is that all? The first barber shop was in the room between the Second Class club room and Main Barrack. Then about 1920–22 a second barber shop was installed up in the gym especially for the plebes. Those were evidently the days when one didn't have to wait for hours to get a haircut just to please the supply sergeant. Then both shops were moved to the present location, which accounts for the four chairs.

Our town has its library, too—probably the most beautiful building on the campus. There's one room in Culver where people always speak in hushed voices; and that's the quiet, grey room at the head of the stairs in the Memorial Building. It's a good room, one appropriate to its purpose, that makes you feel at once, in some intangible way, the dignity and decency of those whose pictures line the walls.

THREE TIMES A DAY, SEVEN DAYS A WEEK, TEN MONTHS A YEAR FOR FOUR YEARS . . .

Thirty-four members of the AEF, seven members of the Navy, four Marines, fourteen Airmen, and three members of other Allied services died overseas in the Great War. Shortly after that war was over, members of the Culver family erected this building as a memorial to them and their ideals.

The architects, I'm told, considered the place and nature of the Culver Legion's services as well as the nature of the building, when they drew up their designs. The main front of the building, with its great round towers on either side of the entry, is copied from an old English Castle, Sir Roger Fienes', called Hurst-Monceau. The staircase is a replica of one in the Castello del Conti Guidi —Italian, no doubt. The small meeting room on the landing is Belgian in origin. The two rooms on the first floor are English Gothic, I see by the book, and the north room, where there used to be record-concerts and Vespers, is the most comfortable and restful place on the campus to relax and read. I liked Vespers there a little better than in the new Art building, but I guess there are those who disagree with me. Every man to his taste.

I can easily believe there are 20,000 volumes in the reference room and stacks, and that Major Bennett adds 300 a year to that number. There are several collections here, and from time to time we see some of the more interesting or unusual ones on display in the cases. It was a good place to study, when your room got too small, and your textbook didn't seem to tell you half of what you needed to know for a test. And the Chapter Room in the basement was a good place to relax, and smoke, and play bridge.

When I first began to think of coming here, the family had a lot of correspondence with Colonel Henderson; and when we came for a visit, he was the man who really sold me on the school. His office is a busy place; I found that they do twenty-five different jobs, from routine correspondence to testing to alumni contacts. There are twelve people, all told, who work here. No wonder they need all those secretaries; whenever anyone starts asking about Culver, this office is the one that supplies him with the information he wants. It will even send a representative around to answer questions, give facts, and show movies of the school in action. Last year alone, 40,000 people saw the movie of the Winter and Summer Schools, mainly alumni and their friends; but any interested party got a showing.

Captain Dayhuff handles the publicity. Remember those pictures in the hometown papers? To judge by his enormous files of clippings, Culver is really NEWS . . . Across the hall from his office is the business department, where the bookkeeping of a million-dollar-a-year organization is done. You settled your accounts with Mr. Williams; and the man who took care of service requests was Tone Shaw, assistant purchasing agent and basketball-man extraordinary. (His name is listed in Indiana's Basketball Roll of Fame, than which there is no whicher.) Mr. Hewes, the auditor, was a man we never saw, but I have it on the very best authority that his financial ability and knowledge are tops.

And so it went; I never appreciated the place until too late, but there are a lot of things I'll always remember that can't be expressed in inches, pounds, kilowatts, or gallons . . . little things like the "athletic smell" around the lockers or that whiff of purple ink from my freshly dittoed finals, the "one-two-three-four" of men marching out of the Mess Hall or the homesicky sound of taps on a winter night, or the cigarettes twinkling from the First Class Garden. . . . Yes, sir, it's a grand school, when all's said and done, a grand school. . . . I, for one, will be more than a little sorry to leave.

PICTORIAL SYNOPSIS

100,000 Cokes
sold annually in the Canteen

11,000 haircuts
per year in CMA's
Barber Shop

20,000 volumes
in the Culver Memorial
Library

2,800 gallons of
ice cream sold annually in
the Canteen

1,100,000 lbs. of hay eaten
annually by the horses of
the BHT

10,000 victrola records
sold annually over the
Q.M. counter

25,000 letters from
the Stenographic
Department annually

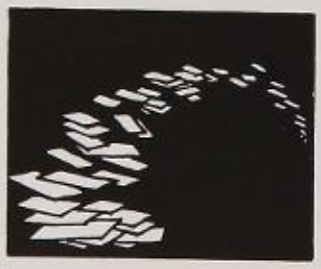
7,000 tons of coal annually
in the Power House

1,000,000 cubic feet
in the Riding Hall

400 pounds of potatoes
per meal in the
Mess Hall

350 gallons of milk a day
in the Mess Hall

10,000 phone calls
per year over CMA's
switchboard



30,000 letters
per week
through the Post Office

4,400 yards of cloth
for uniforms per year
in the Tailor Shop

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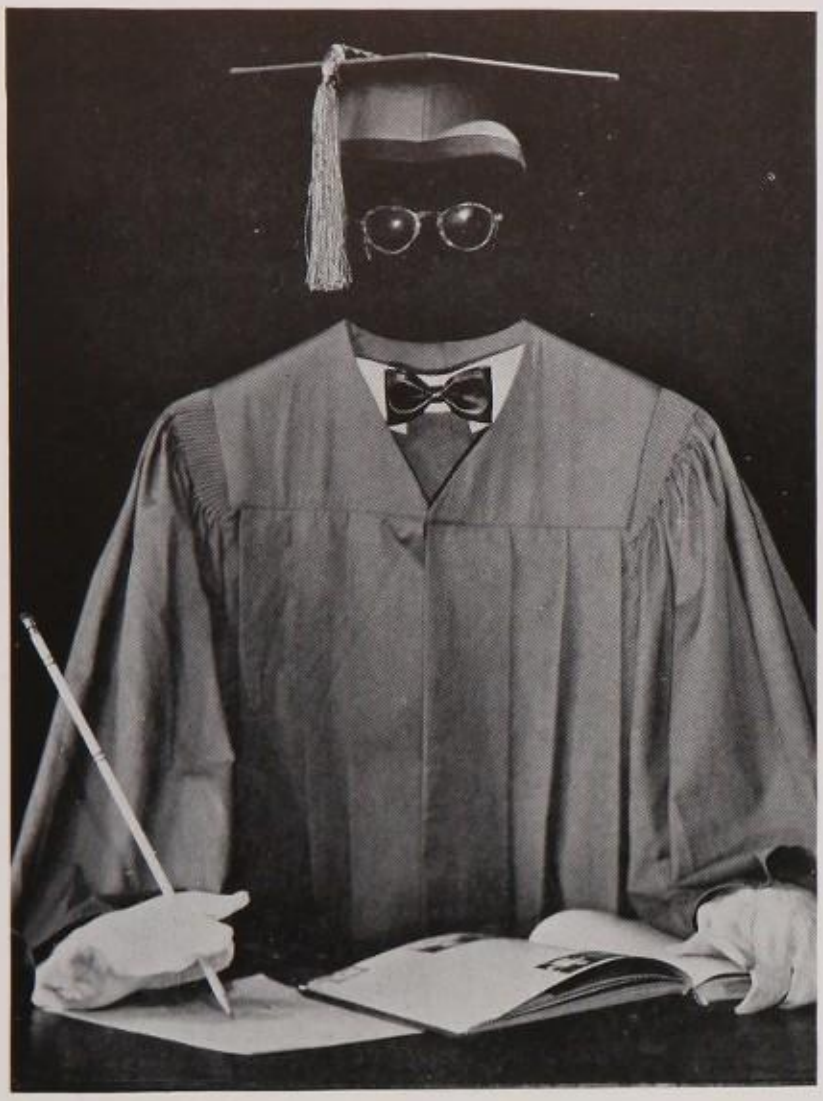
THE MEN WHO GUIDE C.M.A.

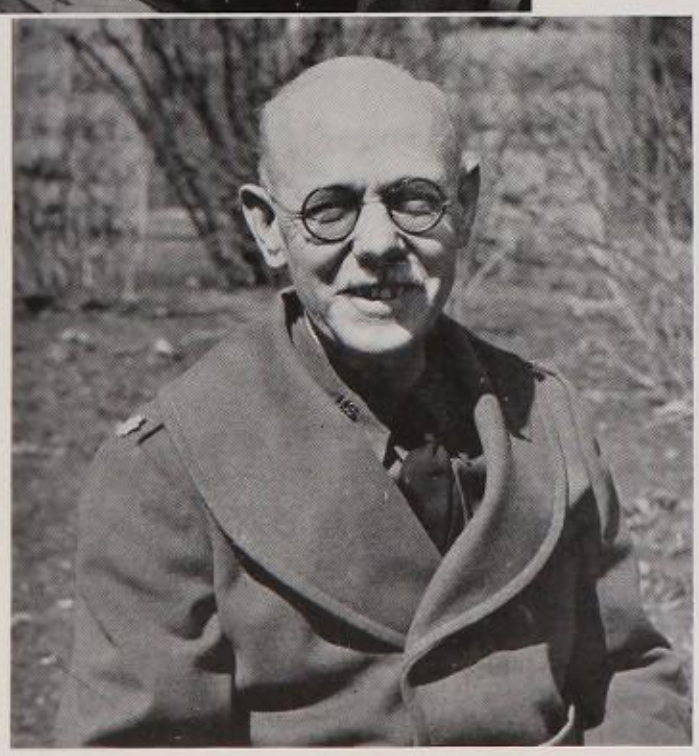
THE CULVER EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION, through its close interest in academy affairs, is largely responsible for making Culver the soundly organized institution that it is today. The directors leave their businesses to convene at Culver several times each year for the sake of planning the Academy's growth and development along lines of forward looking educational policy and national usefulness.

THE FACULTY of Culver is notable for two things, size and variety. As to size, we have close to a hundred; and, as to variety, it certainly takes all kinds to run this school. Some of our present colonels can remember cadet days under other present colonels. Some have just joined the staff in the last six months. These people who live here have the hottest tempers in the world and the kindest hearts. They can maintain the strictest discipline and crack the funniest jokes. They can pile on the work until we think it will kill us and then turn around and help us out. In fact, it's amazing to think how much of the town of Culver has been devoting itself to me for the past few years. They've spent most of their waking hours in sticking me, grading my themes, taxiing my dates around, sitting up late over my comments, grading my exams, and waltzing my chaperones around—not to mention taking me on trips to Chicago, coaching me in athletics, helping me with my hobbies, taking away my radio in C.Q.'s, and calling on me in the infirmary when I had the German measles.

We have twelve colonels on the staff, nine majors, thirteen captains, and ten lieutenants—nothing to pick a fight with, what? But the military organization is by no means the end of it. Pray you, consider the academic office—ah, that academic office—how it had me worried all the way from plebe entrance exams right through the Iron Gate. It's one of the most complete organizations of its kind in the country. Does C.M.A. quit with a "dean"—no, sir. She goes right on with an admissions office, academic and disciplinary committee, department of guidance and measurement, and half a dozen grades of instructors from "master" all the way down to "assistant." I won't go into the details of all the academic and military honors represented in the faculty. If you want to be impressed, just come to a Cum Laude service when the caps and gowns and Phi Beta Kappa keys and military decorations go parading on to the platform.

These people on the faculty are by no means all local lights. They come from twenty-one different states and represent over fifty-five different colleges. Many have travelled widely and have worked in other fields and other places before taking up teaching at Culver. Two-thirds are married and live around the campus or in the village of Culver. Many have put their sons through the Academy—not to mention the others who have decorated the campus with their daughters. Twenty of our present staff served in the last war, while six have already been called into active service for this one. Most of them spend their





sabbatical leaves and summer vacations in further research either for advanced degrees or for improvements in C.M.A.'s curriculum.

But this sounds too serious. I had always thought the faculty were either correcting or inspecting or rejecting something or other, but that's where I was wrong. They have interests of their own entirely aside from class room or parade ground. Ask Chesty Graham, for instance, about those puppets he displayed in the faculty hobby show. See if you can get Captain Payson started on the subject of photography or get him to show you the model railroad train he built. Talk about boats to Lieutenant Hayes; you may get a ride in the eighteen foot mahogany cruiser he built down in the shop with his own hands. Or try Colonel Miller on the same topic, and you may go for a sail in the real square-rigger he helped design for the Naval School. See if you can persuade Colonel Mac to let you sit on some of the furniture he has made in his "spare time."

Perhaps you think the pursuit of hobbies is all the fun the faculty ever have. We don't realize it, but from what I've heard the faculty meetings are some of the best fun of all. Of course, I really wouldn't know, as what goes on behind those closed doors is a secret I never could find out; but certainly a hundred men wouldn't talk about us from seven-thirty until midnight very often unless they got some kick out of it. Seriously, though, these men who mince over our records deserve a lot of credit. They are the ones who decide whether or not we have the "stuff" to stay here or whether we have the "stuff" to go to college. Many of us will have their decisions to thank for the course of our future careers. Well, they finally put some chevrons on my sleeve and squeezed me through that narrow Iron Gate, but it took them a long time to do it!

But it's time now for me to introduce these people to you as individuals —not just Major X and Captain Y but as the intelligent, friendly men with whom we have been matching our brain and brawn at Culver. Before I present them as individuals, however, I salute the faculty as a group —a group who, with all their differences, have this one thing in common— that we can trust any or all of them because of their unfailing loyalty, which for some reason is so outstanding here at Culver.

Gentlemen, I give you the faculty. . . .

I shall introduce the members of the faculty not by alphabet but by departments—Military, English, Mathematics, Science, History, Languages, and Athletic. In the Military department I shall go through by organizations; and, of course, the "A man" of Company A is Captain Moore. His foremost desire is to make his company the outstanding organization in school, and every man in his group is with him there. It is he who receives credit for the Motorized Unit of the Infantry, the pride of the Fathers' Association and one of the things on which Culver bases its reputation. "The harder the road, the higher the chin," says Captain Moore.

Colonel Kennedy, affectionately known as the Duke, presides over the destinies of all men in Company B. I hear a rumor (unfounded of course) that long ago he reported our present Commandant—then Cadet C. F. McKinney—for an untidy wardrobe. The Duke knows the book of regulations so well backward and forward that he stepped into a cadet's room one day after noticing an improperly filled orderly card and said tersely, "This is a violation of paragraph 110B." I guess that's an example of what he means by his advice to us: "Take nobody's word for it; investigate."

Kemp Moore, Indiana University, A.B. Captain in the Infantry Reserve, Tactical officer of Company A, English Instructor.

William Raper Kennedy, Vincennes University, Lieutenant Colonel, Infantry Reserve, Tactical officer of Company B.

Company C has a tactical officer second only to Colonel Kennedy in number of years at the Academy. From his cadet days, when Colonel Johnston was senior officer in the band, he has risen to the rank of a full Colonel. In the military field he specializes in second year advanced infantry courses and is the tactical officer of the crack infantry drill unit, the Honor Guard. He is one of those faculty world travellers I told you about. If you want an interesting evening, just get him warmed up on his experiences in South America. Colonel Johnston says, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you, and work hard at it."

Colonel Walmer claims that he has the proud distinction of being associated with "Fightin' D." The "Wimpmen" have had a remarkable record in athletics, and this last fall the Colonel broke an ankle as he jumped up to cheer for his football team. "When in doubt," says Colonel Walmer, "do what a gentleman should." I hated to see him leave the Academy after Christmas, but he was called to serve a year in training with his National Guard unit. He takes with him the affection and respect of everybody in the corps—especially in D Company.

Another member of the tactical staff who was called away was Lieutenant Denny Weller, who was graduated from Culver in 1931. He served as assistant to Colonel Kennedy and Colonel Walmer and took over the duties of Colonel Johnston temporarily. Lieutenant Weller warns the first class that, "There are no substitutes for brains and hard work." He should have added personality, and then he would have been a perfect example of his own advice.

Colonel Bull is Culver's senior Professor of Military Science and Tactics. He is a graduate of West Point, and in the two years that he has been stationed at Culver, he has coached the rifle and pistol teams. In the summer of 1940 Colonel Bull served as senior instructor of the R.O.T.C. at Fort Knox and advises the first class, "Develop a sense of humor."

Captain Payson and Lieutenant Hayes are taking no chances on this bandman. He's going to learn the piece or else. Numerous times we have witnessed Captain Payson's superb playing of the 'cello and have heard Lieutenant Hayes' baritone voice. The latter says, "Let your conscience be your guide." Incidentally, these two are among our leading hobbyists that I mentioned. Have you scratched the paint job on that boat yet, Lieutenant Hayes?

William Glen Johnston, Colonel, Infantry Reserve, Senior Instructor Infantry R.O.T.C., Economic Geography, Tactical Officer Company C.

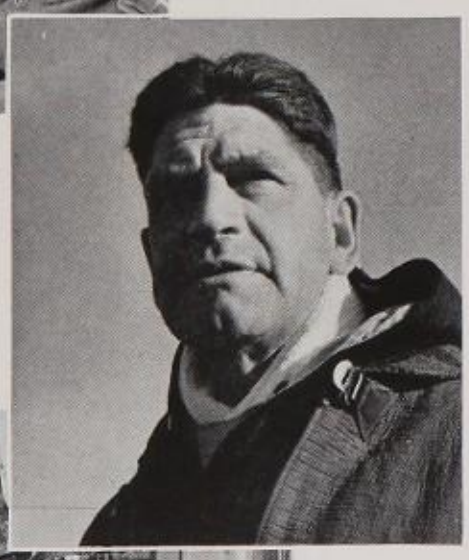
Hillard W. Walmer, Indiana University, A.B., M.S., in Ed., Lt. Colonel Indiana National Guard, Instructor of Mathematics and Tactical Officer of D Company.

John Dennis Weller, Heidelberg College, A.B., 1st Lieutenant Infantry Reserve, Associate Instructor of Science Department, and Gym Coach.

Harold Roe Bull, U.S. Military Academy, B.S., Lt. Col. Infantry, Professor Military Science and Tactics, R.O.T.C., Pistol, rifle.

Edward T. Payson, Harvard University, Wooster College, Tactical Officer of the Band, Captain of the Indiana National Guard, chairman of the Music Department.

Hubert L. Hayes, New England Conservatory of Music, First Lieutenant, National Guard, Assistant Tactical Officer of the Band, Instructor in the Department of Music.



Great balls of fire!—if it isn't Major Kitts on his famous equine wonder, American Lady. He has been thrilling Culver audiences for two years now, as he used to thrill Olympic Games audiences with his exhibitions of dressage. By the way, Major, how old did you say that horse was—21? And who gets the credit—you or American Lady? I hope you'll be coaching jumping and pistol for many a day, but of course you're only fooling when you say, "90 is passing,"—or aren't you?

Yes, sir, I've caught Captain Dayhuff in the act. He's just pounding out that blurb to my home-town daily wheeze. As publicity director for the Academy he has literally put Culver all over the map. You ought to see his scrap book of newspaper clippings from coast to coast. It takes a good man to write up any Culver event so that my local sheet can get it straight, but he did it. The paper had all my list of medals, awards, activities, and E.D. reports (well, almost). For five years he has been leading Batterymen to greater heights while he set them an example of rising from a lieutenancy to a captaincy himself. As we go to press, he is packing his bags to leave for Washington and the War Department, leaving behind him a big job for somebody to fill.

Colonel Miller is a man who talks only about what he knows, and he is talking a good deal of the time. When he's not trying to explain the intricacies of mechanical drawing or designing a square-rigged ship for the Naval School, he acts as the academic advisor for the Battery. Get him started on his favorite topic—boats—if you want to see what I mean by faculty members with interests outside the drill field and classroom.

To horse, men! Here comes Major Whitney. As you were. Hit the line, men! Here comes Coach Whitney. Well, have it either way, but get moving, "because the Major 'll git ya if ya don't watch out!" Whether it's horses or horsemen, it's pretty hard to bluff a man with an eagle eye like that or to resist a man with a smile like that—handsome, dashing, colorful leader of one of the school's most colorful organizations, the Black Horse Troop.

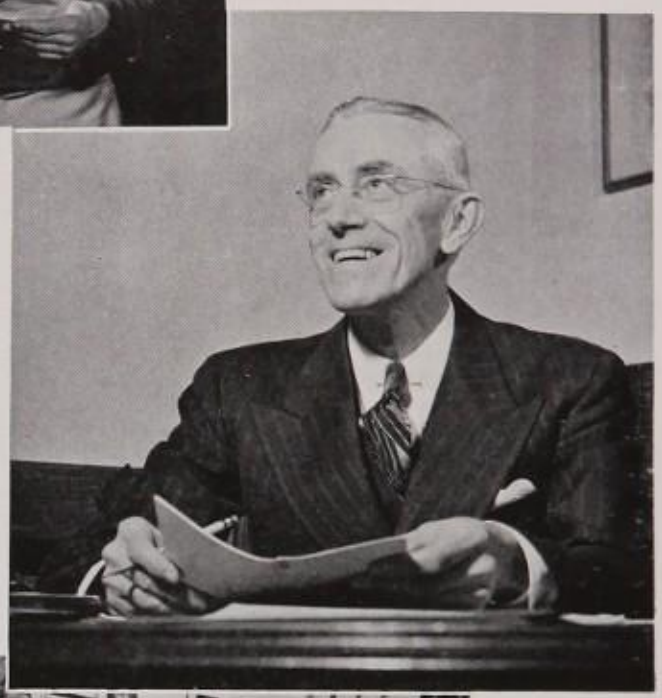
Captain Stone is just limbering up one of his old campaign stories acquired during his long service in the army 'round the world. An assistant tactical officer for the Troop and a specialist in equitation, he has done much to revive the days of old by his contribution to the work of the Lancers—Troop honor unit. One of his favorite sports is polo, and another is swinging a mean foil in fencing—he's head coach!

Isaac Leonard Kitts, St. Stephens College, Major, U.S.A. Pistol and Jumping.
C. H. Dayhuff, Virginia Military Institute, B.A. George Washington University, M.A. University of Virginia, Capt. Cavalry Reserve, Tactical Officer of Artillery, Director of Public Relations.
G. L. Miller, Colonel, Field Artillery Reserve, Louisiana State University, Academic Consultant, Artillery, Instructor in Mechanical Drawing, Assistant coach of crew.
C. A. Whitney, Major, Cavalry Reserve, University of Maine, LL.B., Tactical Officer of the Black Horse Troop, Assistant Coach of the varsity Football team.
G. B. Stone, U.S. Army, Captain, Cavalry Reserve, Assistant Tactical Officer of the Troop, Coach of Fencing.

One day a Culver visitor inquired of his campus guide, "What is that equestrian statue in front of the riding hall?" "Why, that's no statue" was the reply. "That's the assistant tactical officer of the Troop." Get it? You can easily see from this snapshot where Lieutenant Graham got his nickname of Chesty. He looks so military that you wouldn't think of Chesty as a hobbyist, but he is one of those people I told you about who go in for art in their "spare time." He designed the Troop bookplate, which is so proudly displayed in all the volumes of the North and East Barrack libraries. "Keep a steady trot" is Chesty's advice to this year's iron-gate men.

Colonel Hoge, the genial, pipe-smoking Cavalry instructor, has spent six years "developing" Culver horses and horsemen. He is famous in Troop circles for having "worked out" his horse one day after a thirty-mile ride. "Benny" may be seen at all the polo matches, and his able coaching has helped to make the Culver team the nemesis of many visitors. His advice to us, is "Seek simplicity."

In his twenty-three years at the Academy Colonel Kellam has risen to the rank of master instructor and director of guidance. Behind his genial smile lurks a profound knowledge of isochrons—the term he uses to mystify parents and cadets when they claim that all the information on the guidance chart is perfectly clear and simple. "Be king of yourself but a servant to mankind" is his advice to first classmen—advice which he has always followed himself.



Major Leland is on so many committees—academic and disciplinary, athletic eligibility, etc., etc., that I don't know how he has time to keep up his interest in athletics and teach math and economics as well. For nineteen of his twenty-five years here he coached C Company in practically every intra-mural sport. Now he is academic advisor to third and fourth classmen and director of measurement and appraisal. I understand he did a piece of research at Harvard last summer which has gone a long way to make the Culver guidance program one of the most outstanding in the country.

Ah! The guardian of the library is just preparing to stick me for that book now two weeks over due. When Major Bennett is not telling plebes to stop whistling in the library, he spends his "spare time" working over every blade of grass in his practically perfect front lawn. Being a true southern gentleman—yes, suh—he says, "Be a Democrat, young man, be a Democrat."

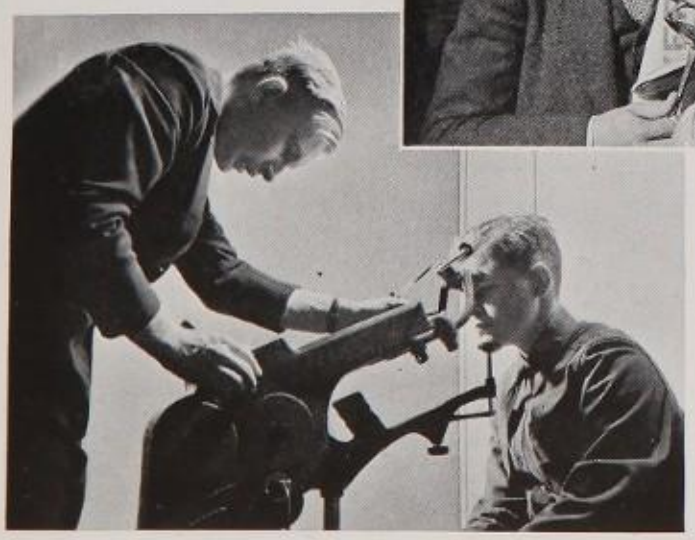
William J. Graham, Norwich University, First Lieutenant, Cavalry Reserve, Assistant Tactical Officer of the Cavalry.

Benjamin F. Hoge, United States Military Academy, B.S., Lieutenant Colonel, Senior Instructor Cavalry, Coach of Polo.

Lee Roy Kellam, Indiana University, A.B., and M.A., Research at University of Wisconsin, University of Chicago, Harvard, and University of Vienna, Colonel C.M.A., Master Instructor of Mathematics, Director of Guidance.

Wallace E. Leland, University of Chicago, University of Colorado, Harvard, Ph.B., Major C.M.A., Senior Instructor in Mathematics Department, Director of Measurement and Appraisal.

Marvin V. Bennett, Wofford College, A.B., and M.A., Vanderbilt University, Columbia University, University of Wisconsin, Major C.M.A., Librarian.



These two gentlemen hashing over some poor fellow's English exam are, respectively, Mr. Goode and Major Mather. A graduate of Wesleyan, Mr. Goode has been with us for sixteen years (five out for college), and has, since his return as an instructor, been the coach of the varsity tennis team and assistant coach of the basketball team. His advice to the graduating class is "Improve your knowledge by easy degrees." As for "Cecil B. de Mather" (affectionately tagged thus by the members of the Dramatics Class), in addition to being the Chairman of the English Department and Dramatics director, he has coached Company D's football team to numerous victories. He always loses something in class and says, "Now who in the world would want that?" . . . Five minutes later he finds it. Yes, sir, he's been doing that for nineteen years.

What could be more typical? Perhaps Mr. Roberts is trying to put something over on somebody (as usual). He certainly used to get me all mixed up. . . . I *still* shrink when I see the third class English tests he gives. . . . "Sure, sure, sure—everybody's going to fail this one!" . . . When Mr. Roberts gets through teaching the hardest English course in school, he usually runs over to varsity crew practice to show the boys how to get calluses on their *hands*.

Lieutenant Adams is just beginning to get used to the excuses we give for not having something done. Evidently the cadet isn't getting away with anything this time. He is an instructor in English and helped with swimming and skating. I've known him only one year; but, judging from his advice to us, I think he will be admired by those of you who are starting out this year. He says, "Think for yourself, act for others, and develop ideals that can survive daily disillusionments."

Master at arms (as well as the instructor with the biggest smile), Mr. Edgell may be seen every afternoon wielding a mean saber in desperate defense against cadet after cadet. During his two years he has won the respect and affection of the corps—especially of the Troopers, who hated to see him desert North Barrack for the sake of matrimony this winter. I understand that this year's ROLL CALL never would have made the "deadlines" except for his high-pressure, stream-lined typewriter.

Mr. Hodgkin is not a "change boy" in a penny arcade at all! He is the gentleman who runs the reading center. Soccer and squash are his sports, while English and Remedial Reading are his subjects. When asked what his hobbies were, he replied, "I paint."

Mackarness Hutchins Goode, Wesleyan University, A.B., M.A., Harvard. Associate Instructor in English, Coach of Tennis, Assistant Coach of Basketball.
Charles C. Mather, Lake Forest College A.B., Harvard University (English 47 Workshop), Stanford University, Major C.M.A., English and Dramatics Teacher, Company Football Coach.
Walter Garland Roberts, Yale, A.B., Associate Instructor in English, Asst. Crew Coach.
Edward Larrabee Adams, Jr., University of Michigan A.B., M.A., 1st Lt. Infantry Reserve, Assistant Instructor in English and Military Science, Assistant Coach of Swimming and Skating.
John F. Edgell, Amherst College, A.B., Columbia University, M.A., Assistant Instructor of English, Coach of Varsity Fencing, ROLL CALL Staff.
Patrick Henry Hodgkin, Haverford College, B.S., Assistant Instructor of English and Remedial Reading, Coach of Soccer and Squash.

When not shaking his head sadly over a misspelled word or explaining the technicalities of parallel structure in English class during the morning, Mr. Hill is generally to be seen through a mist of blood and rosin playing second to Mike's boxers or swinging a racket on the tennis courts in imitation of Mr. Goode. In his "spare time" he was advisor to this year's ROLL CALL. Blame him if you don't like what's said about you. He censored the story I was going to tell! His advice is "Never explain anything. Your friends won't need it, and your enemies won't believe you anyhow."

A Yale man of great proportions, with a list of degrees that looks like a New Deal report, Dr. McKee is the active sponsor of *Vedette* and *Quill*. (Deadline Mack—they call him.) Our learned professor must have been talking to some very cheerful alumni, for he says, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit," which means roughly, "This won't look so bad later on"—very roughly.

Mr. Rust is smiling with satisfaction as he files those photos away in good order. If you can drag him away from his favorite pastime of journalism, he will discuss a wee bit of English and history with you (if you insist), as he has taught both. He has led a varied career at C.M.A., having been in Summer School, coached Troop basketball, and assisted in the Admissions Office.

Here he is—the man we dedicate this book to, Major Young. How could anyone ever remember Chaucer and forget Major Young at the same time? And could you ever forget Chaucer after that course? Remember how the Major always used to say, "Chaucer is easy to read and easy to understand. Everybody understands it—everybody!" Did you ever get into Major Young's room? Yes, you're right; those were books—from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling and all over the room books, books, books. Whenever I had any very obscure reference to look up—much too deep for the library—I'd go to him. Then he'd drift through the volumes in his bookcase and finally say, "Let me see; I think it's here." And he was always right!

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and those of us who took English II under Captain Smith last year have certainly missed him this year, while he was on sabbatical leave, adding to his already copious knowledge of English. One of his greatest claims to fame is his book, "The Reading of Poetry." Just ask me what "onomatopoeia" is. Go ahead—ask me. All right then, look it up in his book for yourself. Trochees, iambs, abba's, hexameters—they're all in there, and the funny thing is that you'll like 'em too the way Captain Smith explains them.

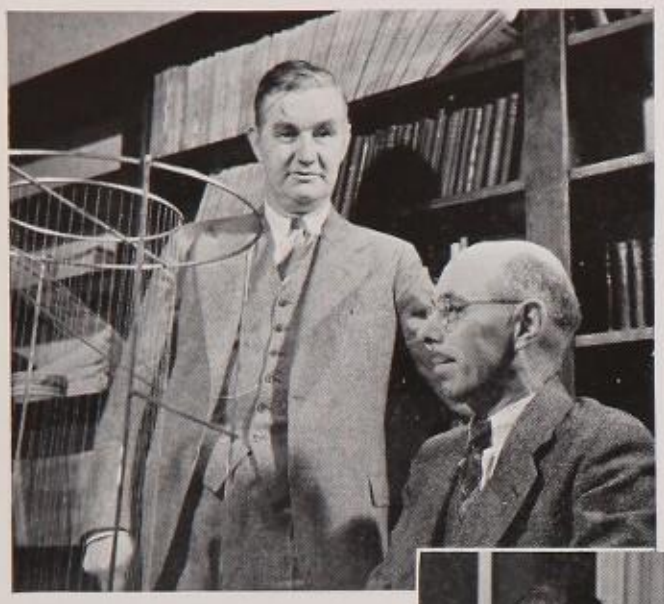
A. T. Hill, Brown University, A.B., Harvard University, Ed.M., Associate Instructor of English. Assistant Coach of Varsity Boxing and Tennis, ROLL CALL Staff.

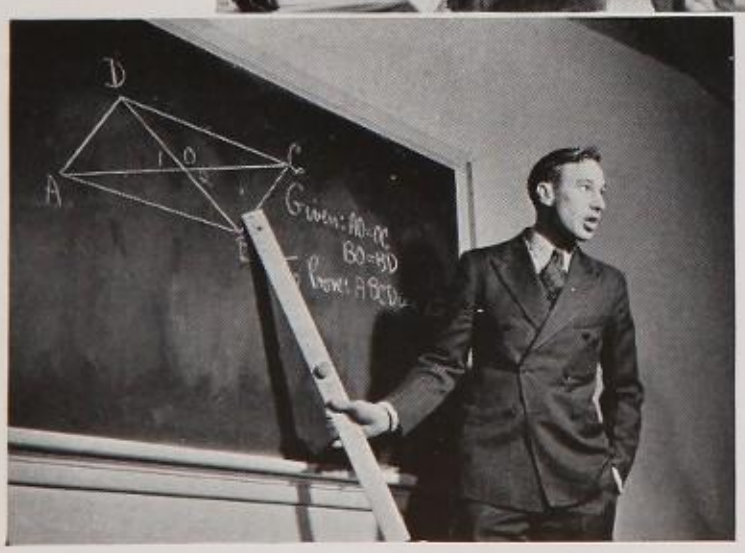
Irving McKee, Yale University, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., University of California, Department of English, Advisor of "Quill" and "Vedette."

Robert Rust, Franklin College, A.B., Indiana University, Assistant Instructor in History and English, Assistant Director of Admissions.

Charles Stuart Young, Union College, A.B., University of Chicago, M.A., Major, C.M.A., Instructor of English.

J. H. Smith, Harvard University, A.B., M.A., Captain, C.M.A., Instructor of English.





The two men of mathematics shown on the left are Colonel Shanks and Major Obenauf. The Colonel is the head of the department and has written his own book for advanced mathematics. In athletics he is known for his ability on the tennis and squash courts. Major Obenauf is the founder of the Culver skeet club and heads the varsity rifle and skeet teams which turn in such astonishingly good scores against all kinds of opposition. Colonel Shanks says, "People will think of Culver in terms of what *you* do."

Mr. Kiernan looks happier than the marginal time student. Maybe he's just glad Wally's back so he won't have so much responsibility on his hands with the swimming team. I don't see why he should be; he certainly did a swell job. This is Mr. Kiernan's third year in the Math Department, and the third year that he's been regarded by all of us as a most courteous and kindly gentleman.

I'll be darned! Major Stinchcomb is astounded to hear one of his well-trained students make an odious error. He is a rule-pounder, and well I know it. I remember him especially because his rules never failed for me. He's been doing a swell job pinch-hitting for Colonel Walmer as tactical officer of D company since the Colonel was called to active duty. Ceramics is his hobby, at which he works every afternoon in the new Music and Art Building. "Work hard at one thing" is his good word to us. He's been doing so for twenty-one years; he should know.

Here he is, the wit of the faculty! He is looked up to as the Addison and Steele (BOTH) of today. His advice to us was "Beware of a questionnaire!" When he stops putting something over on somebody in his class, he coaches D Company in basketball and football. "I Flunkum" Donnelly has one thing over every instructor at the Academy. Some of them can be very funny at times and studious at other times, but *he* can be side-splittingly funny and at the *same time* teach Math. Did you ever have to work one of his special Christmas problems? You thought you'd *never* get home.

Mr. Bentz drew this diagram just for the photographer, but the photographer couldn't figure out the answer; can you? He was a whiz at getting a blackboard covered with figures. His "advice" was "Take time out to relax." Yet, he doesn't follow his own rule, for he coaches B Company's basketball team and is the assistant coach of the varsity tennis team. Opera takes him to Chicago occasionally, and Math takes him to the Math Building all the time.

Robert Herbert Shanks, Wake Forest College, A.B., Columbia University A.M., Cambridge (Eng.), Colonel C.M.A., Chairman Mathematics Department.

H. A. Obenauf, Wittenburg College, A.B., University of Pennsylvania A.M., Captain Ordnance Reserve, Major C.M.A. Senior Instructor in Mathematics Department. Director of Rifle Marksmanship.

Peter John Kiernan, Columbia University, A.B., A.M., Assistant Instructor in Mathematics and Swimming Coach.

Judd Thomas Stinchcomb, Ohio University, B.S., Ohio State University, M.A., Major Infantry Reserve. Instructor Department of Mathematics, Tactical Officer Company D.

Alfred John Donnelly, Harvard, S.B., Ed.M., Associate Instructor of Mathematics, Company Football, Basketball, and Assistant Coach Varsity Baseball.

Ralph Porter Bentz, West Chester State Teachers College, B.S., Penn. State College, Ed.M., Assistant Instructor of Algebra and Geometry. Company Basketball Coach and Assistant Tennis Coach.

Among the celebrities I mentioned is our "Summa Cum Laude" from Harvard. In his one year of teaching he has proved more theorems than exist. Mr. Syer was also successful as a company rifle coach, and as a fencing instructor. Photography is his hobby, and he always modestly replies when asked whether he knows anything about cameras, "A little, why?" He's even written a book on how to use movies in Math., starring Hedy, I sincerely hope. To us he says, "Always take the shortest cut."—wish I could have applied that to his assignments, but it's too late now.

The varsity wrestling coach poses for a close-up. Mr. Goulding has been teaching Math and coaching Company B in football and baseball now for five years. He has married since coming here. See what Culver gets for you? He is the master of any slide rule and has proved this by organizing the Engineers' Club. Think of that! Doing Math problems in your spare time.

Mr. Strait is evidently one of Mr. Goulding's rivals with the slide rule. If I could figure out that square root, Knudsen wouldn't be in Washington—and neither would I. Physics is his business; and when he gets sick of it, all he has to do is revert to photography and the Photography Club, of which he is head. Did they do this one, I wonder?

No! Don't be silly! Of course Mr. Baker isn't working in the stenographic department! He's just relaying a message on that complex radio set of his. When he can be torn from this pastime, he teaches physics and chemistry. We may remember his advice to the post chemists or alchemists (more of a likeness to Culver students): "Once in a while a fly comes to every fielder, but he gets only one chance to catch it." Did you know that the Culver radio station is on the Army's network of amateurs working for Defense?

"Doc" Johnson is up to his favorite sport of filling reagent bottles again. His friend must be a "Chemistry-test-doper-outer" . . . wrong again; it's Mr. Kernohan. Ten faithful years are behind Dr. Johnson. He has a technique all his own of handling the reagent bottles. I don't think he's ever dropped one! . . . Mr. Kernohan for three years has been a favorite of the "physics phlunkers." The advices of these two men respectively are, "There will be competition in college too." (Dr. Johnson), and "Get plenty of work and play—both of them hard" (Mr. Kernohan).

Henry W. Syer, Harvard, B.S., Ed.M., Assistant Instructor in Mathematics Department, Assistant in Fencing, and Instructor in Company Rifle.

Charles W. Goulding, Brown University, B.S., Columbia, M.A., Associate Instructor in the Mathematics Department, Coach of Varsity Wrestling, B Company Football and Baseball.

W. W. Strait, Albion College, A.B., University of Michigan, M.S., Associate Instructor in the Science Department, Sponsor of Photography Club.

Harold M. Baker, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, S.B., Harvard Graduate School of Education, Ed.M., Associate Instructor in the Science Department.

George O. Johnson, Milton College, A.B., University of Wisconsin, Ph.D., Chairman of the Science Department.

Robert H. Kernohan, Oberlin College, A.B., Columbia University, M.A., Assistant Instructor in the Science Department, Company A Football, Basketball, and Baseball.

On your left you see "Bugs" Benson of the science department so named because of his interest in his ant and bee communities. He must be pointing to the lungs of "Oscar" (that is the only part I know besides the head). P.S.: Mr. Benson is the one in the dark suit. Seriously, he's the man who wrote the course in Social Biology that proved so very interesting to all of us.

The first class is taking up a collection for a fireman's pole for Lieutenant Jordan. He must report each morning first to the science office on the fourth floor of Main, then to his first floor "lab" in biology, up to the fourth floor for chemistry, down to the first, up to the fourth, and then down again to lunch and Artillery drill. Happy landing, Lieutenant Jordan and by the way, do you still talk about Purdue's squash players?

Mr. Sexton is Culver's new Director of Religious Activities. He has organized vesper services and has directed the Culver Y.M.C.A. In fact, he's made a grand job of getting to know all there is to know about the place. In the athletic field, where he excelled at college, Mr. Sexton coached the Battery football team and the C Company basketball team. He is particularly interested in reducing his golf score from seven strokes per hole.

Captain Bishop has been twenty years at the Academy and is the chairman of the Social Science Department. He teaches courses in history. I'm not quite sure why the Captain has the puzzled look on his face; perhaps it has something to do with the U.S.L.T.A., of which he is an official and referee at the national tournaments held annually at Culver. On the other hand he may be thinking up new plays for the football team (he is one of the line coaches), or he may even be working out a brain twister for my next history quiz.

Captain Bates is also of the Social Science Department and is seen here surrounded by objects of current interest. The Captain's classes are always filled, the explanation being at least in part, the fact that his room is furnished with modernistic furniture—quite comfortable. He wishes to remind the first class: "Your future depends on you." Around the corps, he was usually spoken of as the man who "really knew his history cold." Hot or cold, he surely knew his facts.

Ernest B. Benson, Boston University, A.B., A.M., Harvard University, Ed.M., Associate Instructor in Biology.

Robert Edward Jordan, Michigan State, Purdue, B.S., 1st Lt. Field Artillery Reserve and Assistant Instructor in Chemistry, Biology and Field Artillery, R.O.T.C.

Hardigg Sexton, Miami University, A.B., Princeton University, M.A., Princeton Theological Seminary, B.Th., 1st Lt. Chaplains' Corps, Instructor in World History and the Bible, also Director of Religious Activities. Company Football and Basketball Coach.

James Howard Bishop, Oxford, England, B.A., M.A., Hendrix College, A.B., Captain C.M.A., Chairman of Social Science Department.

Franklin Westinghouse Bates, Williams, A.B., Columbia Teachers College, A.M., Captain C.M.A., Instructor in History, and Company Football.

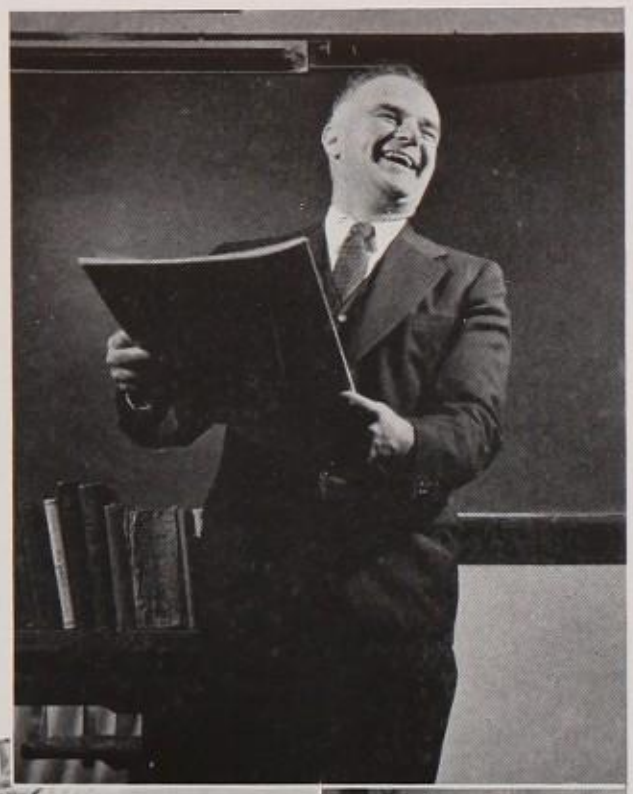
Although the map is of Africa, any likeness to Stanley and Livingstone is purely coincidental. Captain McMinn, who teaches history and civics, is known for his quietness and tolerance in all matters. Company D and the Artillery would have been lost without his coaching ability in football. He has been known to assist with golf instruction and has a reputation for being one of the faculty champs. Lieutenant Bear is a Marine. He teaches history and Commercial Geography, and assists the R.O.T.C. Department during drill. His advice to the members of the graduating class runs like this: "Gentlemen, remember that genius is 99 per cent hard work." The Troopers hated to see "Teddy" go when he was called to active service in the middle of the winter.

The sanctum sanctorum of the Latin Department's best dresser is clubby, and the door is always open to "C.Q. dodgers" of the Troop. Many a tall story has been told in Mr. Myers' "Latin Quarter." You can easily see why a man with a smile like this does such good work in piloting guests on their first Cook's Tour of C.M.A. Bridge is his pastime, and (ah) *his* advice to the wandering souls follows lika dis: "Nihil dictum quod non dictum prius." (You translate it; I can't; I flunked Latin.)

Well, well, if it isn't my old friend, Mr. Gimbel, smiling broadly as the supper bell tinkles in the basement of C.T. (often referred to as "Gimbel's Basement"). He is a lover of classical music and ignores our attempts to convert him to jazz and swing. An alumnus of the class of '34 C.M.A., Mr. Gimbel has returned to teach Latin, French, and German. By the way, Mr. Gimbel, just what *was* that picture you put up in the Sally Port bulletin board last week? I couldn't decide whether or not it was right side up!

Mr. Barnfather evidently is very fond of the school, for he himself once said, "How fortunate is he who can call himself a Culver Man." Bowling and photography take up Mr. Barnfather's time outside of Spanish class. His advice is "Let the other fellow do *most* of the talking." Apparently he has my number even though he's been here only one year.

Charles McMinn, Captain, C.M.A., Westminster University, A.B., Northwestern University, M.A., Instructor in Social Studies Department.
Firman E. Bear, Jr., 2nd Lieutenant, Marine Corps Reserve, Dartmouth College, A.B., Harvard and Columbia Universities, M..A, Instructor in Social Studies Department, Assistant Tactical Officer, Cavalry.
Merle S. Myers, Trinity College, A.B., University of Chicago, Kansas City Teachers College, Instructor in Latin.
Richard Gimbel, Princeton University, A.B., Syracuse University, Language Department.
Roland C. Barnfather, Dartmouth College, A.B., Middlebury Spanish School, Instructor in Language Department.



Now you know why I like French (and why I'm such a *beaucoup* good student in it too). The whole secret of this picture lies in the fact that Captain Davis gets the point of that French joke, while you and I are left wondering. *Mais sans doubte* it is to laugh, as he would say, it is to laugh—*oui, oui, sans doubte.* When Captain Davis isn't teaching in the language department, he's rambling around the library—probably memorizing the numbers on the backs of the books; I was never able to stump him once—just ask him for a book and away he goes to bring it to you hot off the shelf.

Who is the proprietor of the French-Spanish language dispensary across the hall from the notorious "Gimbel's Basement?" (Seex lessons—two beets.) Why, it's Mr. Hart, of course, whose week-end trips to Chicago are as famous as Cook's Tours and *much* more instructive! Incidentally that's not a bas relief of Mr. Hart done by one of the art students. No, sir; it's a sample of one of Mr. Hart's Taxqueno devil masks—he has a collection of 'em. His advice to white stripers is "Mas vale tarde que nunca," which, when deciphered, means, "Bettair-a you geet heem een late than nevair."

Mr. Uebel gave us such a work out on German grammar the first semester that it made his English grammar of the second semester look easy by comparison (only by comparison, I assure you). He's been with us for only a short time; but with his fondness for music, skating, and tennis it looks as though we'd find plenty of things in common.

You're lucky if you can spot Mr. Curry when he's not in French and Latin classes, for he indulges in so many sports—company football, badminton, hockey, squash, and a smattering of golf, tennis, and riding here and there. I understand he's taken up photography this winter as well—with a very special end in view. With his customary Latin crispness he gives us this advice, "Carpe Diem."

Back from his semester's leave for research study, "Wally" Walaitis is once more on the brink of C.M.A.'s glorified "ole swimmin' hole." He is one of the most versatile members of a rather versatile faculty. He can coach football, swimming, and baseball, head the faculty squash ladder, teach German, do a bit of drawing now and then and still find time to play the fiddle like a maestro. His advice is "A good choice in the beginning saves many a heartache later on."

Henry V. Davis, Cornell University, A.B., Captain, C.M.A., Instructor of French, Assistant Librarian.

William B. Hart, University of Chicago, A.B., M.A., University of Paris, Assistant Instructor of French and Spanish.

Martin A. Uebel, Dartmouth, A.B., University of Cologne, Assistant Instructor in German and English, Assistant Coach of Soccer.

Burton L. Curry, Princeton University, A.B., M.A., Assistant Instructor of French and Latin, Company Football, Hockey.

Frank W. Walaitis, University of Michigan, A.B., Middlebury College, Associate Instructor of German, Coach of Varsity Swimming.

The pride and joy of the Spanish Department! He likes tobogganing, listening to records, writing plays, singing, and bicycle riding. Probably our closest likeness to William Saroyan, Mr. Cinabro is a tough C.Q. inspector. He warns us: "Keep your chin up in spite of the chaos around you." Then he goes on to say that he loves Culver and is *single and happy*—boasting, don't you think?

Captain Marshal, is that any way to treat a hard-working cadet? After fourteen years you should know that we *never* fail to do our work voluntarily. (Well, hardly ever.) Captain Marshal is another who hails from London, England. His accent is definitely NOT cockney. If you want to insult him some time, ask him how to talk like a cockney. He'll say, "How should I know!" (and you'll hear him say it, too.) Soccer and squash are his pastimes, and I'll dare anyone to take him on in either. I hear that a spectator at soccer practice once asked a cadet, "Who is that tall boy running up and down the field?" What about it, Captain, is that any way to fool the public?

Captain Harper is probably telling someone in his class the same thing he told us: "Get training—mind and hand." For fifteen years he has been fishing and playing golf, while for pleasure he teaches motors and bookkeeping. I say a pleasure because it is a pleasure to study under him when he himself has more fun teaching than playing. Intramural football and basketball found another experienced coach in Captain Harper.

Mr. Williams, the new artist in residence, has a congenial sense of humor, is as modest as the day is long, and is a master of painting, sculpturing, designing, and drawing. Incidentally, you should congratulate him for the art work in this ROLL CALL. (I envy the plebes their chance to work under him for four years in the studio in the new Music and Art Building. The atmosphere of that place appeals to me strongly.) He claims his best friend on the faculty is "Sheep" (a wise choice for a newcomer, for it is oft' said that 'tis "Sheep" who runs this school), and his hobbies are music and swimming. Very solid is his advice to first classmen: "Integrity—diligence—faith in life."

Captain Barada is protecting the beautiful new set of reference books in the Music and Art Building and glares at the cameraman with contempt. "Keep your hands off those books!" The Captain tunes up the glee club, teaches piano and organ, and coaches company football. Thirteen years an instructor, he donates a wise observation to those who will pass on this year. . . . "You're still a part of Culver after graduation."

Louis Cinabro, University of Chicago, Ph.B., Assistant Instructor in the Language Department.

D. M. Marshal, Cambridge University, B.A., Middlebury College, M.A., Captain C.M.A., Instructor in the Language Department, Coach of Soccer and Squash.

Hugh Henry Harper, Berea College, Spencerian School of Finance, B.C.S., Captain, C.M.A., Instructor in Commercial Subjects, Troop Football and Basketball.

Warner Williams, Berea College, Butler University, Herron Art Institute, Bachelor of Fine Arts, Artist in Residence, ROLL CALL Staff.

Paul M. Barada, Yankton College, B.A., and B.M., University of Michigan, M.A., Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Captain C.M.A., Chairman of Fine Arts Department, Director of Glee Club.

Commander Fowler is perhaps not so well known to the Winter School as to the Summer School. He is especially proud of his new coaching boat which is of the same type used at Yale. As you might have guessed, the Commander is the coach of the varsity crew, and he's mighty proud of the records that they have set in their past performance. "He who laughs, lasts," says the Commander.

The two men in this picture in the athletic office are Head Coach Oliver and Coach Mike Carpenter. Note the enthusiasm Mike shows as he discusses the new punching bag that aids him in training our successful boxing teams. He is also in charge of the cross country team and track, the latter having been undefeated for several years back. "Keep your hands up, and keep punching," says Mike to the graduating class. Coach Oliver was a member of a Culver undefeated football team, and after going to Michigan, where he had an enviable record, he returned to coach the varsity football, basketball, and baseball teams. He is frequently on the top of the faculty squash ladder and excels in golf and bowling. His advice is "Learn to give and take in whatever walk of life you follow."

Captain Barksdale, you aren't eating between meals, are you? The Captain is an assistant tactical officer in the Artillery, or rather I should say "was" for he was called away to service to instruct the draftees. Some of the most precious moments of Captain Barksdale's youth were spent in the admissions office picking out a suitable roommate for me (or vice versa). I was never sure when he was on the campus and when not because he was "on the road," so much of the time showing Culver movies and interviewing patrons and alumni.

Pro "Irv" Nelson is not a professor of academics but a professor of golf. He has coached the varsity golf team for seventeen years, and in the winter he gives instructions in an indoor practice range. He advises the first class to "play fair with the game of life." Have you any suggestions about how to make that last long putt through the Iron Gate, Pro?

Dr. Baker and Dr. Tiernan look mighty happy in spite of the company of that little fellow in between. "Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well, etc., etc." (Isn't it wonderful to be able to think of the right quotation at a moment like this?) Dr. Baker is enthusiastic about motor boats and hunting, and true to his profession he says, "Take it easy and live longer." That's a good idea. How about excusing me from ranks and exercises tomorrow, Doc? I think I'm going to feel homesick.

O. W. Fowler, U.S. Naval Academy, Lt. Commander, U.S.N. (Retired), Athletic Department, Coach of Crew.
Russell Dwight Oliver, University of Michigan, A.B., 1st Lieutenant Infantry Reserve, Head Coach, C.M.A. Football, Basketball, Baseball (all varsity).
Kinchen Pinckney Carpenter, Georgetown University, University of Georgia, Remedial Gym, Coach cross country, boxing, track.
William Wallace Barksdale, Jr., Yale, A.B., Capt., Cavalry, Tennessee National Guard, Ass't. Director of Admissions, Ass't. Instructor in history.
Ervin Rowe Nelson, Golf Instructor, Coach of Varsity Golf.
Milan Daniel Baker, University of Nebraska, B.Sc., M.D., Medical Director.
Andrew J. Tiernan, Boston College of Surgeons and Physicians, M.D., Department of Health.

Call off the dogs, Major Leonard! The Field Trial Club is one of "squire" Leonard's hobbies. If there's anything about dogs he doesn't know, you'll have to hunt up an expert in some other district; he's the local authority all right. He's not only a master of the hounds but a drill master as well—no, not of the field but of the chair. Just watch him polishing off those molars. You can tell he's a major as well as a doctor by his crisp advice: "Find your bush and pick your berries."

Another officer with a snappy command on one side of his mouth and a winning smile on the other is Lieutenant Shumaker. We didn't see much of him this year because he was finishing his graduate work at Harvard during the first semester, and the U.S. Army snatched him right out of North Barrack's sound proof halls before he could make a single inspection in the second semester. He was once a Trooper himself, and all the Troopers who knew him are looking forward to his return.

These three gentlemen are really the power behind the throne. They are the auditor, Mr. Hewes, the director of purchases, Mr. Henning, and the service manager, Mr. Shaw. They hold the purse strings of C.M.A. So if you want to sell the Academy "a bill of goods," you'll have to get by these three first. Mr. Shaw is well known to the corps for his participation in company basketball. Most of us will agree that he follows his own good advice, "Smile for exercise: it will strengthen the muscles of good humor."

Ralph O. Leonard, Indiana University, D.D.S, International School of Orthodontia, Major, Field Trial Club.
Edward E. Shumaker, Dartmouth University, A.B., Assistant Tactical Officer of the Troop.
Arthur J. Hewes, Hillsdale College, A.B., Auditor.
H. L. Henning, South Bend Commercial College, Director of Commercial Sales and Purchases.
Edgar Shaw, Service Manager.

STUDIES

C.P.'s and C.Q.'s and through the iron gate

COME ON! We just have time to make the Clubroom before first C.P." "No, I have to study for a darn Chemistry test; of all the days to pick for it, he would have to choose today. I've got three other tests and only one free C.P. Why can't . . ."

It seems to me that I've heard those words uttered during my stay at Culver, maybe a little more emphatically, but nevertheless finally getting around to that meaning. I suppose some day, after we get through griping at our professors in college, we'll be able to look back and laugh at a lot of the worrying we did about our studies; at least I'm pretty sure some of us worried. Then we can apply, "Remember back in the good old days, when they gave us those really tough semester exams? Why they're going so soft now that they've cut those out." Please don't misunderstand me; that is only an example of what we might say. I don't believe that condition will ever get to Culver; the teachers wouldn't allow it.

You know, I think we had pretty good fun in most of our classes at one time or another; in some of them usually at "another," but we could always rely on the class wit to deliver a bright saying at least once each period, thereby creating a brief recess for the cause of laughter. Did you ever notice how often our "tyrannical" masters joined in the fun? All right, now, be brave and admit it. Anyhow, in that picture above, someone, maybe friend Tuller, as he's got a peculiar look in his eyes, has just discharged a funny thought; either that or someone has made a fool of himself. That happened quite often, too. Remember? Well, I've proved my point that we did have a good time in class by that picture, so now I can talk about something else.

It's funny the things that stick in your mind! About all I remember from plebe year classes is Mr. Donnelly's explaining one of his misspellings on the board by saying that if an airplane flew over and dropped a bomb on top of a capital "T," the fragments would spatter all over the place—so. On the other hand, if the bomb dropped into a capital "Y," the fragments would catch in the sides of the obliging crevice or go straight up in the air. Anyway, nobody would be hurt. Such is education!

Then I remember the way Mr. Roberts used to make us believe that we had a term paper due the following day, that 95 was passing, that three books a week was a fair reading allowance for a third classman, that grammar was a beautiful thing, that crew was good fun, and similar fantasies. P.S. He still can make me believe any sort of fool thing if he really sets out to make an artistic job of it.

I remember the time when my math class suspended action for twenty minutes while a certain English class listened to a speech on jazz bands, with loud-speaker illustration. Boy, was Mr. Bentz a picture of helpless rage; his musical ear was slightly offended. And I remember, too, the way we spent C.Q. the night before Christmas leave.

There was the time the Troop found A Worm That Turned, and the time the Captain of A Company, crawling from ambush, found a pair of brown boots.

But it wasn't all funny. Many is the time I felt just as baffled as Barron seems in the picture below; there were times when it seemed the harder I worked, the harder the work got, and the less I was able to remember. Perhaps I don't recall the details of all the courses I've taken, but I've found that as I got further along, I was able to tackle each job a little more logically and efficiently. And although I never thought that much of the content of some of my courses would ever serve any practical use, many bits of it fit into new studies amazingly handily. And I know that no matter where I am, there will be countless occasions where one sure, positive fact will make all the difference.

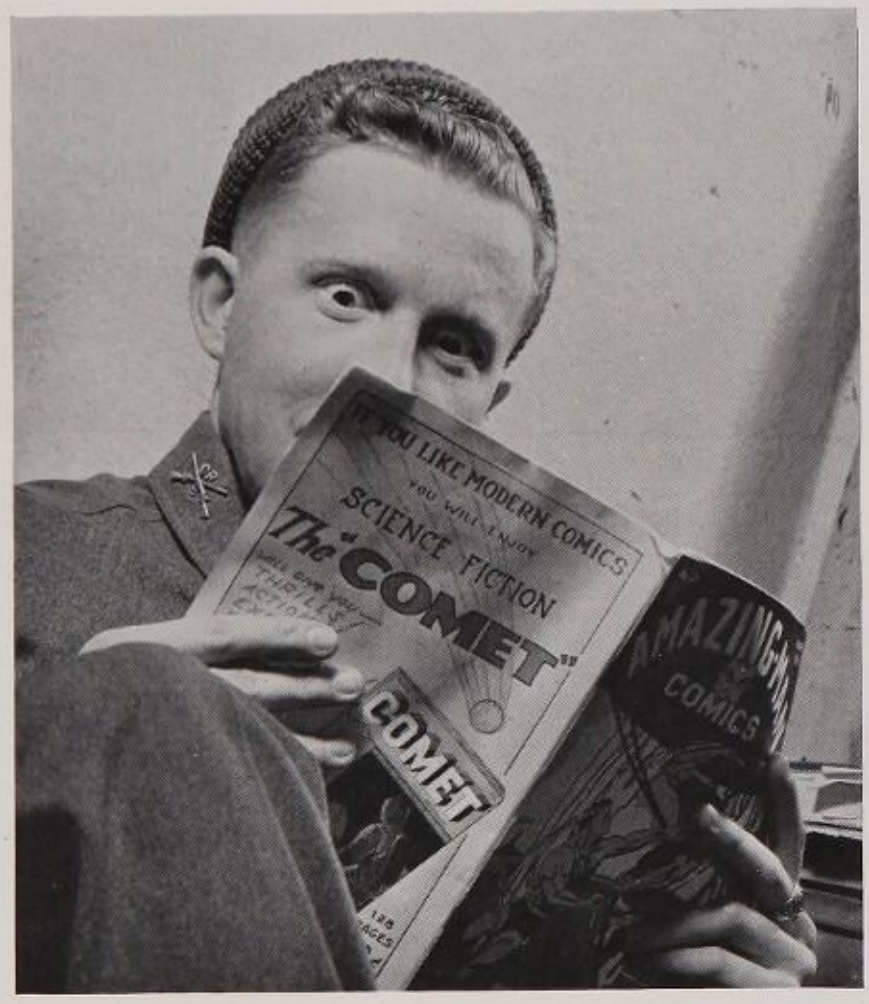
Do you remember the hush, hush sound of a gumshoed C.Q. inspector—the pained expression of an instructor at Spitzer's wisecracks—the way Captain Smith pounded the desk—Major Obenauf's inhaling laugh—Captain Moore's booted walk, step, step, step, shuffle; step, step, step, shuffle—Mr. Strait's obvious delight at a complicated physics problem—Major Young's startling memory, that could provide accurate information on everything from baseball to bucolics—Colonel Fleet's University of Virginia greeting, "Good morning, Gentlemen"—Major Mather's Orson Welles complex, when he sank his teeth into a really dramatic bit and showed the class how to do it—the rumors about the magnitude of the early careers of the members of the history department—all the faces and facts and figures and fancies of four crowded years. Do you remember them? I do.

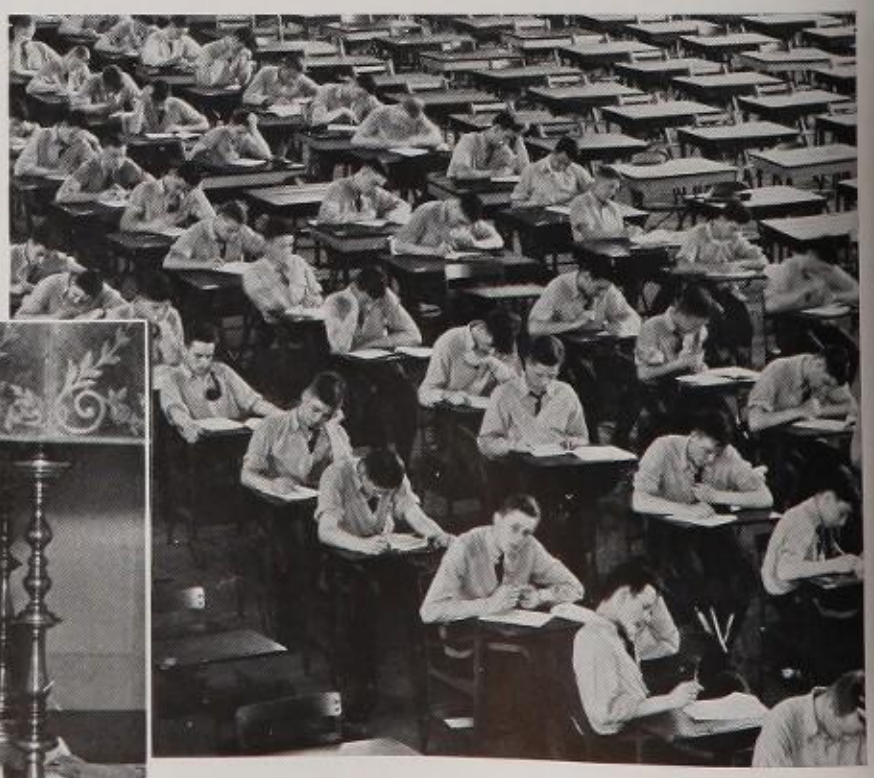
"Look, guys, here's the Troop passing in review. Scheaffer, you're so far out of dress that you look like a 'commish.' "

"A review, eh, here's a real review, *Co-eds on the Campus*."

. . . "An' then Buck Rogers drew his trusty rocket pistol, ZAP, ZAP, ZAP, Gee, what a story. Aw Gosh, it's continued in the next issue; Jiggers, here comes the Duke" . . . "Le' me see, fourteen lines of iambic pentameter, rhyme scheme abab cdcd efef gg. Hey, Clements, what rhymes with corkscrew" . . ."Come on, Brew, we'll be late for the next class." "Oh no, Bill, we still have time to stop in at the canteen. I want a Hershey bar." . . . "Golly, here's a dandy article, *Growing Boys Should Be Allowed More Freedom*. That should be required reading for every Tac. in the school" . . . "Log X^2=cotangent 16 + b^2 —4ac—log. tan 15.

"Therefore x is the mean proportional of the two adjacent sides and the triangle is isoscoles; but what in the world does that prove?"





P. Participio de un
corrido
Sept 11 – Study (P 50)
① Future of the Vivid Conditions
② Future Conditional of Conjectures,
Probability, or Supposition.
3. Orthographic rules (P 51).
Un Tabaco

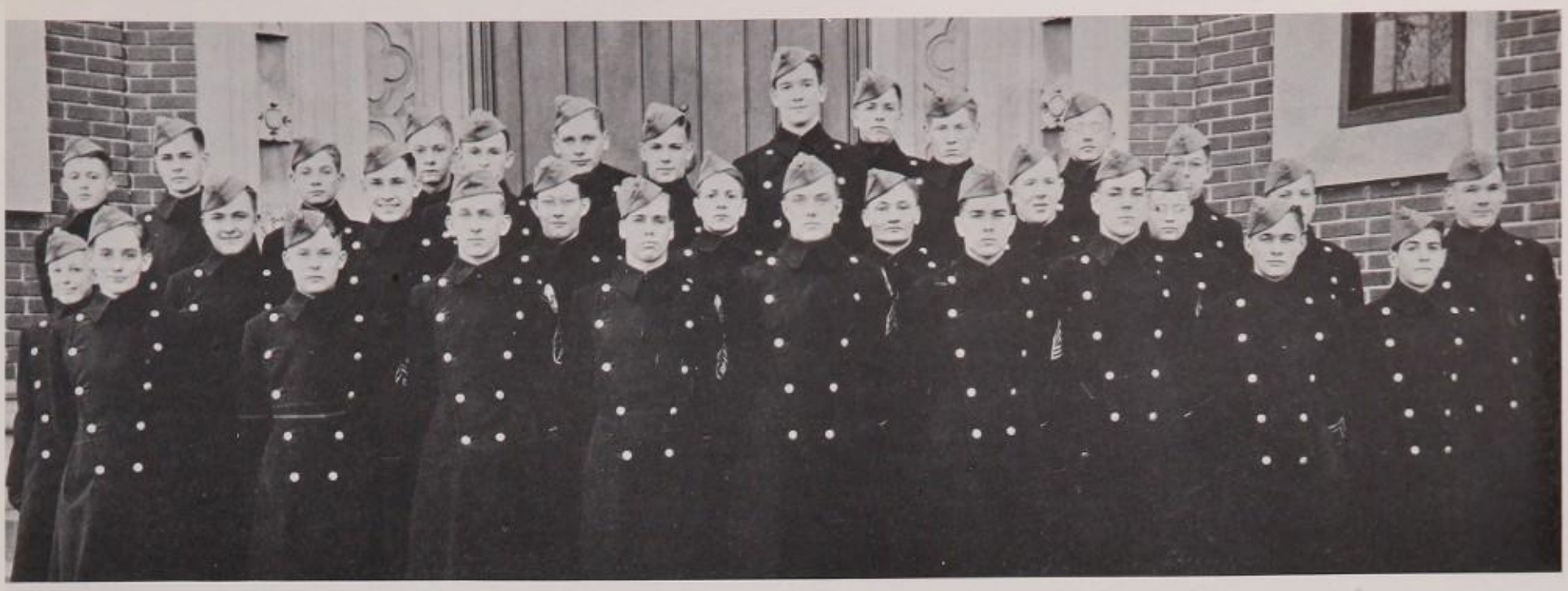
"Now men, we'll try that new piece, but remember that the trill comes in the third measure and that we end with a swell. I want a sharp crescendo just before the refrain. All right. Ready. One. Two. Three." "Sir, Harris, Irelan, Agee on leave, Earll AD. . . . SEATS!"

"Now Gentlemen, take out a sheet of composition paper. Sure I'm tough, we're going to have that test now, and it will NOT be graded on class average. . . .

"Now you men are always building hurdles for yourselves. You may not have a very good background, but the 1st person plural of the imperfect of *vivir* is still *viviamos*."

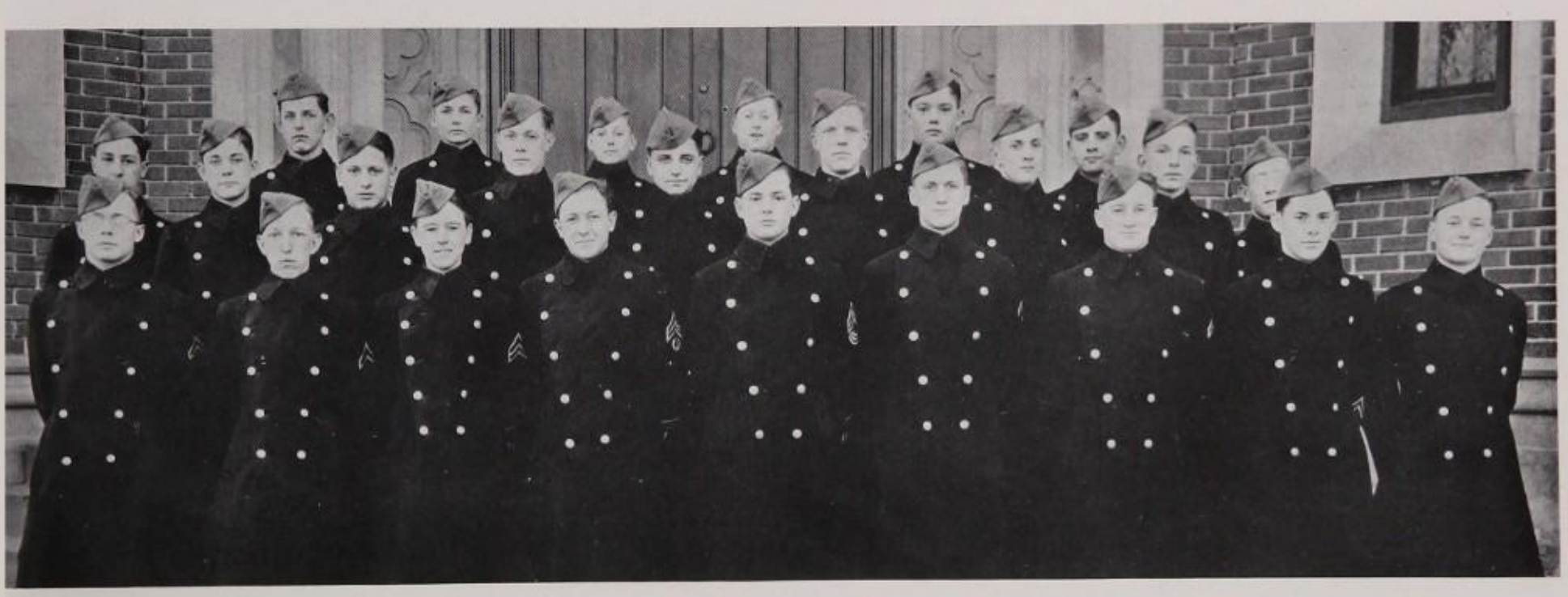
"You see, Brokaw, sodium is more active than hydrogen, and therefore it will replace the first H from H-OH evolving H_2 gas and forming NaOH." . . . "You see, Buell, that symbol means flat, not sharp. Try to get a little more *legato* into the second part and be sure to hold those whole notes just a little longer." . . . "Look, Williams, that's what I said on the unit test, Menes did found Memphis, and those statues were of Ramses; but he still flunked me."

American Government, eh, Gault? If you do all your history when you're on guard and all your R.O.T.C. work in Math class, and all your French during English class, and all your English during Chem. class, and if you tell every teacher he's the toughest one you have, then you'd better hurry up and get those spurs off that academy desk before something unexpected catches up with you. . . . Three little lads from school are we-e-e-e, just as cute as cute can be-e-e-e, (apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan) . . . and if you think you can get all the way up to class on time with a swing around by the club room loafing along that way, you're mistaken. . . . Oh, boy, best sellers! Wonder if any of these will get by as book reports. Let's see, here's something nice and short . . . wow, look at *Oliver Wiswell*, 836 pages—too heavy for me. *Raleigh's Eden*—have heard that was good. Where did I hear that First Classmen read an average of ten books a year and A men tossed off about 22—Sounds fishy to me. . . . guess I'd better trot up to the Q.M. to see how their comics are holding out. . . . And so it went: C.P.'s, and C.Q.'s, and N.S.H.'s, and pink slips, and Gold A's, and red F's, and E.D.'s, and A.B.C. tests, and I.Q.'s, and Q.E.D.'s until finally I got through this New Dealer's dream of an academic program and found myself on the other side of the Iron Gate.



SILVER A's

Silver A's: Beutel, Brooks, Brown, W. P., Caldwell, Carlson, Castillo, J., Chapman, Cleary, Crow, Douglas, Downs, Gault, Graf, Griese, Hernandez, Hull, Kampe, Kangera, Kelly, Kennedy, M., King, Krulish, LeVeque, McElroy, Maxson, Mayer, Middleton, Muirhead, Nelson, Norris, W., Noyes, Parker, R., Powell, Rees, Savidge, Schacht, W., Scharff, Scofield, Thayer, Thomas, P. A., Turton, Tyson, Von Wrangell, Warner, Weaver, Willson, Woodruff, Wroe, Ziebarth.

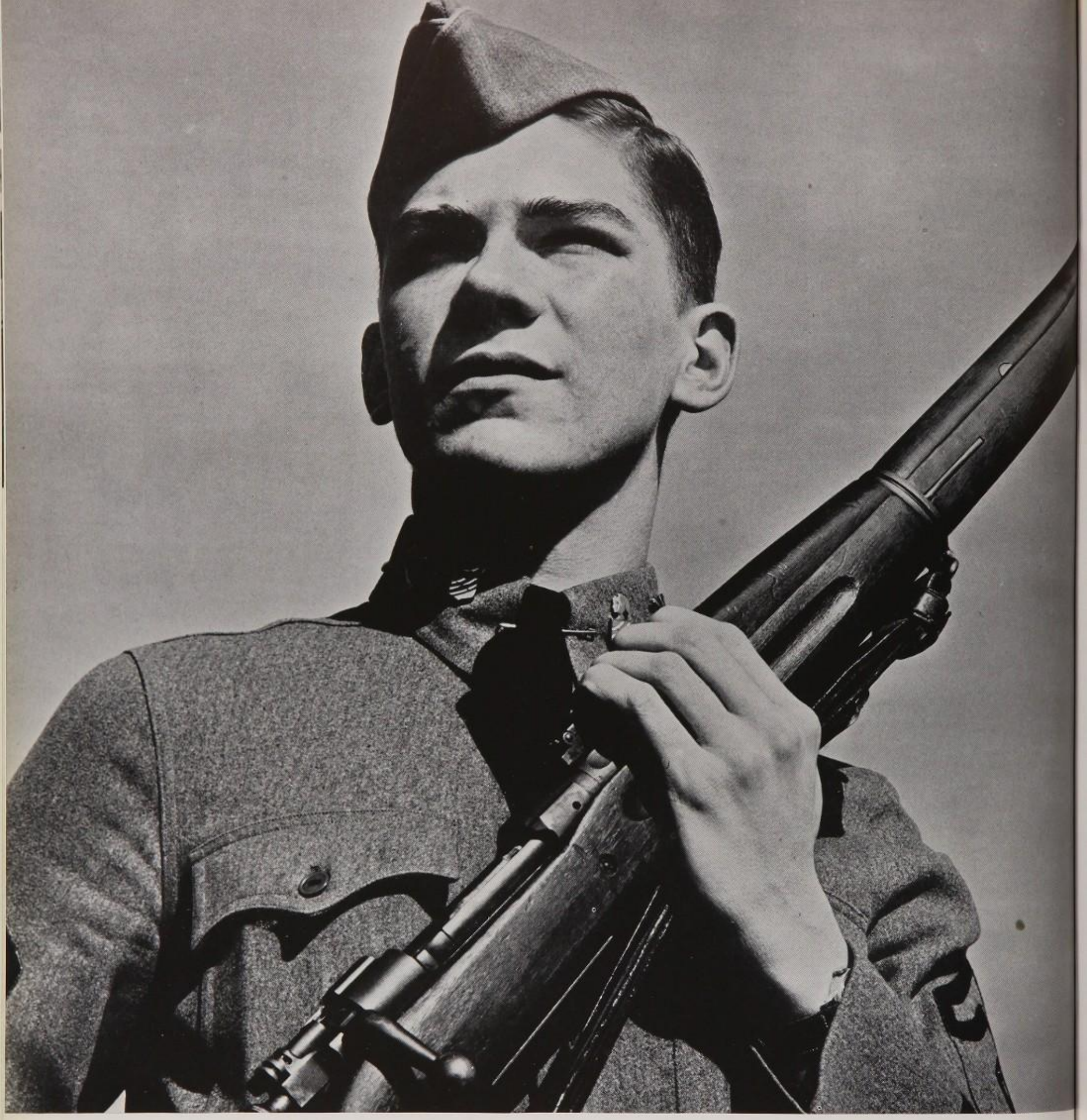


GOLD A's

Gold A's: Basset, Bayard, Brewster, Dannenmaier, Donavan, Dunlap, Eaton, E., Gould, Henderson, Hielman, Hiestand, Hill, Janssen, Kostner, McDonald, McGaughy, Massey, M., Metzel, Noble, Odell, Oosting, Paterson, Perry, Petrie, Pitts, Rose, Stevens, Teasdale, Terwilliger, Winchester, Wright.

CUM LAUDE

Cum Laude: Odell, Stevens, Hiestand and M. Massey. These men hold the highest academic honor which can be given by the Academy.



LET'S HIT THIS . . . . . P-O-R-T A-R-M-S

DRILL

Hoofs, wheels, and heels

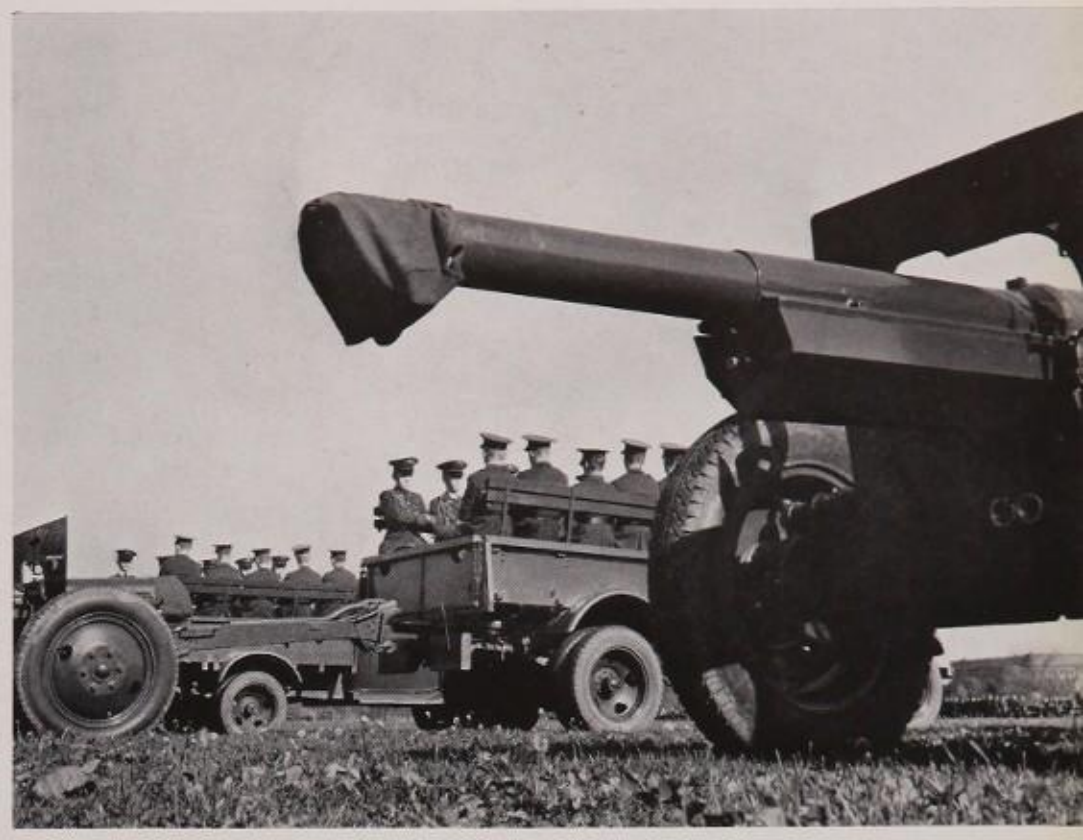
THE military work at Culver is one of the most outstanding of its kind in any preparatory school in the United States. Culver has always ranked way up in the government rating computed by an annual inspection by the War Department. Thus it also has received the honor school recognition for the last thirty-four years, and this accounts for the small silver star on the right sleeve of our fatigue coats. Because of this record Culver is the only preparatory school in the country having three senior R.O.T.C. units with the Infantry, Cavalry, and Field Artillery. Heading these units in the capacity of Professors of Military Science and Tactics, we have stationed at school three regular army officers, Colonels Bull and Hoge and Major Kitts, four sergeants, and two privates. The last two groups are also regulars and are stationed at Culver on the Detached Enlisted Men's List, which is a special branch in the service.

The government has placed at the school's disposal a military terrain map of the surrounding area which is used in the classes of Map Reading, eight Artillery caissons with seventy-five millimeter guns, four trucks and a command car for the Mechanized Artillery, five machine guns, two 37mm. guns, two trench mortars, and five hundred rifles and pistols, not counting an immense amount of field equipment for instruction in the three branches of service.

Aside from the marching Infantry Culver also has a Motorized Infantry consisting of six 1½ ton trucks, four motorcycles, and a command car which are a gift of the Culver Fathers' Association. Also in the Infantry is the well renowned Honor Guard, crack organization using the old "squads right" and putting on exhibitions at Thanksgiving, Easter, and Commencement.

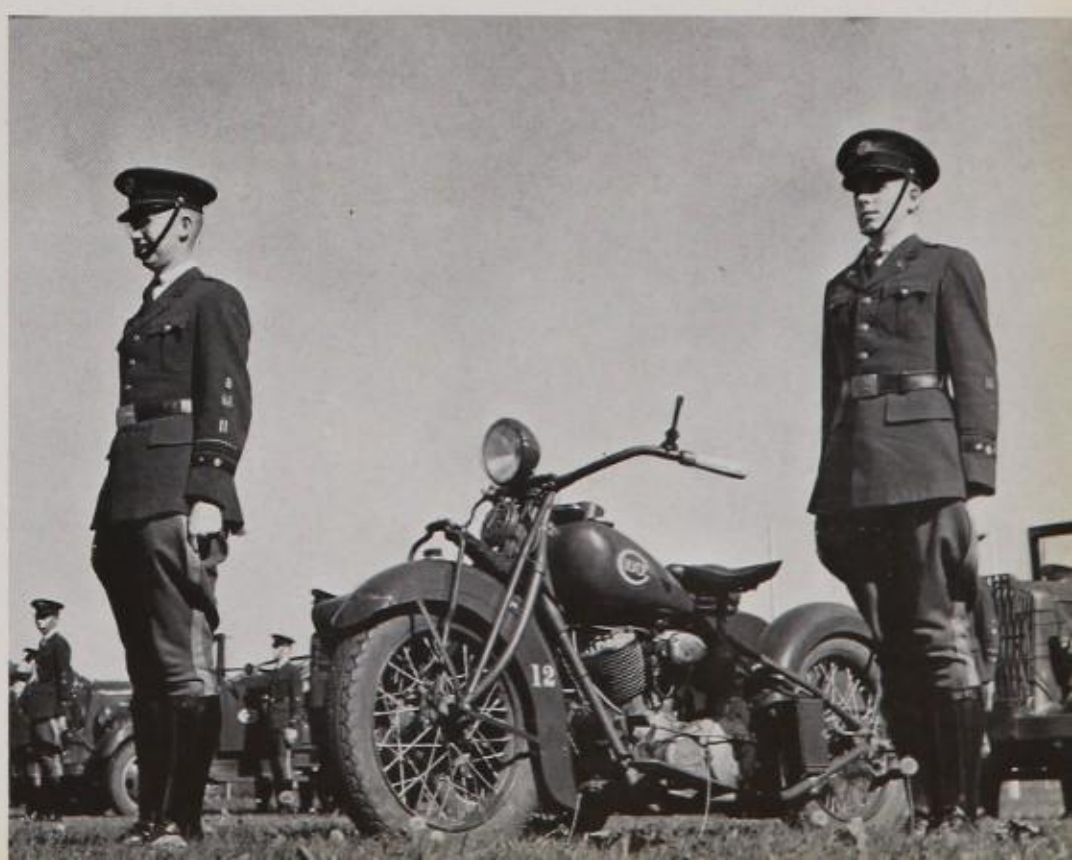
The Cavalry's famed Black Horse Troop is composed of one hundred and thirty-four riders on pure black horses. The riders of course are quartered in North and East Barracks (air conditioned, view of lake, view of quadrangle). The horses are quartered in the Riding Hall (1,000,000 cubic feet of red brick, tanbark, and saddle rooms). This is the most complete unit of its kind in any military secondary school in the country. This organization is famed for its colorful exhibitions of jumping, rough riding, and figure drills.

Continued on page 46



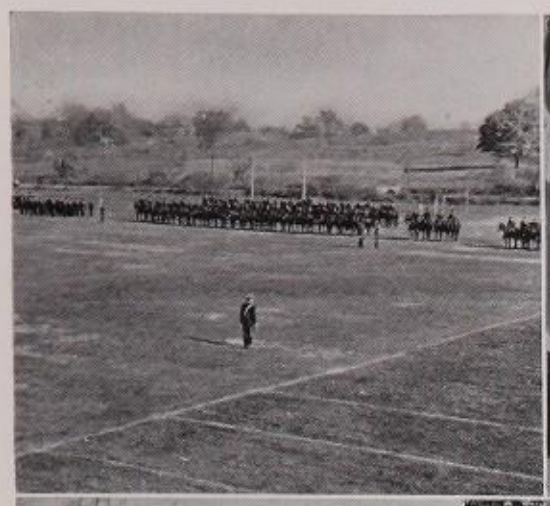
The Mechanized Battery at "Sound off"

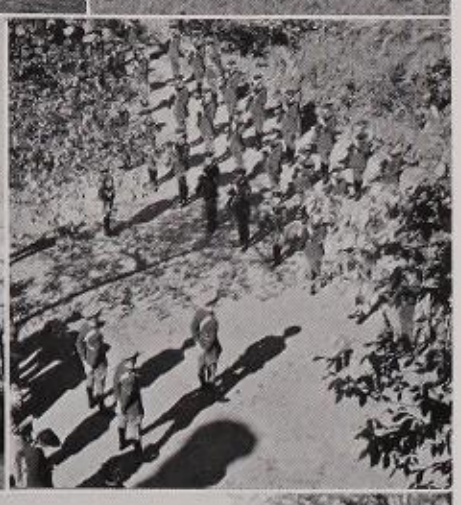
Company "D" returning from parade



The Motorized Infantry at attention

"... SEE, THERE I AM—THIRD MAN, SECOND ROW!"





PASS IN REVIEW

OUR MOTORIZED INFANTRY awaiting the whistle to pass in review. . . . Those poor fellows standing at parade rest. I'll bet they wish they were in the Motorized. . . . Some members of the Culver Fathers' Association reviewing their sons while the adjutant publishes the orders . . . . The color sergeant dipping the Culver flag as the corps stands at present arms. . . . No, the band isn't entangled around the goal post. The picture was taken during the fall when we still played football...."Rag-time, jazz-time, swing! Any old thing" except reveille, bugler, except reveille. . . . There go the caissons of the Field Artillery. . . . The crack organization of the Infantry, the Honor Guard, at present arms. . . . A Battalion inspection in the Infantry. Do you remember inspection arms? . . . The long lines of the Infantry blue marching into mess. . . . Sink your chin, and suck up your gut. C'mon you plebes, stand up. . . . The sixth truck of the Motorized Infantry has its door open—not all the way but just far enough to let its midget driver fall out. . . . This picture was taken with a telescopic lens because if I got any closer to the horses, they would go dashing off and we couldn't have a parade. . . . The trooper holding the Culver flag must be a first classman, for he's chewing his hat to a shred. . . . Right turn, hoo! Is that wrong? You see I was in the Infantry. . . . Third man up a little. No, back slightly. Up a trifle. Oh, blazes never mind. . . . Watch the Fords go by, or in this case it's the Motorized Infantry command car already to pull out with the "Old Gray Mare."

Some of the boys will never forget their six weeks at training camp. Such excitement they had during their weekends.

Someone told me that the army had gotten some potato peelers, that is, automatic ones. Once when I was on K.P., the cook had us cutting potatoes for the whole company into eighths for hash brown. After we were all finished, he came up and said, "Sorry, fellows, they're for French fries. You'll have to do them again." And he wasn't kidding either. I couldn't look a potato in the eye for three weeks after that.

Back in the pre-war days Culver's hardy 2A dug trenches in the fields. Ever since then we've been using them, but now I hear that next year's plebes are coming a week earlier to redig the caved in ones.

The Troop acted as guard of honor to French Marshal Foch and also rode at the inauguration of President Wilson. Corresponding to the Infantry Honor Guard, the Cavalry has its newly revised Lancers who put on exhibitions during the holidays previously mentioned.

The Artillery is divided into two organizations, the horse-drawn battery and the motorized division. The horse-drawn unit consists of four caissons and 75mm. guns and a mounted staff. The motorized battery is an organization for the men not in the mounted battery, and as I said before, consists of four trucks with guns and a staff car. The honor organization of the Artillery is the four gun drill, which specializes in accurate and daring driving of the guns through narrow divides and in complicated maneuvers.

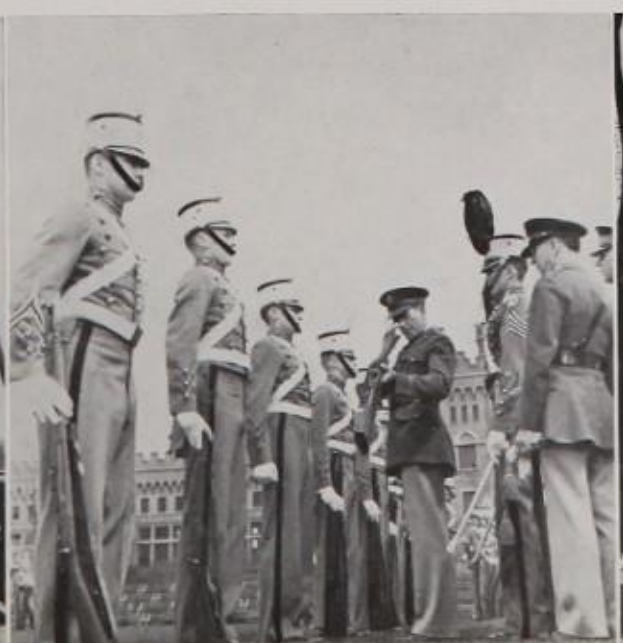
Because of the increased demand for trained officers in the increased national defense, the Culver military training is taking greater effect. The one hour theoretical drill classes during the winter months are training these new officers better than the officers who entered the first World War. At that time the officers went to training camp for three months and one month after that were fighting battles in the field. Now we cadets are trained through four years and sent to camp for six weeks. Aside from the theoretical drill here at Culver, we also have marching periods and extended order field problems that teach the rudiments of warfare to us. But by far the most outstanding principle that we are indirectly taught through our military work is leadership, both for the military field and our future business careers.

During my plebe year at Culver I learned my first bit of military training, saluting, facing, marching, firing positions, map reading, and sanitation. My next year I was a more advanced private and first began giving commands, studied special weapons, and learned the essentials of combat principles. My third year I was a sergeant squad leader and developed my leadership, studied advanced weapons and tactics, and learned aerial photography. After my third year of military work at Culver, I was sent to the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Knox. There I received a real taste of army life, living in tents for six weeks, eating in army mess halls, crawling through the fields to attack enemy positions, inspecting tanks, and watching demonstrations by the signal corps, engineer corps, and heavy artillery. Then in my fourth year at Culver I studied military history and law, advanced combat training, tactics of the employment of the different weapons, and communication and control of a unit in the field.

Who would think that marching into the mess hall each day or calling a class to attention was a factor in handling men, or that participation in athletics could build up leadership? But in reality it does, as does all of Culver's well-rounded training program. The fact that you can instruct or order men to do certain things and learn from their reactions whether they object to or approve of you tends to develop leaders. The person who builds up a team's confidence or stirs them on to fight a losing battle or game is a leader. Leaders are not made from book knowledge, but they are rather the result of a fighting spirit that has enough confidence to influence the men that are to be lead. Developing leadership is one of Culver's goals, and I can say that I am proud "to be a Culver man."

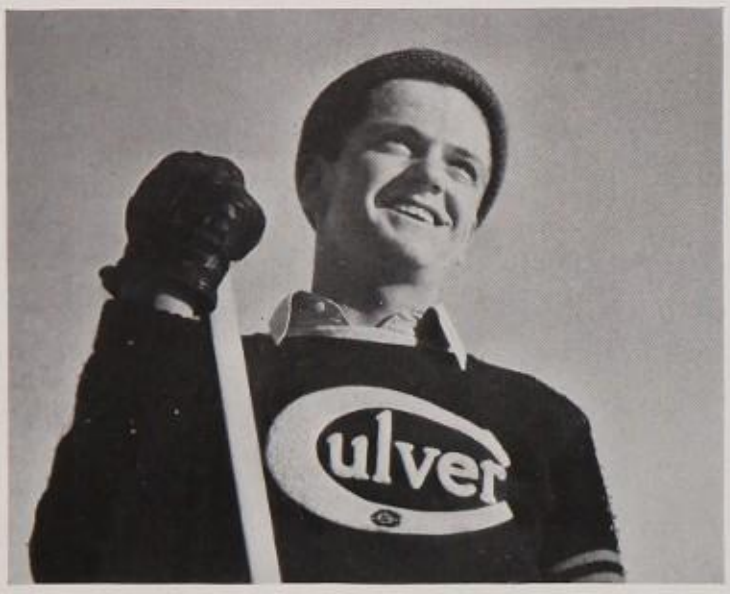
I shall close this rather serious account of my military life at Culver with a few miscellaneous memories and comments on the lighter side of soldiering. For example, a squint at the picture in the lower left corner is sufficient to show how some of us used to catch up on our sleep in drill class while others conducted a valiant filibuster. Then there were always those moments in R.O.T.C. class when we had to write down what we knew (or didn't know—eh, Curtis?). Now here's a happy thought—cadet dons gas mask. For what?—real gas?—well, that's what they told us, but I've learned when to take 'em with a grain of salt. What about it, Griese, are you writing a sonnet to a trench mortar? You can't kid me, Brew. I know you're not Santa Claus even if you have got a pack on your back. Keep away from this one, boys; she ain't built for comfort, and she ain't built for speed, but she sho' am powerful. Social column: Stanton meets machine gun. Here are the government inspectors embarrassing the Infantry again. And here on Memorial Day is the color guard with the gold star flag paying tribute to our heroes of the last war.

Inspection is one of the components of Drill. We have all got caught with a dirty rifle.



SPARE TIME

Did You Say Spare Time?



WHEN I was a yearling, and began looking around so I'd know all the answers, I asked somebody why it was that we all laughed self-pityingly when anyone mentioned the words "Spare Time." What I really wanted to know was why we seemed to have so little of it. He said, "In twenty years, when you have a son as old as you are now, you'll know the answer. In the meantime, it would be a waste of time trying to explain it to you." I still don't know all the answer, but I found part of it in a book about school life—"Stalky and Co." another part in the movie "My Son, My Son," and still another part in something a Chapel speaker once said. They all boiled down to the fact that you'll never get anywhere the easy way, and no matter how hard you cry for it, you're not going to get things your own way unless you make them that way yourself.

I'd still like more spare time—but I've learned that (if Culver is a world in miniature) the way to get along in the world is to make the best of things as they are.

It makes me hot under the collar when people want to know what I'd do with more undirected time. There are literally hundreds of things to do here, and I'd like to have a crack at all of them. I know now that if I had it all to do over again, I'd not have to spend so much effort sampling and trying and burning my fingers.

It took me three seasons of the hardest work I'll ever do to earn the varsity sweater I wear, and that's why I wear it gladly every chance I get. But I don't regret one single minute of the time I spent, or the tired feeling that often came, or the times I'd rather have just loafed instead of practising. I learned a lot there in the Rec building and on the field—a lot of things that, when you come down to it, are just as much a part of my education as anything I ever did or heard in class. I learned how to keep down my temper when somebody else proved to be better, or bigger, or stronger, or more experienced than I. I learned how to take care of myself physically. I learned how to hit just as effectively as the other fellow, and to do it according to the book. But most important of all, I learned how to use my strength, brains and increasing experience to the best effect.

Of course, it wasn't all sweat and hard work. The other day, for an English theme, I figured out the actual amount of time I spend on various things. In the course of a week I spend twenty morning hours in class, and another six studying. Drill takes another five, at least, and I averaged two marginal times a week. Then there was an assembly about once a week, including Dr. Hoffman's talks for upper-

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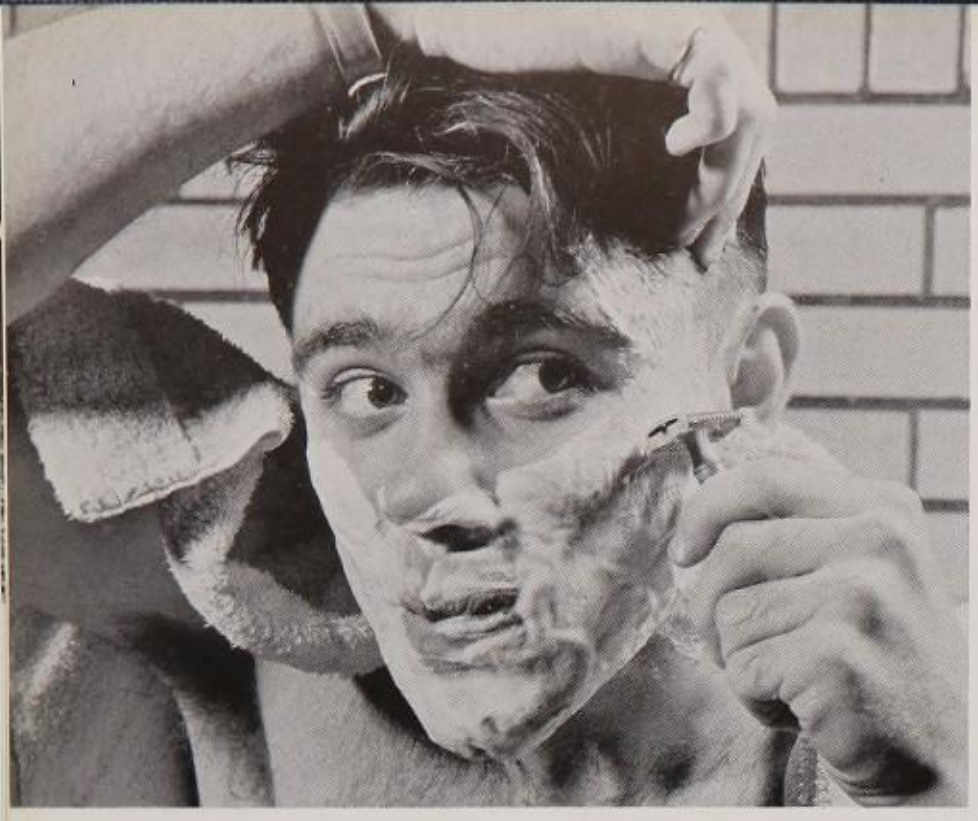
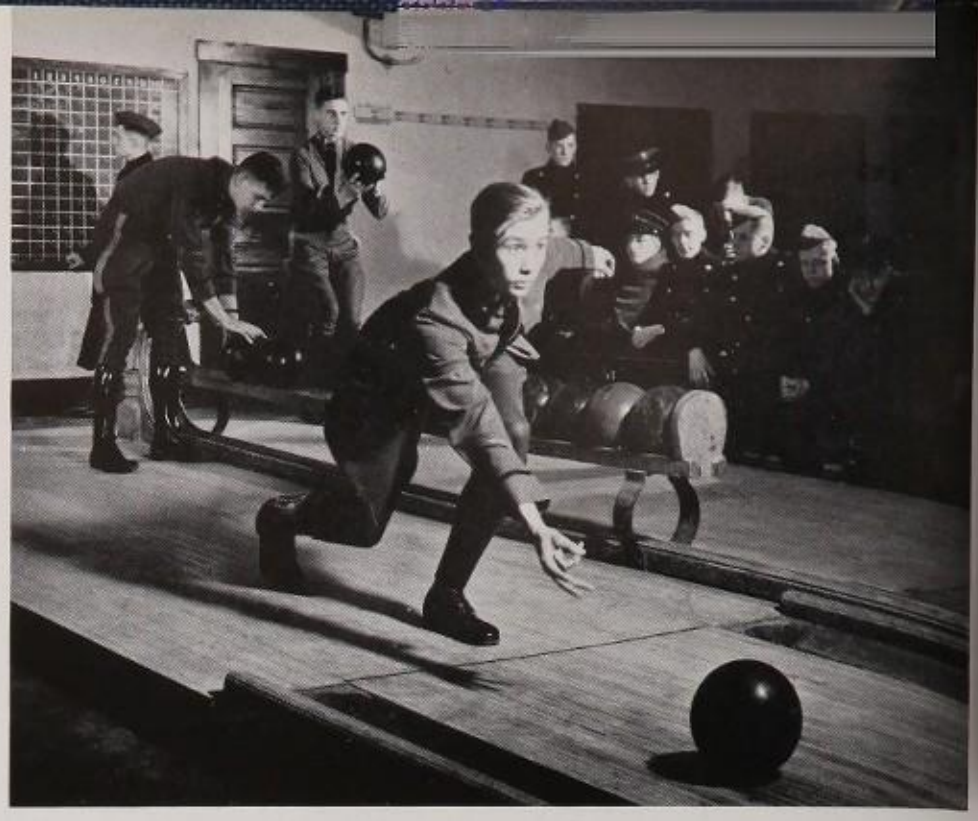




classmen. Until very recently, C.Q. for me meant hitting the books for three hours straight. So much for the work. Then I counted up the time spent as I wanted to spend it. From three-thirty till recall, half the year, I tore from drill into uniform, went to practice, took a shower, and went back to my room. That's about eight hours a week. Saturday morning after the third C.P., and Saturday afternoon and evening were free, unless I had a date to walk or sit. Sunday afternoon was all free. I added up all the smaller totals, added sleeping time, and still found myself a good many hours short of the total number of hours in a week. Even adding the time spent on meals and formations failed by almost half a day to add up to the correct figure.

Well, I was stumped; the only thing to do was to keep an accurate record of every minute spent in an average day. Know where I found the missing hours, and how I spent them? The same way you did—doing nothing. The fractions before and after meals, before and after formations, in and around other, more important things were all spent in sitting and bulling, or staring out the windows, or wishing I could see my gal, or stopping by the Clubroom, or catching a short rest. That's really spare time, I thought, and set out to use it—the way the twenty-quality-point boys do.

For one whole day I was a model of industry—never a wasted moment. I got ahead in two subjects' preparation, I shined every button I own, I kept my hall in a state of perfect order, and I ended up satisfied that I could do it, if I had to. So I quit, having had the experience. Seriously, though, it seems to me that it's those spare minutes, when you can relax and let things go for a bit, that make life enjoyable. And, as I've said, I wish I had a great many more of them. Having once robbed myself of their comfort, I really appreciated them for the first time. Try it yourself, some time.

All of us, I suppose, spend as much spare time in the Canteen as anywhere else. I know I did. When I wasn't in training, I used to step in there every single afternoon for a coke, or a candy bar, or something else that I wanted but didn't really need. No wonder my allowance never lasted the full week. I bowled, too—about as badly as Frampton seems to be doing, above. Bowling had a funny sort of relaxing effect on me; it made me feel good to knock the pins scattering all over the pit, and that feeling, when it came, was more than enough to compensate for all the poor shots.

The Canteen was a good place to go on permit, too, because it was handy to the barracks, and you could eat and still have a good deal of time left over before the end of a meal formation. And if you liked to talk, there was one place you could always get a good argument started. I remember one time two of us tried a stunt we'd heard about. We gathered a gang of fatheads and sat down to a long bull session about whether women were naturally less intelligent than men, or only pretended to be. My friend and I defended the less popular side of the thing, until gradually the rest of them got really interested and went further and further away from the point. Then, bit by bit, we changed sides, until we were saying things exactly contrary to what we'd been saying. Nobody noticed.

Of course, a lot of your spare time was spent in your own room, to say nothing of all the time that wasn't so spare, such as the hours needed to study, and sleep, and keep the place neat. Ford seems to be enjoying his pillow fight up there, but he's not the only one who ever slung a mean bag of feathers. My roommate used to lie in wait for the unwary trespasser, and crown him if possible. For sheer loafing, your own room can't be beat, although I do remember the time a green instructor gave me a few bad minutes for going to sleep in the afternoon with my shoes on my roommate's pillow.

I own a pretty fair collection of records—over a hundred of them. All my friends admire them. They must be good, because any number of people seem to prefer playing *my* records, in *my* room, to getting their own and leaving mine alone. Who am I supposed to be, anyway? Uncle Don?

If I had it all to do over again, there are several things I'd like to do—now that I've tried a lot and found that I have no great talent for them. Perhaps at the least I can give this advice to a plebe, in terms of what I—a pretty average sort of person—would like to do. I'd go out for the varsity sport I enjoyed most, and stick to that alone unless it appeared that there was a particularly juicy opening in a second sport. I'd go out for as many different intramural sports as I had time for, because there's a lot of fun in working, or playing, with the small group you know best. I'd do more reading, particularly from the sort of list my college has just sent me. (No kidding, those English instructors weren't fooling.)

I'd even cut into my spare minutes for that last. Then I'd make a point of getting to know a larger number of people. I'd try to make not just an acquaintance but a friend of someone from every section of the country. I'd try to find the people, cadets and faculty, who were the best company for any sort of activity, and learn from them.

I'd like to make more use of the hobby clubs—it seems to me now that even a beginner's knowledge of shooting, or sailing, or photography, or singing, or art, would be not only interesting but useful. In particular, I'd like to spend a good deal of time in the new Art building. That department started too late for me to be able to do anything there, but the boys I've seen carving or painting or modeling seemed to be having a lot of fun as well as doing good work and having something to show for their efforts.

If I had it to do over again! Boys, all I can say is, use what you have! Do it now!

Fencing requires precision, dexterity

But skating is just fun

SPORTS

SPORTS, as we all realize, are one of our most important activities here at Culver. However, sports here at Culver take on an added meaning, for they are the subject and illustrations of many of our military problems. The sportsmanship, whether losing or winning, that is shown by all Culver men is something that we can all pride ourselves on. It's hard to explain but the wholehearted effort that nearly the entire corps puts forward in making sports here at Culver one of our most important doings is one of the finest things about the institution.

Whether on the sideline or in the melee of the battle, a Culver cadet can witness or enter into nearly every sport that is played in America today. Naturally, football, basketball, and baseball hold the spotlight; but there are many other sports that are almost equally important, if not more interesting—cross country, track, boxing, swimming, polo, wrestling, and many others that are really entirely too numerous to mention.

The sports facilities of the school are excellent, and it is seldom that a cadet is found without an interest in one of the sports provided. One of Culver's ideals is that not only those physically adept at sports should enter into them, but also the ones who do not take to them so readily. The many variations of sports that are provided for the individual make this ideal almost a true one.

In this section you will see the many different teams that go forth into contests with the Maroon and White of Culver as their banner. They are the best Culver can offer in their particular field, whether it be football, basketball, or chess. They represent Culver, and I can honestly say that the men that are on these various teams are what we call "true Culver men."

Football is teamwork all the way through. And how it draws the crowd!

Squash is fast and furious

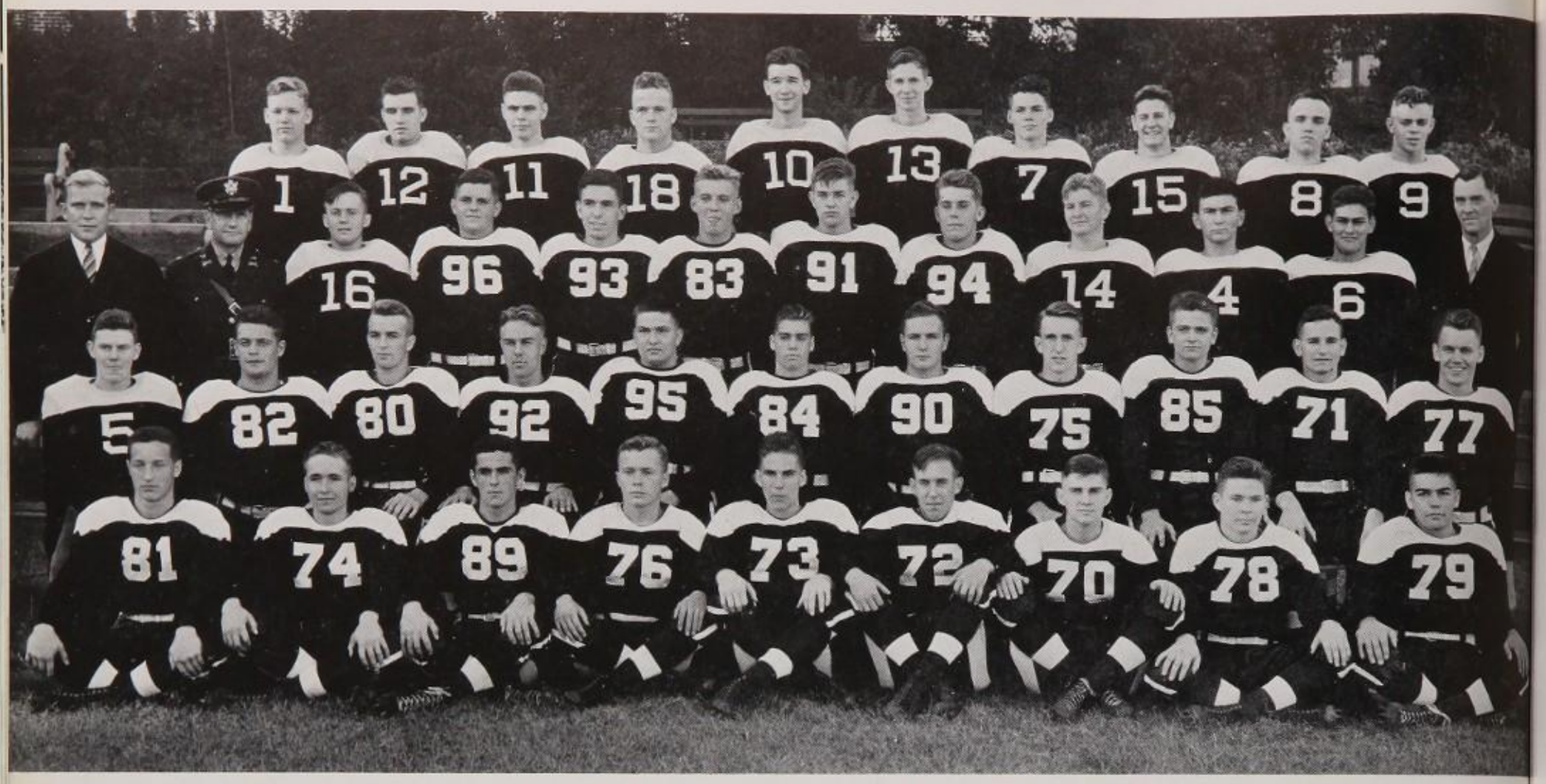
So is polo . . . for the ponies

Warm days bring out the racquets

No one has more fun than the crowd

Wrestling emphasizes the individual

For strenuous play there's basketball



4th Row: Thayer, Bowes, Drury, Hussey, Kangerga, Phagan, Kretchmar, Widmer, Vaughan, Burwell. *3rd Row:* Coach Oliver, Asst. Coach Maj. Whitney, Crosby, Ford, Klusmeyer, Morrow, Berry, Christians, Corrigan, Treadwell, Wieland, Asst. Coach Capt. Bishop. *2nd Row:* Evans, Sniderman, Brokaw, Rogers, Keck, Maxson (Capt.), Kresl, Clark, Hacker, Irelan, Eaton (Capt. Elect). *1st Row:* Redlingler, Gooding, Stanton, Bassett, Moran, Fuller, Fee, Yonts, Ritter.

FOOTBALL

FOR A WHILE, I thought we'd have an undefeated season. Starting his fifth season as Head Coach, Russ Oliver had at his disposal for the Maroon's first year in the Mid-west Prep Conference lettermen Maxson (captain), Kresl, Keck, Rogers, Hacker, Brokaw, R. Clark, and Irelan with prospective help from reserve-lettermen Ford, Klusmeyer, Sniderman, Ritter, Bassett, and Moran. The line was dark and gloomy at the end and tackle posts. As the center was stocked with three lettermen—Rogers, Hacker, and Brokaw, Rogers was converted into an end. Three newcomers presenting possibilities as wingmen were Gooding, Morrow, and Eaton, an all-city end from Baton Rouge, Louisiana. The tackle job, which seemed to be the weakest spot on the team, had few candidates, with only Ford and Keck returning. Berry showed plenty of stuff, as did Drury and Christians, trying for that position. The guard posts were well held by Irelan, Ritter, Sniderman, Yonts, and Bassett. Although the forward line seemed to be poor, the backfield was an encouraging group, for Maxson, Kresl, and Clark were regular performers last year, and Stanton, Fuller, Redlinger, and Fee rounded out the backfield material along with reserveman Moran.

The Maroons opened one of the toughest schedules in the history of Culver by clashing with a Prep Conference rival, Pullman Tech of Chicago. The Squadron emerged as victors, 6–0, in a hard fought contest. The only score of the game came in the opening period, when Maxson climaxed a fifty-one yard march with a twenty-six yard run to the end zone after only two plays. Stanton's attempt for the extra point failed.

Journeying to Lake Forest, Illinois, the Flying Squadron eked out a bare 7–0 verdict over its second Conference opponent in as many starts. On a reverse pass from Maxson to Kresl, who heaved a forty-one yard pass to Rogers, the Maroons tallied in the last minute of play after marching for twenty-seven yards. Stanton emphasized the victory by booting the ball squarely between the uprights.

For the third straight game the Squadron took a one-touchdown decision when they triumphed over a large St. Joseph freshman team 12–7. Kresl plunged over from the one yard stripe in the second period for the opening score of the game to climax an eight play, ninety yard march. Stanton's kick for the extra point failed. Captain Maxson, on a beautiful sixty-one yard run through the whole visiting team, gave the Maroons their margin of victory in the third period, although Stanton missed the conversion. The invaders got their only touchdown in the final period, and then kicked the extra point.

At Peru, Illinois, the Squadron ran over a small but fighting St. Bede's Academy eleven 7–0, the fourth one-touchdown verdict for the Maroons. Three times the

Russmen scored, but only a second-period drive counted, when Maxson drove ten yards to pay territory. Stanton's conversion try was successful. A last-quarter drive for the hosts in the late minutes of play halted on the Maroons' six yard stripe.

Coming out on the reverse side of a verdict for the first time, the Squadron succumbed to a really tough Memphis Tech team 12–7. With the Maroons shoving across a score with the game but minutes old, it appeared to be another local victory. Kresl plunged over from the one, finishing a nineteen yard excursion, and Stanton set the Squadron still further ahead with a perfect place kick. The Southerners retaliated immediately by moving from the kickoff for a score, but failed to convert, and the Squadron still led at half-time. Tech got a final touchdown early in the third period on a one foot plunge for victory—and a hard-earned one at that, even if I do say it as shouldn't.

Morgan Park Military Academy met defeat before a driving Maroon eleven here at Homecoming 13–0, to give the Russmen their third straight conference win. Eight plays after the opening kickoff, the Maroon and White had a 6–0 lead. Kresl was the scorer, from the six yard line, and the attempted conversion was blocked. Again in the fourth period Kresl scored on a forty-one yard gallop. Stanton added the extra point for good measure. Captain Dan Maxson had to be removed from the game in the third quarter when he was hurt on an end sweep. It was learned later that he had suffered a broken leg and that his services were to be lost to the team for the remainder of the season.

Travelling to St. John's, the Maroons suffered their second setback of the year, 29–19. The hosts completely outmaneuvered Culver in the first half and led 15–0 at the half. The absence of Maxson, Kresl, and Clark, three of the starting backfield, hurt plenty. However, the Culver rally in the final minutes of play that brought nineteen points to the Maroons' side of the scoreboard is something I'll remember a long, long time.

Kelly High of Chicago suffered the revenge of the Maroons at Thanksgiving, 20–0. In the second period Moran tallied twice—from the two and seven yard lines respectively. Fee came back in the last quarter to score after a twelve-yard dash.

With a final record of six wins and two defeats, ending up in third place in the Mid-west Prep Conference, we stopped to take stock. Pretty good, all in all, but we leave it to the rest of you really to trample 'em down next fall.

Lewis Eaton, outstanding end and plebe, was elected to pilot the 1941 Flying Squadron, and Bill Stanton, fullback, was elected to the alternate captain's post. Those receiving letters were: Capt. Maxson, Kresl, Clark, Eaton, Gooding, Rogers, Morrow, Keck, Berry, Ford, Drury, Irelan, Yonts, Ritter, Bassett, Sniderman, Hacker, Brokaw, Stanton, Redlinger, Fee, Moran, Fuller, and manager Gericke. Reserve letters went to Phagan, Bowes, Kretchmar, Christians, Crosby, Thayer, Treadwell, Vaughn, Wieland, Klusmeyer, Widmer, W. Corrigan, Burwell, assistant managers James, Chapman, and Buttolph.

MGR
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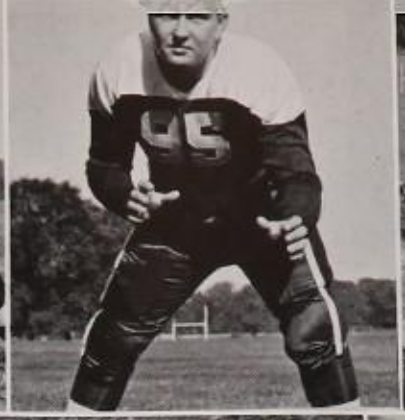

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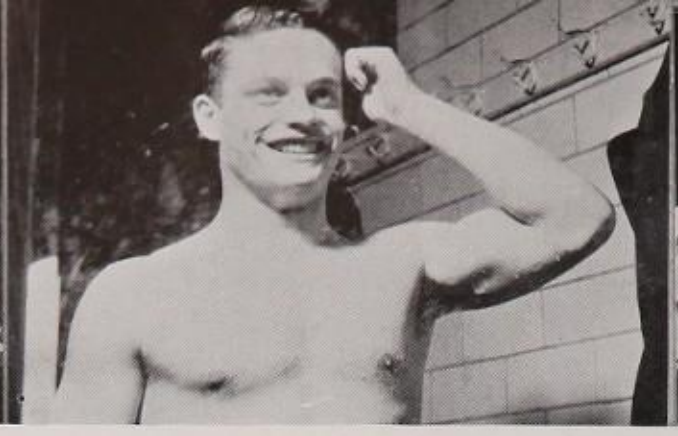
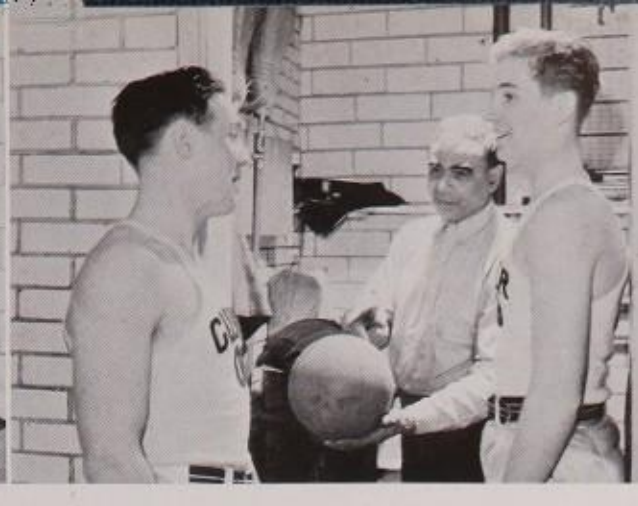
Lots of memories of a good season . . . There's Coach Oliver, talking with Fee, who did some fine leaping around in the backfield . . . and there's Major Whitney, probably yelling "Drive in there" . . . and Gericke, the manager who did his job without being underfoot . . . and Ford. Remember how red his face used to get in scrimmage? . . . I wonder if Keck really did lose weight, or if it only looked that way. At any rate, he hoisted it around the field to good advantage. . . . Ever dance a snake-dance? There always were a few heels who'd leave off cheering the team in order to grab themselves the best seats.

Hi, Jim. What's that, the Kresl special goose-step? Or did you really do it that way? Seems to me you knew better. . . . Here's Todd Gooding, who made a pretty snappy little end, and didn't give up when things got tough . . . and those mascots, with the shortest plebes in school to play nursemaid. I'd love a St. Bernard, if I had Texas to let it run in, and the Chicago Stockyards to feed it . . . and one of those little mixups that happen, now and then. Can't figure whether Clark is taking or being taken . . . and here he is again. Well, Madam, it looks good in the pictures, but don't let that worry you. . . .

I suppose cheerleaders have fun, but they sure look agonized to me; probably all that jumping around hurts. . . . That's right, boys, look determined—and get that straw out of your mouth, Ritter. . . . Will you look at J-square? Such enthusiasm, and he didn't even know the camera was pointing his way, I bet . . . and Red—that build was real, too. . . . So, Fee again. Well, go ahead and kick it. . . . By the way Irish, how's the playing in there? Lots of it today, I guess, from the smile. . . . Football, football, who's got the football? Either we're off for a big gain, or we're covering a kick. You can't lose. . . . Mr. Bassett, if you please, now dig. That's better, thank you. . . . Either way you look at it, this next one spells touchdown. I disremember which particular one this was, but there were plenty during the season. . . . Hey, plebe. Oh, excuse me, it's Eaton, the best plebe to play for us in many a year. A good teammate, in there all the time, and ready to buck you up when things seemed worst. . . . And here's another little crowd-sequence. The enemy seems to be too far down in its own end of the field for comfort, and the boys want to keep them there. . . . Hi! Berry, how's every little thing in your department? . . . Captain Danny, and Fee again (H'mm, guess he rates). Seriously, Dan was one swell captain; he meant a lot to us on the field or off, and we hated like the devil to lose him at the end of the season. . . . End of a perfect practice, or how to get the playing fields of Culver out of your ears and eyes and nose. Another way was to go out for soccer, but we don't believe in that. . . . So long, fellows, I'll miss you.



On these pages you see our basketball heroes in action. You can see that not all the actual work occurs on the Basketball floor: the boys must have coaching, eat, talk it over, and even keep the hair out of their eyes.



BASKETBALL

COACH OLIVER began his sixth basketball season with but five lettermen returning for the nucleus of a team —Gooding and McGaughey (co-captains), Maxson, Sewell, and Kresl. The opening game was on November 30th against Camden High. The Maroon and White lineup included Gooding and Neal as forwards, McGaughey as center, and Sewell and Kresl as guards. The Russmen had little difficulty in disposing of the visitors with a score of 41–32.

The following weekend the squad pasted their first defeat on the much boasted team from Culver City (32–27). With the rivalry running high the Maroons proved superior in a fast game. Gooding led the attack with ten points.

Oak Park nearly called our number in the next game, but we finally squeezed a 45–39 point victory. Two things saved that game for us: McGaughey's scoring nineteen points and the final gun which barked just in time.

On January 18th the squad met the University High team from Cleveland. The visitors, who were expected to put the Culver dribblers to their severest test, crumbled before the Hoosier onslaught. As the smoke cleared from the end of the first quarter, the Ohioans rubbed their eyes to look at the score board. What they saw—to their utter bewilderment—was a Culver lead of 17–2. Every player on our bench saw action during the game with a final score of 44–31. McGaughey starred again by scoring thirteen points.

Travelling to Lake Forest Academy on January 24th, the Russmen made their poorest showing of the year, being defeated by a score of 26–36.

The following night the Maroons took their revenge by trimming the Morgan Park Military Academy five 41–18. Gooding starred with fifteen points.

On February 1st, I cheered my head off when our five broke a three-year jinx against the Howe Military School cagers, defeating them in a fast game 50–37. Howe threatened us only once during the game, and that threat was quickly squelched.

The second defeat of the year came from the hands (and feet) of the Park team from Indianapolis. A last half rally was enough to tip the final score in their favor by a margin of 35–28.

Then a towering St. Joe College Frosh team gave us a second straight drubbing, but it took them an overtime to beat us by the narrow lead of 45–43.

On February 14th Morgan Park came to Culver. We gave them the sweetest valentine you ever saw—a big Maroon and White heart with the score 60 on the C.M.A. half and 27 on the M.P. half. Every player saw action—even the reserves.

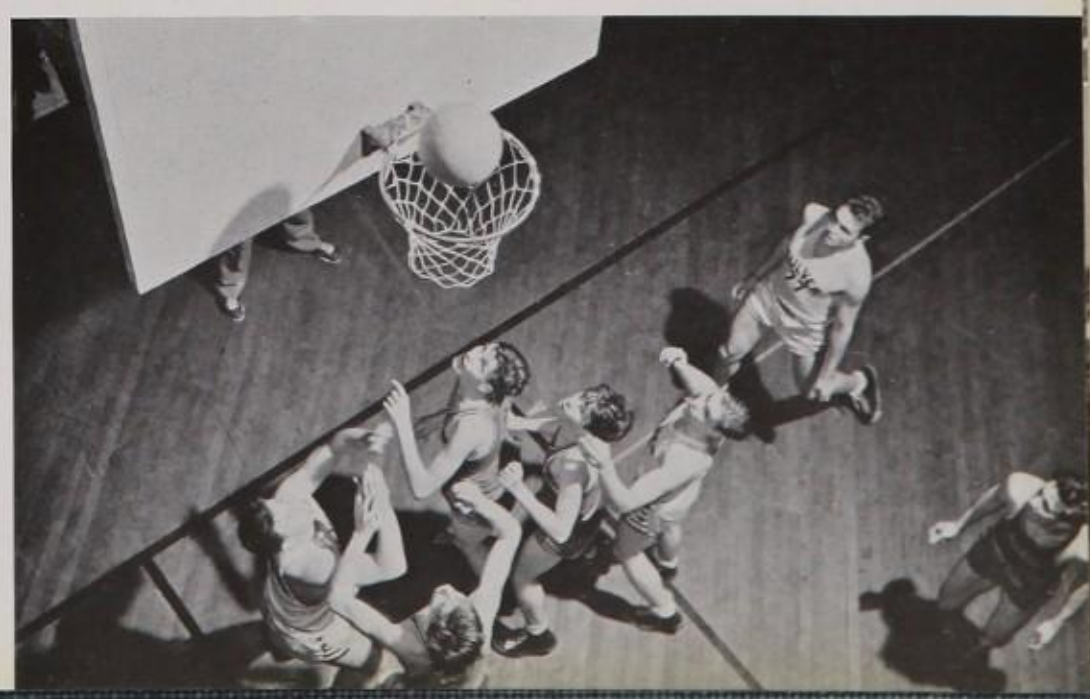
The following Saturday the team travelled to Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, to play the Cranbrook five. Our invasion was successful; we got off to a good start and never dropped the lead, beating our hosts by the comfortable margin of 39–23.

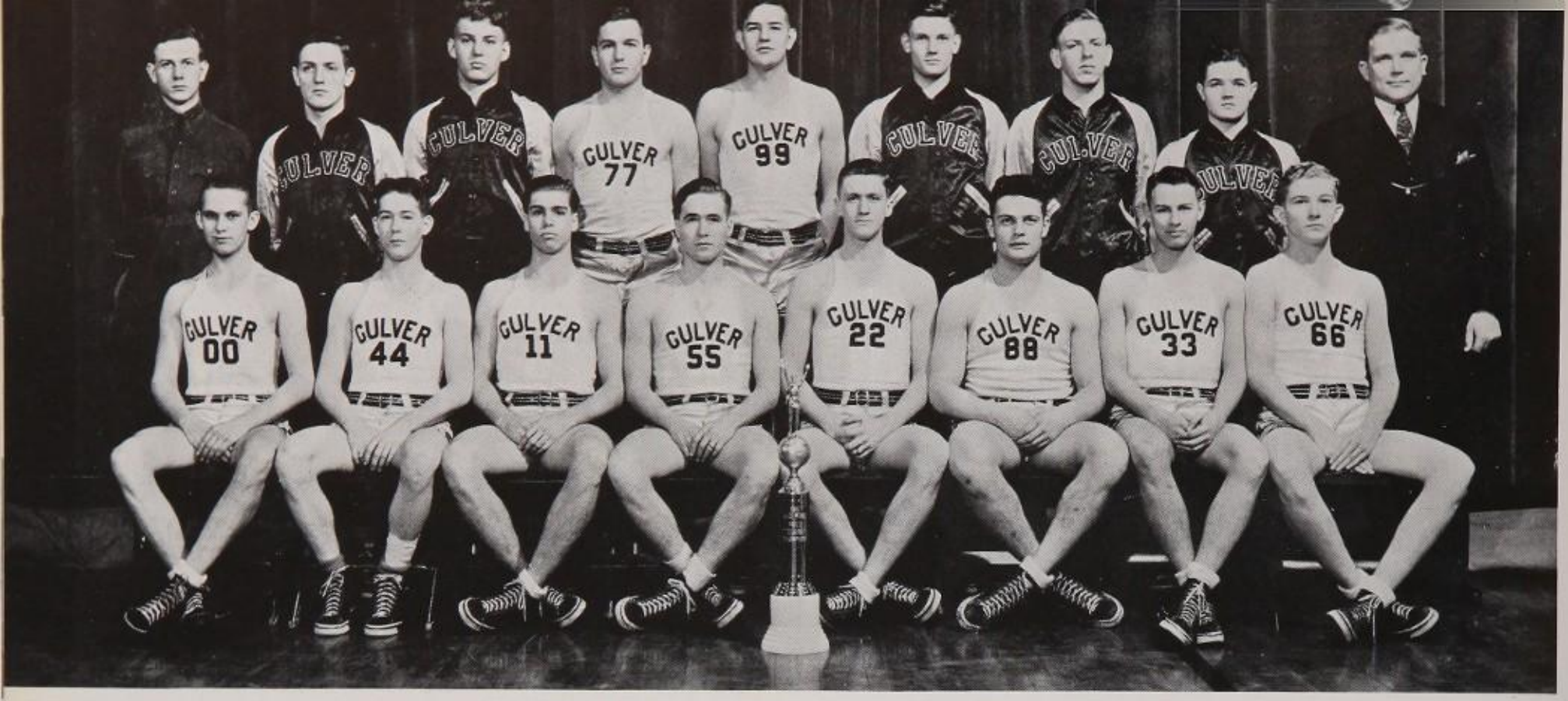
The next victory was at Chicago, where we received little competition from Pullman Tech although the outlook was uncertain until the third quarter. Then with Kresl's 18 points we pulled out to a lead of 63–38.

Playing their final game of the year on the home floor against Lake Forest, the Maroon and Whites revenged their former defeat by keeping ahead of the visitors all the way. In the second period I held my breath when the opponents pulled to within three points of us, but the game ended with Culver ahead 37–30.

Ending one of the best seasons a Culver squad has ever had, the team travelled to the Mid-west Prep-Tournament in the University of Chicago Fieldhouse, where we won the tournament with flying colors. No Culver team has ever played such a brand of ball as the team displayed in winning their four games that gave them the championship. It was the first time since 1937 that a Culver team had carried home the winners' trophy. The team defeated Onarga 29–26, Lake Forest 24–16, St. Johns 41–29, and St. Rita of Chicago 43–29 in the finals.

At the conclusion of the season Coach Oliver expressed his belief that this was the best team he had ever coached. He complimented them highly for their sportsmanship and fight and spirit. He awarded letters to the following men: Gooding, McGaughey, Maxson, Neal, Sniderman, Kresl, Sewell, Williams, Hanover, and Manager Earll. Neal and Williams were elected co-captains to head the '42 team, and Tryon was elected manager. Reserve letters went to Kime, Berry, Morrow, North, Beatty, Faye, and assistant managers, Liszey and Buttolph.





Earll (mgr.), Hanover, Morrow, Kresl, Berry, Beatty, Kime, Fay, Coach Oliver
North, Williams, D. G., Maxson, Gooding, McGaughey, Sniderman, Neal, Sewell

The members of this very successful team are shown above, proudly displaying their hard-won trophy from the Mid-West Prep Tournament. They were good fellows and fine athletes, whose team work and spirit reflected honor upon the Academy and upon the training of their much respected coach, Russ Oliver.

BOXING

Undefeated Team

FACING a schedule listing two prep schools and two colleges, the boxing squad was without the services of twelve men on last year's undefeated team, via the graduation route. However, Coach Mike Carpenter received some consolation when a good crop of intramural champions and most of the reserve winners a year ago turned out.

With Billy Ingalls abandoning his position as a regular in the eighty-five pound class for number one in the next division, prospects were few. However, Pitts proved to be a tough customer. The one hundred and five pound outlook wasn't so bright with no returning veterans. After consistent practice, Maritote looked good for that weight. The bantamweights were rough and tough: Shilling and Woodruff from last year and Norwood, an intramural recruit. Eschenbrenner was ready to fill their places if needed. At one hundred and twenty-five pounds Bob Manning seemed the only standout, although Ferreira improved with each practice. Another division full of rugged fighters was the lightweight class. Graf and Llano were nip and tuck as top men. At one hundred and forty-five Gibson, an intramural fighter, Burwell, a reserve, and Finkbine were ready to fill the bill. Barron, an oldster, and Knight of intramural fame outclassed the field, but Kolter and Treadwell were right behind at one hundred and fifty-five. Jack Brown was ready to take his place again as a middleweight, backed by Hacker and O'Conner. The light-heavyweight class had a potent package in the return of veteran Layne Rogers. The heavyweights were experts again with letter-winners Lee Ford and Steve Bromley ready for all comers.

The leather-pushers took to the ring on February 22nd in a new intersectional rivalry against highly-touted Tennessee Military Institute. With acting captain Steve Bromley leading the way, the pugilists gained a 4–3 win.

Billy Ingalls started the boxers off to a lead by outmaneuvering his southern rival at ninety-five pounds. The Maroons spurted farther ahead when Woodruff, not to be

outdone, outfought Brady. Bob Manning set back Paulo in a furious third round rally for a decisive win in the one hundred and twenty-five pound class. After gaining the first three bouts, the Maroons lost a close decision when Angelo of TMI gained a victory over Johnny Graf in what was probably the best match on the card. Howard Montooth, also of the visiting force, gained his tenth consecutive knockout of the year when he stopped Knight of Culver at one hundred and fifty-five in the first round. In a close affair Gibson at one hundred and forty-five gained the deciding bout of the afternoon by registering a win over Shiable of TMI. Concluding the meet matches Young gained a victory for the invaders on a decision over Brown in the one hundred and sixty-five pound class.

In the exhibition matches with the South Bend Athletic Club, acting captain Bromley scored a quick knockout in the heavyweight group. Barron, at one hundred and fifty-five, gained a decision over Simmeri from South Bend. In another exhibition bout Pieffer secured a decision over Finkbine of Culver at one hundred and forty-five. Opposing the light-heavyweight champion of South Bend, Layne Rogers lost on a decision to George Gulyanics.

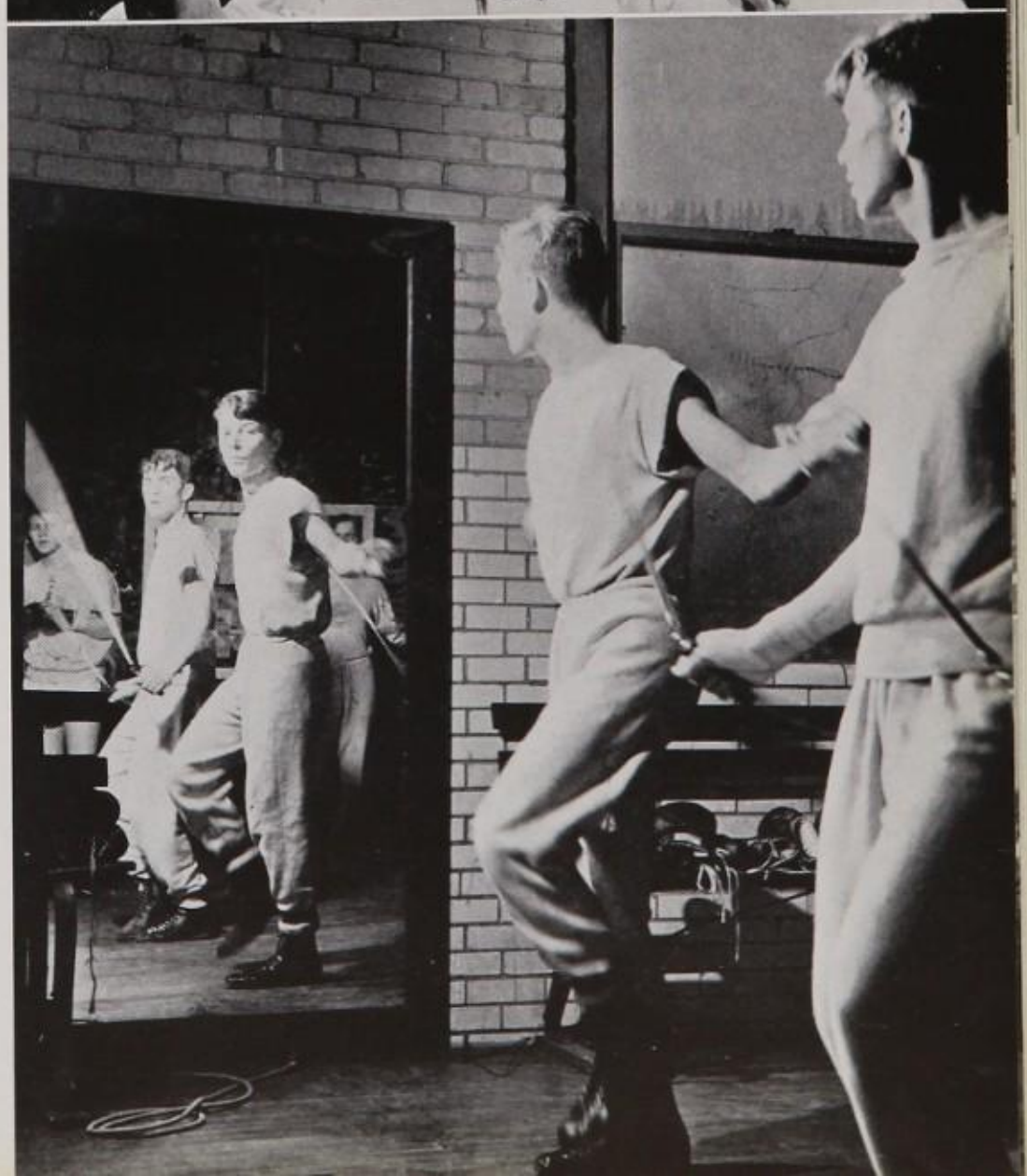
On March 8th the victorious leather-pushers met their skilful rivals from Valparaiso University, gaining an overwhelming decision, 7–1. Acting captain Jack Brown led the onslaught, taking a win in the exhibition matches.

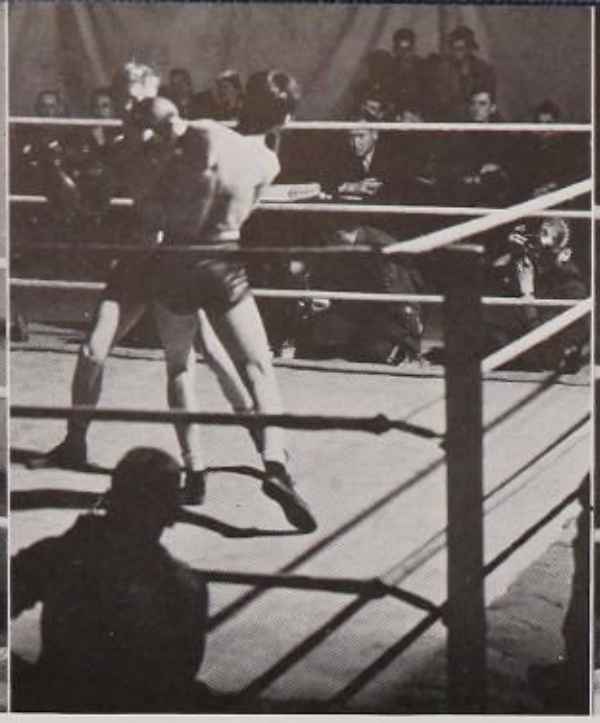
Shilling opened the fight in a business-like manner by scoring a quick knockout over Sukador, pushing Culver ahead immediately. Simon of the visitors could not stand the fury of Manning's attack and lost a decision. Also in the one hundred and twenty-five pound weight, Ferreira pummeled Bruss to gain another victory for the Maroons. Valparaiso interrupted the victory string when a more experienced one hundred and thirty-five pounder, Hirsch, scored a decision over Llano. Gibson provided a show for the spectators by technically knocking out his college rival. Knight demonstrated an efficient right in knocking out his opponent in the one hundred and fifty-five pound class. Barron continued his winning ways, snaring a decision at one hundred and fifty-five over Wagner.

Once more exhibition matches were held with the South Bend Athletic Club. At one hundred and fifteen, Norwood decisioned Shuttleworth easily. After gaining a victory here the week before, Pieffer of S.B. went down before Burwell who received a decision. Simmeri, another fighter on last week's card, took a win over Kolter in the middleweight division. To conclude the show an ineligible Valparaiso boxer took a win over O'Conner on a T.K.O.

In a parade of bouts the pugilists contested and defeated three opponents, St. Joseph College 6–2 and Anderson Y.M.C.A. and South Bend in exhibition bouts. In all, twenty-two fights were fought with the local fighters dropping only four. Team captain Layne Rogers in a slugfest knocked out the visiting team captain of St. Joseph in the second round.

In the one hundred and twenty-five pound group Ferreira punched his way to a decision over Coopley of St. Joseph in the opening clash. Bob Manning scored his third





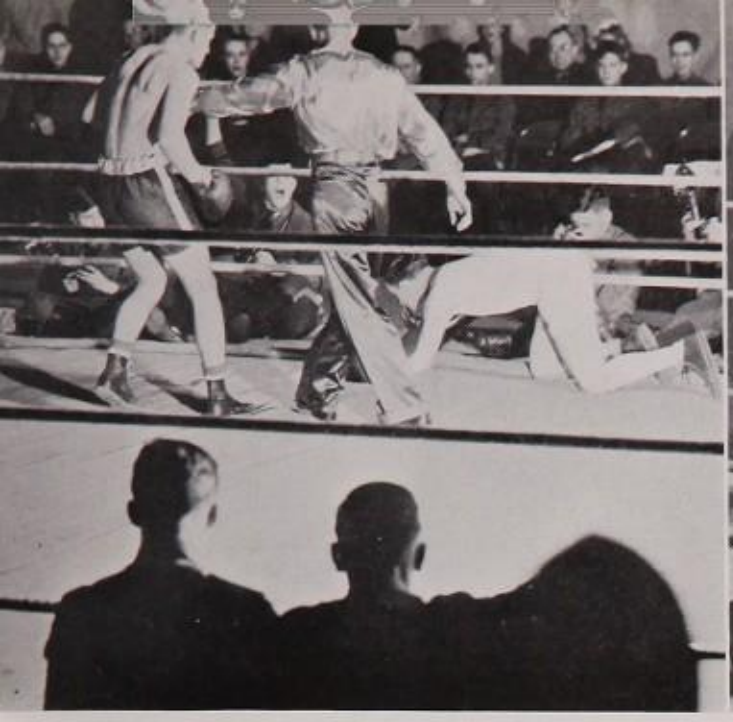
straight win by whipping Goldrick in a decisive manner. Covey tried to set St. Joseph off on the right foot when he gained an important but close win over Llano. Gibson and Knight provided destructive force in taking an easy decision and knockout respectively. Ford lost to a harder punching foe, Sunagle, but Bromley kayoed his opponent in the heavyweight bout of the Culver-St. Joseph tussle.

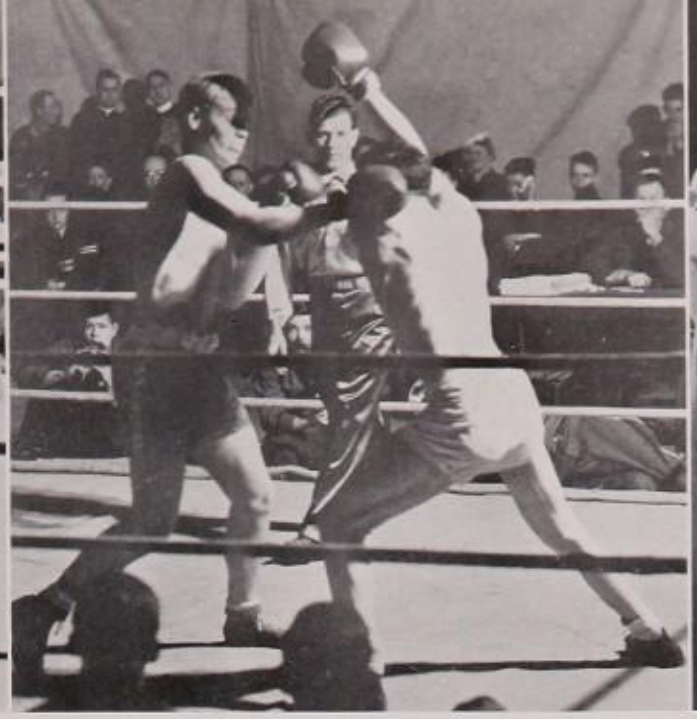
In the exhibition matches with Anderson and South Bend Gault opened with a decision over Blodel of South Bend. Ingram, also in the one hundred and thirty-five pound class, lost to a harder-hitting rival, Thatcher, from the same city. Eschenbrenner at one hundred and fifteen lost on a decision to an Anderson foe. Pitts, at eighty-five, and Ingalls at ninety-five, scored successive wins over Schopper and Snowden of S.B. From Anderson, Schapper and Wheat bowed to the flying fists of De La Guardia at one hundred and Maritote at one hundred and five respectively. In the best of the exhibitions Woodruff eked out a close win over Wilson at one hundred and fifteen. Shilling in the same weight bowled over Caplinger of Anderson in fine fashion. Whipps and Wesley, fighting their first bouts, showed excellent form in downing Vanderburg and Baker. Jack Brown stepped out to take De Bowan of Anderson as did Treadwell in the one hundred and fifty-five pound class over a South Bend opponent.

On March 22nd the Maroon boxing squad went to St. Bede Academy, a bitter and long-time rival. After ten hard matches, the pugilists of Culver gained a 6–4 win in the best contest of the year. This victory gave Culver battlers their third undefeated season in the past four years, the only blemish during this time being a lone defeat by St. Bede's.

After the opening bell Biagoli of the hosts went to work in the one hundred and fifteen pound class to knock out Woodruff of Culver in the first round. In a fight in the same weight Shilling tied up the match by knocking out Pytlik in the third round. Forging ahead to stay, Ingalls put up a very clever fight to win a decision over Burtrum. Pitts in his second match of the year took his second win on a decision over Orlandi at eighty-five. Johnny Graf set up a 4–1 lead for Culver after he knocked out his host opponent in the first round. St. Bede moved back on the victory route when in the one hundred and twenty-five pound weight, Ferreira lost a tight battle with Lee. Team captain Bob Manning lost his only fight of the year to Chambers, the best of the afternoon. Jack Brown copped his third straight victory when he met with the approval of the judges over Mores at one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Knight scored his third knockout in a row by flooring Callahan in the first round of a one hundred and fifty-five pound tilt. In the final bout of the day Gibson at one hundred and forty-five lost his first and only match of the year when Rochenbach gained a decision over him.

On March 29th a scheduled post-season meet with Morton Junior College was cancelled on account of measles, but fighters from Elkhart and South Bend fought in exhibition matches with the local leather-pushers. Weber started the bouts with a decision over Shuttleworth at one hundred and ten pounds. Wesley also took a decision over Case at one hundred and twenty-five. Fred Gault hammered De Frerse of S.B. into submission with a T.K.O. in the second round of a one hundred and thirty-five pound fight. Billy Ingalls climaxed an undefeated string of wins by taking his fifth of the year, a bloody technical knockout in the second round over Bill Campbell at ninety-five pounds. This five straight victory string of the Maroons was broken when Mel Green of Elkhart struck back savagely in the third round for a decision over Woodruff. Simmeri of South Bend took a close decision over Donavon at one hundred and forty-five with mostly left jabs. In an eighty-five pound fight Pitts lost his only fight of the year when Lupesto decisioned him in a close contest. Llano showed decisive form throughout the entire bout with Gilliand of South Bend at one hundred and thirty-five pounds for an easy win on a decision. Bob Teasdale entered his first fight under Maroon colors and came off with a decision over Thacker in a fight with plenty of action. O'Conner took on Heintz of Elkhart at one hundred and fifty-five pounds and in a close fight tapped him. John Knight extended his knockout string to four by sending Pieffer of South Bend down for the ten-count in the second round at one hundred and forty-five pounds. Bob Manning came back with decisive lefts in the final heat, but it wasn't enough to offset the lead built up by Case of Elk-





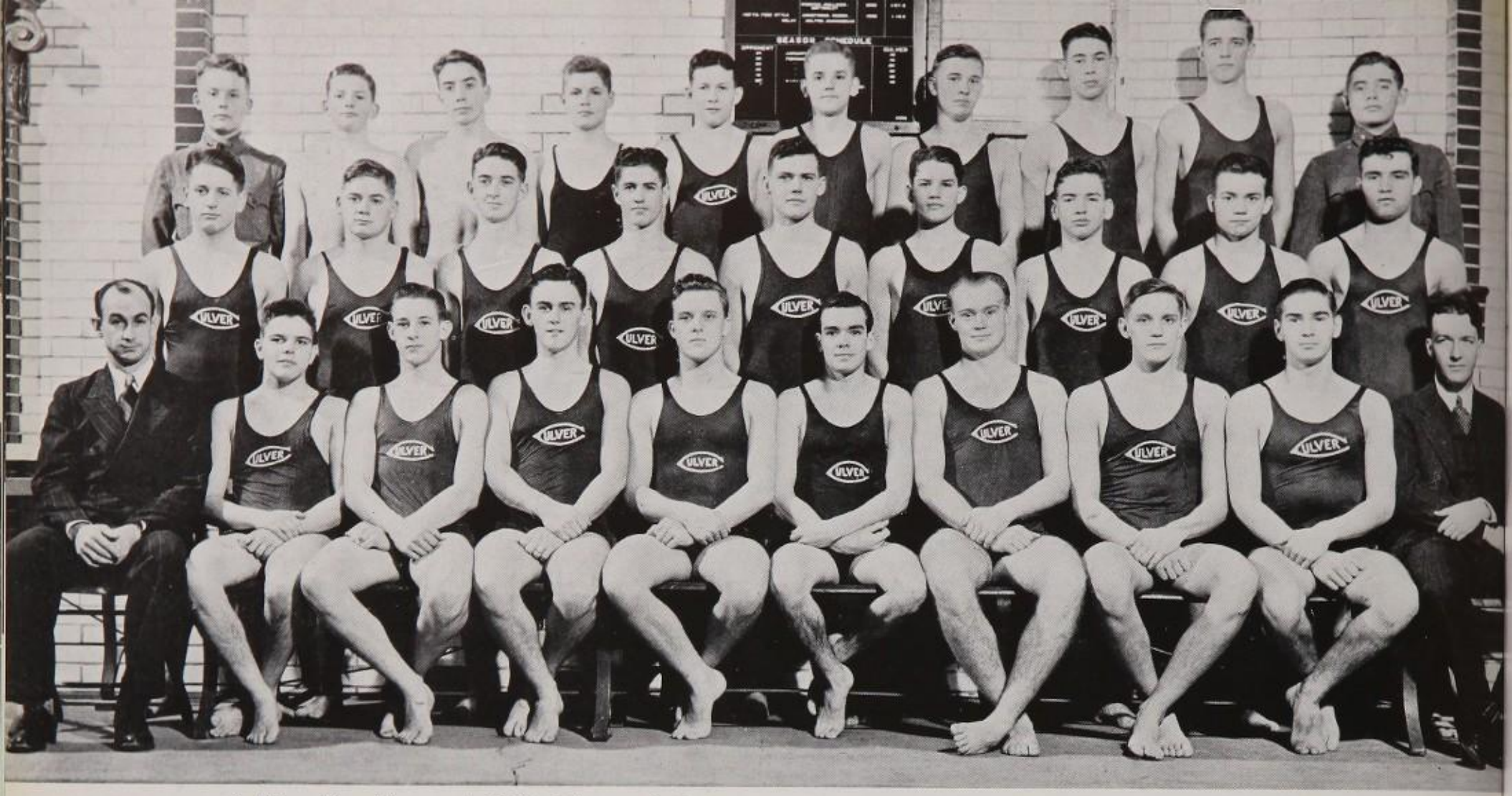
hart at one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Johnny Graf pulled a solar-plexis punch in the first twenty seconds of the first round to knock out Sucz of South Bend. Bud Kolter followed this with a T.K.O. in the first round over Siebert of Elkhart. Layne Rogers tangled with a light-heavyweight champion from Elkhart, Bob Lenderman, and came off with the best of the deal by flooring him with a flurry of lefts to the chin and midsection for a knockout.

This year's squad of 70 men proved to be one of the largest and best groups out for this very popular sport. Much credit is due to the seconding of Mr. Hill and Capt. Harper. The team certainly proved that in a day when it is easy to break training and go soft at least Culver men can learn to take it and give it. Their sportsmanship was a credit to their friend and coach, Mike Carpenter.

At the conclusion of the undefeated season for which members will receive "gold boxing gloves" Bob Manning was elected captain for the past year, and letters were presented to: Pitts, Ingalls, Norwood, Shilling, Woodruff, Manning, Ferreira, Wesley, Gault, Llano, Graf, Donovan, Burwell, Finkbine, Gibson, Knight, Barron, O'Conner, Kolter, J., Brown, Rogers, Bromley, Ford, Campbell (mgr.).

Reserve winners were: Cochran, Teasdale, Hacker, Hopson, Yonts, Brown, P., Harper, Hulbert, Busby, Whipps, DelaGuardia, Treadwell, Dannenmaier, Maritote, Eschenbrenner, and Ingram.

5th row: O'Conner, Hacker, Rogers, Ford, Hansen, F., Bromley, Brown, J. R., Hopson.
4th row: Knight, Burwell, Yonts, Donovan, Treadwell, Gault, Llano, Whipps, Finkbine, Byrne.
3rd row: Dannenmaier, Hulbert, Choate, Manning, Cochran, Gibson, Shilling, Brown, P., Teasdale, Prindle, Thayer.
2nd row: Ingram, Medici, Wesley, Campbell (mgr.), Coach Carpenter, Mr. Hill (assistant), James (asst. mgr.), Allen, Jacobsen, Busby.
1st row: Maritote, Ingalls, Woodruff, Eschenbrenner, Hunt, Ferreira, Graf, Norwood, Weber, DelaGuardia, Pitts.



3rd Row: Beutel (manager), Reilly, Johnston, C., Sommers, Wroe, Johnston, D., Larsen, Burr, Norris, W., Roberts (Asst. Mgr.)
2nd Row: Gould, Byron, Farr, Miller, Norris, L., Sheaffer, J., Webster, Buell, Bowes
1st Row: Mr. Walaitis (Coach), Clements, Hoir, Backus, Bransfield, Jenkins, Curtis, Allen, H., Kelly, P., Mr. Kiernan (Asst. Coach)

SWIMMING

FACING the prospect of a rugged six meet program, assistant coach Kiernan had to rely on lettermen Bransfield (co-captain), Jenkins (co-captain), Barron, Curtis, Clements, Allen, Kelley, and Hoier. Among the newcomers and reserve winners shining stars were Backus, Miller, Johnston, Norris, L., Norris, W., Byron, Burr, and Farr.

In the free styles were many veterans, Curtis and Hoier excelling in the 40 and 100, and Bransfield and Clements likely starters for the second consecutive year at 220 yards. Jenkins took over the spotlight in the backstroke, while Miller looked tops as a diver. Also Miller and Backus were excellent prospects as regular breaststrokers.

In the opening meet the local natators sank Hammond High 42–24, taking six firsts. In the 40 Hoier and Kelley took first and second respectively while Curtis and Allen swam off with the first two positions in the 100. Jenkins easily took the backstroke and Bransfield the 220, although Clements wasn't far behind. Miller was top scorer with a win in the diving and a second in the breast stroke, finishing behind Backus.

Against Central High of South Bend the mermen defeated the visitors 46–20. Although the invaders captured victories in the 40 and 100, Bransfield and Miller won the 220 and diving respectively. With victories in

the relays, second places in the 40 by Hoier, Jenkins in the back, and Backus in the breast furnished enough points for victory.

On February 12th. the tanksters submerged Danville High 46–20 with Jenkins breaking his own record in the backstroke by seven-tenths of a second. Curtis was individual high scorer with wins in the 40 and 100 yard freestyles. Hoier and Allen finished second in these races respectively. Miller garnered the diving again but he and Backus were beaten in the breast. Bransfield went down by a scant two yards in the 220.

In a thrilling contest the swimmers dropped their first meet of the year to Huntington "Y" 43–32. Curtis swam off again with wins in the 40 and 100 freestyles, and Jenkins backstroked to victory; but these wins could not match the visiting stars. Miller could take only a third in the diving and breaststroke for Culver's only points in those events. Bransfield suffered his last defeat of the year in the 220, taking third. In the relays the medley team of Jenkins, Kelley, and Backus won as did the freestyle four, Bransfield, Curtis, Allen, and Hoier.

Elgin Academy was no match for the local natators in our fifth start, losing 48–18. By taking all first places, the team won their fourth victory. Curtis and Hoier finished one, two in the 40; Miller took the diving and breast, Jenkins the backstroke, Bransfield the 220, and Allen the 100 freestyle. Even with reserves swimming in the relays the Maroons took both events.

Against Fort Wayne "Y" the local tank stars won 46–29. Curtis won the 40 and 100-yard freestyles, keeping his undefeated record intact. Miller was edged out in the diving but won in the breaststroke. Bransfield was pressed closely but came through with victory. Jenkins won to capture his fifth victory in six starts. In the medley relay a reserve team won, but another group of substitutes in the freestyle relay lost a close decision.

With this last victory, the mermen closed the year with five wins and one loss, but the First Annual Conference Swimming Meet was to be held here on March 15th. However, it was cancelled because of an epidemic of measles.

At the end of the season Coach Walaitis, who had recently returned to finish the season as coach, awarded the following letters: Allen, Backus, Bransfield (co-capt.), Byron, Curtis, Clements, Farr, Hoier, Jenkins (co-capt.), Johnston, C., Kelley, Miller, Norris, L., Webster, Beutel (mgr.). Reserves went to Burr, Bowes, Johnston, D., Larsen, Norris, W.

"Swimmers take your marks." It's Culver by a splash.

Here the splashing is all horse play.

4th row: Anderson, Hunt, Shilling, Johnston, Dyer, Vorm, Williams, D. E., Williams, W. E., Chapman, Lubick, MacMillan,
3rd row: Jordan, Ware, Williams, D. G., Perrine. MacDonald, Breene, Curtis, Curfman, Miller, Teasdale, Anderson, Mayer,
2nd row: Downing, Knappen, Holbrook, Russell, Winchester, Stimmel, Scofield, Henderson, Gilbert, Terwilliger, Kretchmar, Redlinger, Rowland,
1st row: Coach Carpenter, Irelan, Taubman, Clark, Janssen, Kresl, Maxson, Widmer, Foster, Eaton, Short, Lt. Hayes (Asst. Coach).

TRACK

AFTER a three-year record without a loss the Maroons had only five returning lettermen from which to build a winning track squad. Heading the list was Capt. Danny Maxson with able support from monogram winners Bob Clark, Jim Kresl, Frank Irelan, and George Taubman. For the first time in many years the reigning Midwest Prep Conference Track champions were competing against colleges. These two schools were St. Joseph College and Illinois State Teachers College. Although the remarkable track team last year won eleven straight without a loss, they were without college competition.

Among the newcomers shining in the dashes were Widmer, Gilbert, Downing, Moran, Knappen, and Miller. Also Capt. Maxson starred in the dashes along with Irelan, Midwest Prep Conference 220-yard dash champion. Leading the low hurdle stars was Maxson. However, Irelan came from the dashes to claim recognition as did Downing and Miller, although behind the first two in ability. In the high timber-topping event Kresl and Clark were ahead of the pack in spite of competition from Taubman and Henderson. At the quarter mile Foster and Short were the class of the field. Terwilliger and Perrine were not far behind as 440-yard stars. Winchester and Teasdale sparked the half mile run, and Janssen and Williams were up with Holbrook as milers. In the field events Maxson led the shot putters with competition from Redlinger and Kresl. In the high jump Kresl, who cleared six feet two inches last year and Taubman, who jumped six feet even, were destined to lead the group with Scofield and Eaton not far behind. Kresl, Maxson, Taubman, and Irelan were all twenty-foot broad jumpers, outdistancing McDonald and Henderson. Heading the pole vaulters was Midwest Prep Conference champion Clark who tied the school record of twelve feet last year. Kretchmar and Jordan battled it out as the second best performers with Williams close behind.

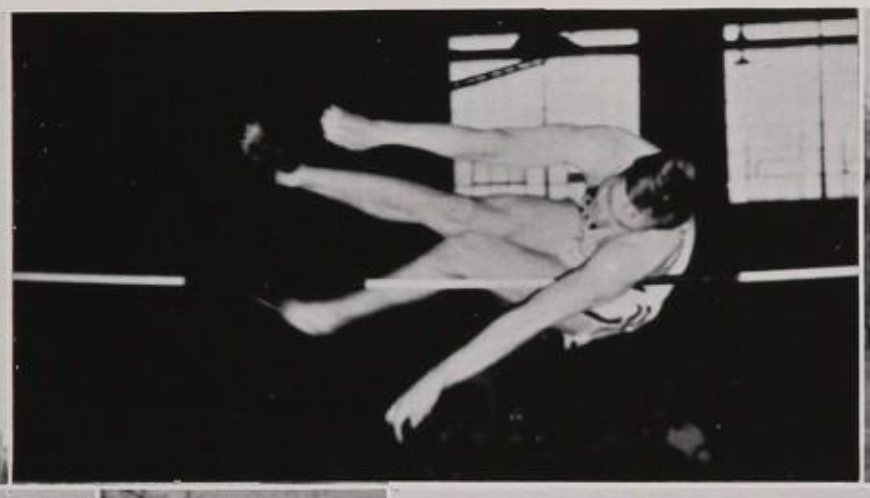
In their opening meet the thinlies faced a former two time state champion and three time Northern Indiana champion in Hammond High School. However, with the invader's good teams at a low they bowed before a victory-seeking Maroon team 63½ to 45½. Jim Kresl took over individual scoring honors with three firsts. However, Capt. Maxson wasn't far behind with twelve points, besides anchoring the winning eight-lap relay. Clark just missed tieing the pole vault record with a vault of eleven feet three inches. However, as he was also disqualified in the high hurdles after winning them, Kresl copped first in that event. In the high jump Kresl made an excellent jump of six feet two inches to win that event. Also the broad jumping contest fell before him as he leaped nineteen feet six inches. Probably the best but most grueling race of the

afternoon was the half mile in which Winchester edged out a more experienced opponent. Foster came through with a much needed win in the 440-yard run in the fast time of :52.1. Irelan distinguished himself by taking the 40-yard dash and second in the lows, behind Maxson.

On April 5th the Maroons met two opponents; one of them was last year's Northern Indiana Conference Track Champion. These two rivals, North Side of Fort Wayne and Central of South Bend, participated with the thinlies in two dual meets. However, as the final results were published, the Maroons had met their master in the champions, North Side, who pounded out a large 70½ to 47½ score. Although one visiting team carded honors, Central wasn't so lucky and lost by a count of 52½ to 65½. Capt. Maxson and Kresl split individual honors with twelve points each. However, Kresl participated in both meets while Maxson stayed in one. In the shot put Maxson heaved the weight forty-four feet ten inches to take that event. He also took a first in the one-lap dash. Kresl captured a first in the shot put against Central with a forty-foot throw. However, in his regular events he could do no better than second, in the broad jump and high jump. Even though he did twenty feet and six feet even in the contests respectively, they were not enough to win. Irelan copped eight points by winning the forty-yard dash and taking a second in the low hurdles. In the hurdle events Bojinoff of North Side of F.W., Northern Indiana champion in both events, repeated here with satisfactory results. However, in the high timber-topping race he edged out Clark by a very small margin. After another siege on the pole vault mark, Clark came out second best as he barely missed eleven feet six inches. Probably the most amazing run of the day was Short in the 440 when he inched past Cowan, the Northern Indiana Conference champion in that event, to win in 52 seconds flat.

Against Central High, Gilbert led the show with eight points, a first in the one-lap dash and a second in the forty-yard run. Taubman also got eight points. He took the broad jump and gained a runner-up honor in the high hurdles. Terwilliger drove home with a hard finish to capture the 440 in 54 seconds flat. Leading Central was Farner who vaulted eleven feet three inches.

On April 12th the once-defeated Maroons were scheduled to meet two rivals again, Rochester High and the South Bend Athletic Association. Heading the list of the latter was the famous king of distance, Greg Rice. The climax of the season was at Lake Forest in May for the Midwest Prep Conference Meet.



Third Row: Tyson, Kvitek, Copeland, North, Templeton, Dobyns, Grant, Hoffman
Second Row: Coach Oliver, Byron, Neal, Kime, Corrigan, W. N., Eaton, Klusmeyer, Evans, J. T., Hamel, Mr. Donnelly
First Row: Jones, R. M., Ritter, Sniderman, Gooding, Rogers, Brokaw, Parker, R. L., Stanton, McGaughey, Campbell, M.

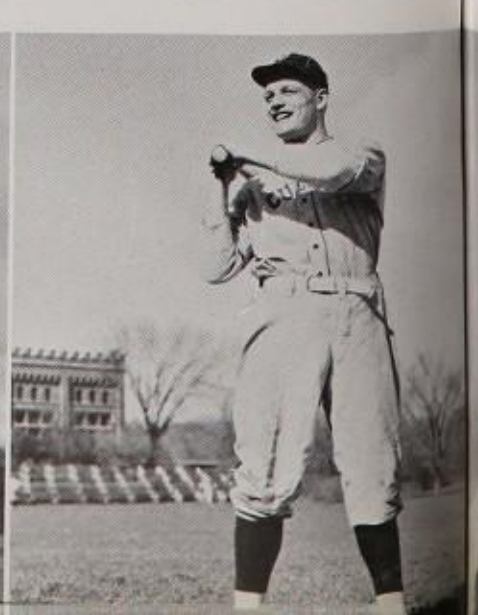
BASEBALL

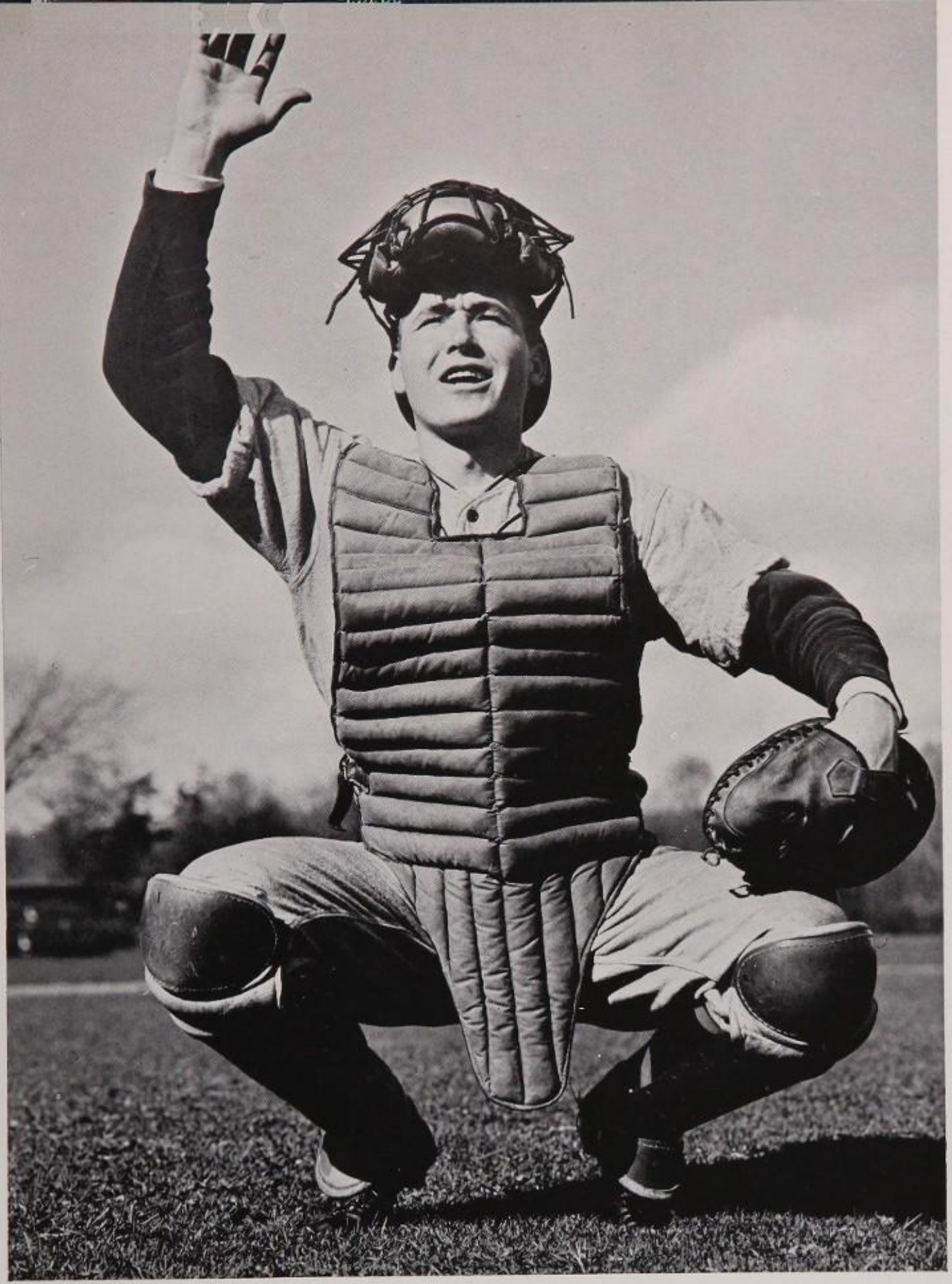
WITH the arrival of spring, Head Coach Oliver issued a call for diamond candidates to build around a nucleus of returning lettermen—Capt. Layne Rogers, Todd Gooding, Dave Sniderman, Bill Brokaw, and Bobby Parker. Last year the baseball team sported one of the best squads in the last few years, winning six out of ten. However, included in this record was a four game winning streak, the last four games on the schedule.

If the weather was nice, this year's nine was to play Nappanee (Ind.) High School here on April 12th. Last year in a twin bill the diamond aggregation took both games, by scores of 9–1 and 3–2. Backed by the second team in fine fashion Brokaw allowed a scant four hits to win one of the games.

Again Brokaw is slated to head the mound staff while Prindle, Kime, Evans, and North offer their support as hurlers. In front of the backstop will be Gooding, shifted from second. Although still inexperienced Klusmeyer and Phagan handle their duties well as catchers and will press Gooding hard. At the first sack will be dependable Capt. Rogers with excellent reserve material in McGaughey. Ritter and Jones are fighting for the berth at the "key-stone" sack with Claggett close behind. At short Bobby Parker returns, but Neal may take his position away. If not he will probably take the "hot Corner." However, Kvitek is a good third baseman. In the outfield two positions seem well closed. Sniderman will probably patrol left field while Stanton looks set at center. With the other position uncertain Berry and Eaton are keen competitors, as is Warren.

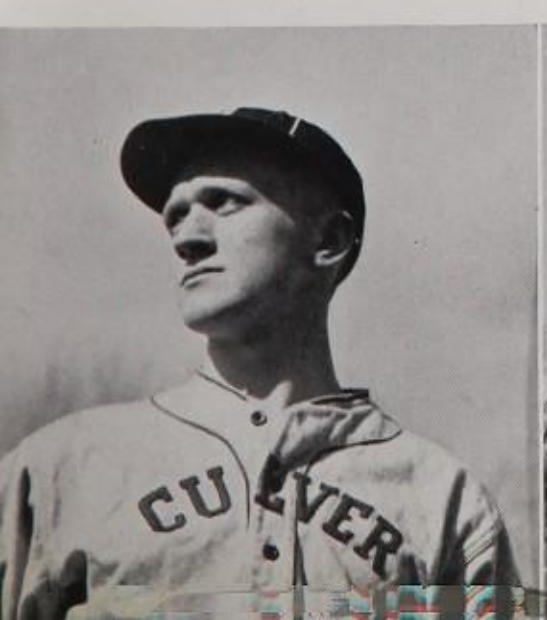
In their second contest of the year the squad plays one of the best teams in the state. This nine, Washington of South Bend, has beaten the Maroons the last three years. Undoubtedly the most unusual game on the card will be with the University of Michigan team in May, the day before the invaders will meet Notre Dame University.

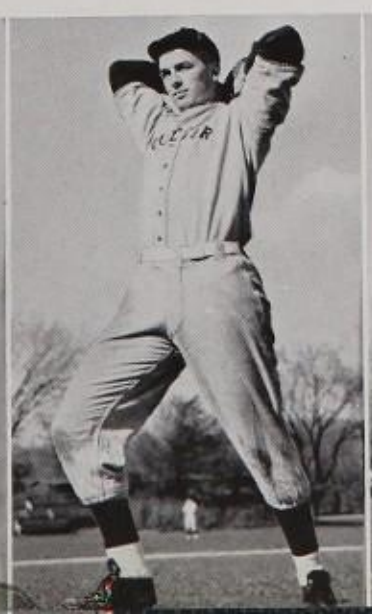




BASEBALL SCHEDULE

Date	Opponent	Place	Date	Opponent	Place
April 19	Nappanee (Ind.) H. S.	Here	May 19	Open	Here
April 26	Riley (So. Bend) H. S.	Here	May 24	Central (So. Bend) H. S.	Here
May 3	Howe (Ind.) Military School	Here	May 30	Rochester (Ind.) H. S.	Here
May 10	Park (Indpls.) School	Here	May 31	Park (Indpls.) H. S.	There
May 17	Pullman Tech. (Chi.) H. S.	Here	June 7	Steinmetz (Chi.) H. S.	Here





Davenport, Grant, Rubens, Stevenson, McCracken, Finkbine, Kostner, Ritter, Richards, Searles, Tryon, Weir. C., Knight, Holbrook, Williams, Teasdale, Anderson, B., Mike Carpenter, Janssen (Captain), Brown, Johnston, Whipps, Noyes, Buell, Anderson, P., Wright (Mgr.).

CROSS COUNTRY

SATURDAY afternoons, between the halves of the football games, Mike always had several squads of earnest hoofers lined up under the west goal posts to go tearing off across the golf course. They all looked tired on their return, but it was wonderful to see them puff out their chests and strut the last hundred yards down the field.

Nineteen men get letters a year ago, but only Captain Janssen, Brown, Kelley, Knight, Noyes, and Terwilliger had returned for 1940's first meet with Elkhart High on Columbus day. Teasdale, Williams, W. E., Johnston, Whipps, Buell, and Anderson were ready to go along with the lettermen. When the runners came stringing in at the finish, there were three invaders ahead of Teasdale. Anderson, Knight, Williams, and Holbrook drew spots six, seven, eight, and nine respectively. Winner: Elkhart by 21–34.

The next meet was a shut-out—Fort Wayne, one of the best teams in the state, took all eight first places. A week later we reversed the decision by shutting out Memphis Tech, Teasdale finishing first, and Williams, Knight, and Holbrook copping the next three places. (Scrubs, 17; Hammond, 38) Emerson High nosed us out of the way 27–32. Teasdale grabbed number three spot with Knight and Holbrook in fifth and sixth. Central of Kalamazoo to a 21–34 win on November 9th as Teasdale placed third with Williams fifth and Anderson seventh. LaPorte lost the next meet on Holbrook's first place with Teasdale, Williams, Knight and Anderson in the next four spots. Monograms went to Janssen, Teasdale, Whipps, Anderson, Knight, Holbrook, Williams, Noyes, Johnston, Brown, Terwilliger, Buell, and manager Wright.

WRESTLING

UNDERGOING its fourth season as a varsity sport, wrestling, with Coach Goulding at the helm, had a bright prospect with the following returning lettermen: Scharff, Ritter, Cadmus, Fee, and Bullock. The best looking newcomers were Jansey, Hall, Mayer, Crawford, Downs, and Hall, F. However, with more experience, Bixby, Weaver, Paty, Heller, Van Hagen, and Grant looked like good prospects too.

Facing Danville High in the opener, the matmen triumphed 24–16. Cadmus, Scharff, and Ritter pinned their opponents in excellent fashion, while Bullock, Fee and Jansey came through with decisions.

South Bend Central was superior in brawn and ability, winning 28–10. With Scharff's pin, we gained one victory, receiving the other five points on a forfeit to Jansey.

In their third meet the matmen lost a close 24–16 decision to Hammond High. Scharff kept intact his undefeated record by a fall, as did Jansey through a decision. Cadmus threw his rival and Hall gained a decision to fashion out Culver's victories.

At Cranbrook the host school edged out the wrestlers 18–15. After a slow start Jansey gained a fall, and Hall and Evans took decisions. Cadmus and Van Hagen took draws, the others all losing.

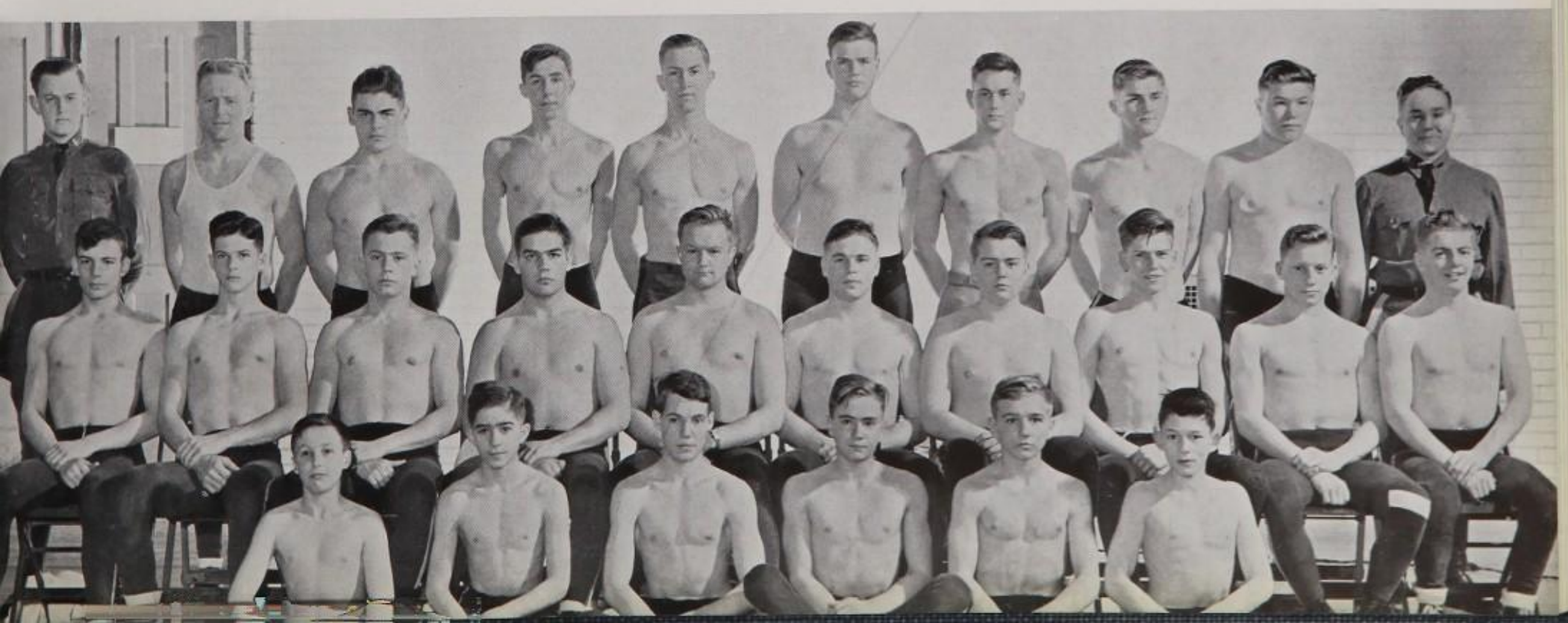
The Maroon and White got back into the win column over Calumet 28–12. Evans, Jansey, and Fee made short work of their opponents by pins, and Ritter got a decision. Downs received a forfeit.

Against Hirsch High of Chicago the squad lost only two matches—both by falls. The final score was 27–10.

Indianapolis Y.M.C.A. was crushed 17–6 in the closing meet of the year. Scharff, Fee, Van Hagen, Jansey, and Ritter accounted for Culver's points.

Coach Goulding awarded varsity letters to the following: Downs, Mayer, Bullock, Cadmus, Bixby, Grant, Fee, Paty, Scharff (co-capt.), Ritter, Van Hagen, F. Hall (co-capt.), Jansey, Evans, and Boyd (mgr.).

(Manager) Boyd, Coach Goulding, Jansey, Ball, Van Hagen, Lanman, Hopping, Fee, Evans, Hillenbrand (Ass't Mgr.), Paty, Bassett, Ritter, J. Hall, Scharff, R. Hall, Grant, Bixby, Cadmus, Weaver, Crawford, Heller, Bullock, Carlson, Downs.

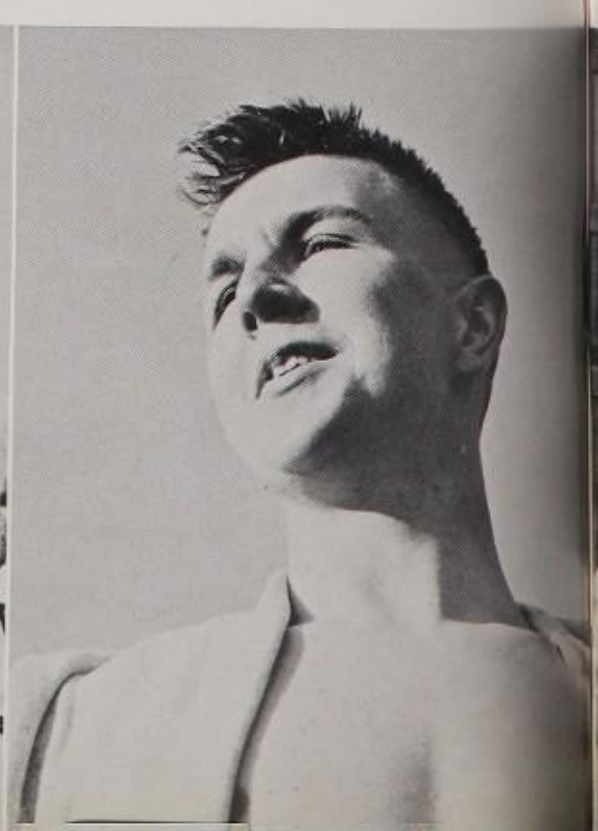


CREW

WITH spring weather here to stay, the oarsmen took to the water on April 2nd with the largest turnout in crew history, numbering ninety candidates. Heading the rowers this season is Capt. West, varsity letterman along with Stevens and Bullock (coxswain). However, a large list of Junior Varsity lettermen returned to help build a good combination in the first two boats. These veterans were Arthur, Wieland, Van Hagen, Brainard, Griese, Davenport, Martin R., Martin B., and Rees.

Starting in the fall with optional rowing, Varsity Crew came up with a few good prospects. However, most of the outstanding oarsmen were competing in other sports. With the arrival of winter the attendance slumped off gradually, down to one or two men at times. As the winter athletics ended in March, thirty prospects turned up, and up through April the number grew larger until finally on April 2nd ninety were trying their hand at the new sport. With this many participating, a light-weight crew was formed, top weight being 140 pounds. Some of these performers were as light at 110 pounds. Practice races were scheduled between themselves with one 'outside' race seemingly certain. Their time is spent on the same boats as those of the regular crews, although they have to make up for size and weight with spirit.

With so many newcomers unfamiliar with the sport, some of the men on the lower boats will probably be first-string candidates in the last part of May and early June. With prospective crews lined up, subject to a change any day, the first boat was composed of veterans. Included in this tentative first crew were Capt. West, Davenport,



Stevens, Arthur, Wieland, Van Hagen, Griese, Martin, R., and Bullock (coxswain). In the Junior Varsity boat were arranged Martin, B., Brainard, Burkhardt, Oosting, Yeo, Noble, Simmons, and Horton, with no coxswain. Alternating with these crews when vacancies occurred were Powell and Rees. Other members showed up well but could not cope with the added experience of the first two boats.

Coxswains were the biggest problem on the list. Even though Bullock, regular coxswain on last year's eight, was back again, his weight was uncertain enough to make him eligible for the light-weight crew. He was bordering on 120 pounds, the limit for pilots. Massey and Springs had also increased over the desired weight. For the ten crews working out daily only seven coxswains were on hand. With this shortage many men were used that were decidedly overweight. Others at that position were Goff, Downs, Perry, Pitts, Springer, and Scott.

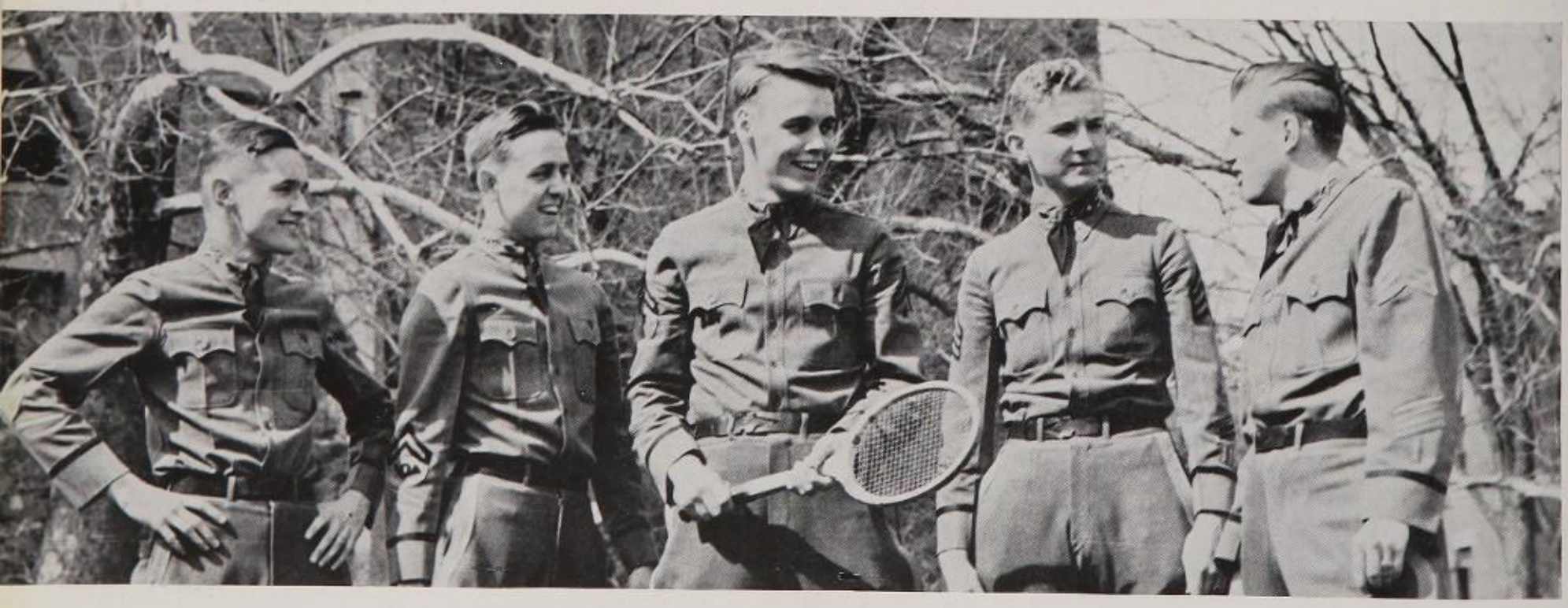
In the personnel, Commander O. W. Fowler headed the coaching staff with Mr. Roberts as an able assistant. Lt. Hayes also spent valuable time with the crew. Another coach as well as pilot of the 'Admiral Ross' is Mr. Hossie. The boat builder is a very excellent craftsman, Mr. Kraft. At present this spring he is working on rebuilding three of the shells. On the cadet side of the personnel, Stengaard and Close worked as candidates for managership of the crew.

An unusual feature of this year's schedule is the final event, the Central States Schoolboy Regatta, which will be held in early June. This race attracts some of the best prep-school crews in the country; however, none will probably supply the competition furnished by the University of Wisconsin Freshmen.

Back: Pratt; Hawley; Schlesinger, O.; Rubens; Blum; Newell; Davenport; Nealey; Arthur; Martin, B.; Griese; Dazey; Burkhardt; West, J. A. (Capt.); Grant, A. G.
Middle: Buell; Goettle; Willson; Wieland; Yeo; Gold; Castillo, D.; Kostner; Simmons, Whippy; Von Wrangell; Van Hagen.
Front: Stensgaard (mgr.); Krulish; Silverstein; Carlson; Bauchman; Bullock; Downs; Dannenmaier; Blackwood; Bowen; Caldwell, R. B.; Brown, C. R.; Close.

GOLF

HANDICAPPED by the loss of the whole team that participated in the Midwest Prep Conference tourney in which they copped a second, the Varsity Golf team faces one of its hardest schedules. Heading prospective golfers are veterans Gernon and Rosenbaum while Huck, Treadwell, and Harrington look good. More than twenty turned out.



TENNIS

ON THE clay courts the racqueteers were ready to defend the Midwest Prep Conference Tennis title with the same team that won last year. Along with Capt. Sewell, conference runner-up in singles, there are lettermen Bromley, conference singles champion; Williams and Heilman, conference doubles champions, and Middleton.

Fore! . . . Those golfers are out puddle jumping for a little early spring practice. Measles, Government Inspection, E. D. . . . nothing can stop a real golfer, eh, Irv?

What with Bromley, Sewell, and Williams skinning the net and spoiling those nice white lines Mr. Goode predicts a record season. What's Pat Conners doing in here? Get that horse off those tennis courts!

POLO

RIDING the crest of a seven game winning streak, the Malleteers, led by Capt. Pat Conners, have captured nine games in thirteen starts. With the two Lewis brothers, Scarborough, Muirhead, and H. Weiss, Coach Hoge has put together an impressive team. In these contests Conners has scored an unbelievable total, ninety-three.

Standing: Capt. Stone, Gerber, Eggleston, Gohn, Weiss, T.H., Davenport, Wieland, Cook, Dennis, Bederman, Meyer, Otis, McKinley, Mr. Edgell
Sitting: Kroh, Adams, Blackwood, Eldred, Lichtenberg, Agee, White, Huston, Odell, Wynne

FENCING

PROSPECTS for a good fencing season were bright at the beginning of the year, with five out of six of last year's lettermen returning to fight for the Maroons in the 1940–1941 matches, and only last year's captain, Levine, missing when practice started.

Only one newcomer, Wieland, managed to break into the lineup for more than a few matches during the entire season. Things began as they had a year earlier, with a decisive win over the Ft. Wayne Technical College. The cadet fencers found little difficulty in downing their older rivals, and more than half the large Culver squad saw action in the course of the meet.

Next to fall was a group from the Fencers' Corps of Indianapolis, but the home team found the going more difficult, and only the regulars—White, Odell, Captain Agee, Huston, Wynne, and Wieland, took any large part in the competition. Culver's first setback came at the hands of an outstanding group at Cranbrook. Although clearly outclassed, the Maroons took more than twice as many individual matches as they did in their 1940 meeting with the Detroit aggregation.

Because of schedule mixups, several matches were cancelled. A difficult meet was tied with a team from the Kalamazoo, Mich., Y.M.C.A. team, and an unofficial session was dropped to Notre Dame. One-sided beatings were administered to Park School in the final home-and home engagements. Letters went to Agee, White, Odell, Huston, Wynne, Wieland and manager McKinley.

RIFLE

At the start of the Varsity Rifle season Major Obenauf had only four returning lettermen, Monro (capt.), Noyes, Hansen, and Walton, from which to build another championship team. As results have shown, this team is the best balanced team in the history of CMA and shoots better than the average team.

This year the sharpshooters undertook almost twice as many telegraphic matches as in recent years and came off with eighteen victories out of twenty-six contests.

In shoulder to shoulder competition the marksmen topped Howe Military School 910 to 755. Against Evanston High School they dropped the invaders 919 to 891. In a very close match with the Maxinkuchee Rifle Club the Maroons continued unbeaten in shoulder to shoulder matches by edging out a close 929 to 928 win.

Against thirteen ambitious senior unit rifle teams, the riflemen gained a second place with a score of 7622 In the Hearst Trophy match the Maroons finished with a seventh out of twenty-four teams entered.

At the University of Chicago in the Annual Midwest Interscholastic matches Massey topped the field in the four position championship with 380 out of a possible 400. Walton took the prone title with a perfect 200. In the team totals a five composed of Massey, Walton, Coon, Scribner, and Noyes took third with 1827. Just behind in fourth place was another team of local cadets, Searles, Cook, Haas, Thomas, P. L., and Kramer, with 1809.

Probable letter-winners for the season included Monro, Baker, J. R., Cook, Coon, Haas, Hansen, Kennedy, Kramer, Noyes, Searles, Scribner, F. C., Strawn, Thomas, P. L., Thomas, P. A., Walton, Massey, and Dunlap (mgr.). Those selected as reserve monogram winners were King, H. L., Caldwell, and Arganbright, with a few possible late awards.

2nd Row: Baker, Scribner, F., Haas, Thomas, P., Caldwell, R.B., Strawn, Thomas, P.A., Kramer, Dunlap
1st Row: Searles, Coon, Noyes, Hansen, J.B., Kennedy, Monro, Cook, E.C., Massey, Walton, Major Obenauf. Absent: King, H.L.

INTRAMURAL

ON THE INTRAMURAL FRONT once again champions were dethroned and new ones crowned. Of the winning teams D Company took two championships, football and wrestling, to lead all other company rivals.

Early last November under the tutorship of Captain McMinn and ably assisted by Mr. Donnelly, Company D garnered its second regimental football championship in the last three years by gaining a close 7–6 win over Artillery I in the playoff. It appeared that a scoreless tie was in prospect until the second period. Then on a clever interception Friend of the red-stripers ran back thirty yards for a touchdown. In the third stanza the Infantrymen began to roll and tallied on a power play through center by Hunt. Templeton executed a perfect placement for the crucial point and the title.

In the opener Company D crushed Artillery II 14–0 as Hunt, dynamic fullback, tallied both touchdowns. Templeton added the extra points for the power-laden team.

Company B fell the next week 13–0, although holding them on even terms the first half. White scored in the third, and Hunt tallied in the finale, Templeton kicking the extra point.

Troop I was overpowered 12–0 in another crushing attack. Hunt whipped a pass to White for a score in the initial period, and Kaelber added the final six on a power play.

At the end of the football season an Infantry-Mounted Service All-star game was held with the doughboys coming out on the short end of a 7–0 count. Included in the stars in the Infantry starting lineup were Sewell, Winchester, King, Hall, Spitzer, Burkhardt, Holmes, Stevens, Paschal, White, and Kaelber. In the opposite lineup were Mahan, O'Conner, Beutel, C. Scribner, Short, Hunt, Rathbun, Downing, Hamel, Graf, and Scharff.

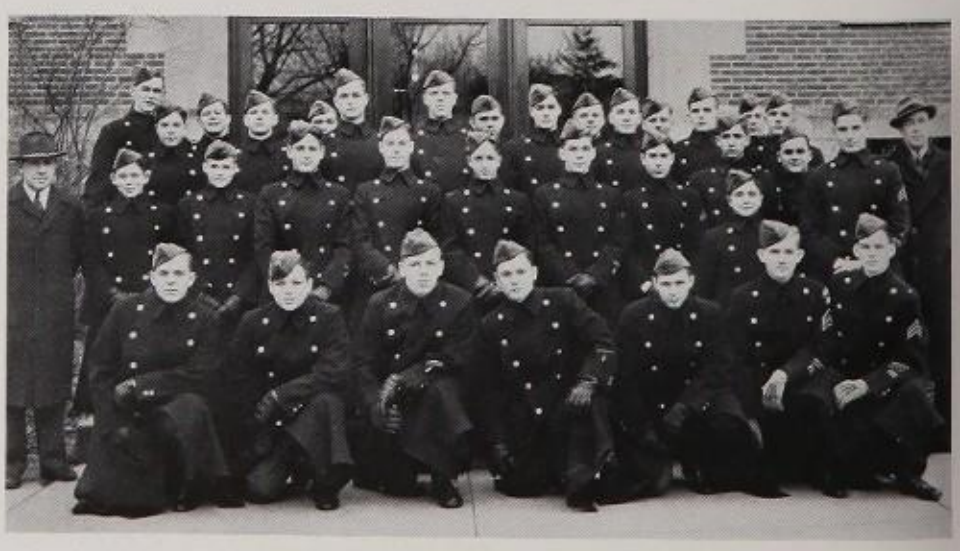
On the Company Soccer field Company A took a playoff game from Company D 3–1 to dethrone Company B, title winners for four years. In winning the title Company A came out victorious in four consecutive contests. Among the teams to fall was Company B, 2–0, in their only loss of the season. Stars for the champions were the high scoring forwards, Ostermann and Barrenechea.

After a hard fought struggle on the hardwood court Troop II emerged supreme, defeating Company A in the final playoff 29–26 in a very tight game. In this contest Schacht led the scoring with seventeen tallies for the troopers.

In the opener Band almost upset the champions, coming from behind at a halftime count of 15–3 to 20–18 as the game ended. Williams and Schacht split scoring honors. Against Artillery I the troopers showed a powerful offense in winning 22–12, Schacht being high scorer with eight. Company D completely stopped the Troop offensive and won 22–8, their only loss.

Company C proved to be no stumbling block as the Troop outscored them 16–12. Schacht led the offensive with seven tallies. In a close game the winners took a 24–20 win from Company A in a regular season game. Schacht rang up seventeen points.

Company A, Regimental Soccer Champions: *3rd Row:* Thomas, P., Baker, Ball, Pugh; *2nd Row:* Brown, W., Hylant, Barrenechea, Osterman, Forshee; *1st Row:* Walsh, Pitts.



Company D, Regimental Football Champions: *3rd Row:* Shaver, Byrne, Kirn, Knappen, Couch, Patterson, Gohn, McFall, Lubick, Simmons, J., Kelly, Hull, von Wrangell, Hyde; *2nd Row:* Captain McMinn, Downs, Warner, Gould, Clark, Sober, McElroy, Weiler, Llano, Maritote, Yingling, Spitzer, Mr. Donnelley; *1st Row:* White, Templeton, Kime, Hunt, Neal, Sewell, King (Captain).

Against Troop I, Schacht and Williams scored thirteen and ten respectively to lead a 37–24 conquest. Company B proved also very easy and Williams and Schacht held scoring honors in the 29–19 win. In the final regular season game Troop II entered the finals with a 30–14 win over Artillery II. Schacht and Williams headed the scoring again.

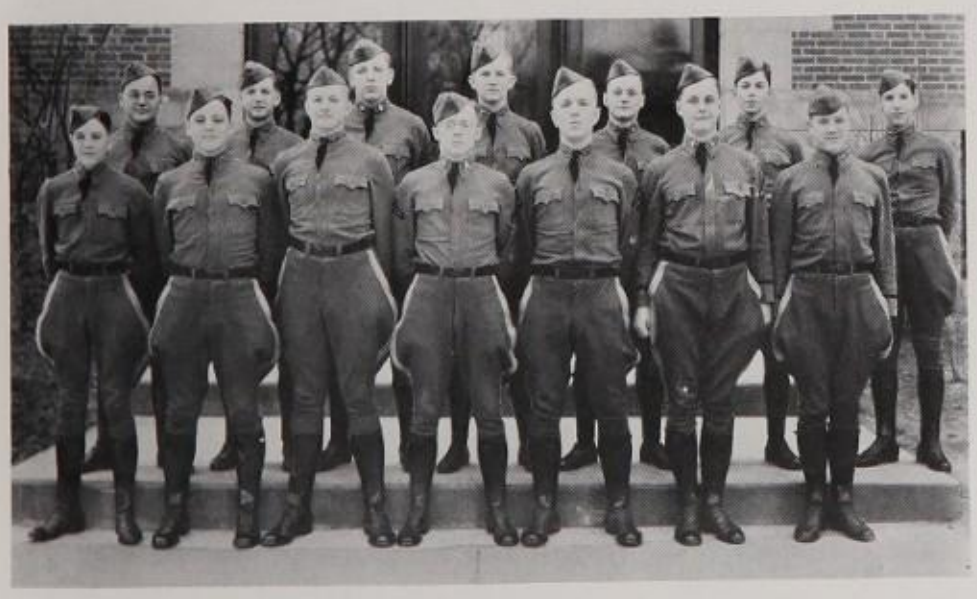
At the end of the basketball season those elected on the all-star first team were Schacht, Dobyns, Stout, Williams, and Jordon. On the second five were Henderson, Heilman, Gernon, Widmer, and Tuttle.

The total scores for the six weeks' competition on the rifle range revealed Troop II as the new winner, replacing Company C as the title holder. After a slow start the champions took over first place for the remaining time. Leading the team as captain was Kuhn. Other members were Hirschfield, T. Weiss, Croutch, Kvitek, and Cleary. In winning the championship Troop II shot 2558 out of a possible 3000, twenty-four points ahead of their nearest rival, Band.

Repeating for the second straight year, Company C swept to another regimental squash championship. Led by School Champion Bromley and School runner-up Scofield, neither losing a game in company play, Company C gained an undisputed championship. Rounding out the team were Parker and Winchester alternating. Those succumbing to the champions were Troop I, Company D, and Company A. As before mentioned, Bromley and Scofield took the honors in the school tournament, while in the tourney for those below sixteen, Scofield won, decisioning Petrie in the finals.

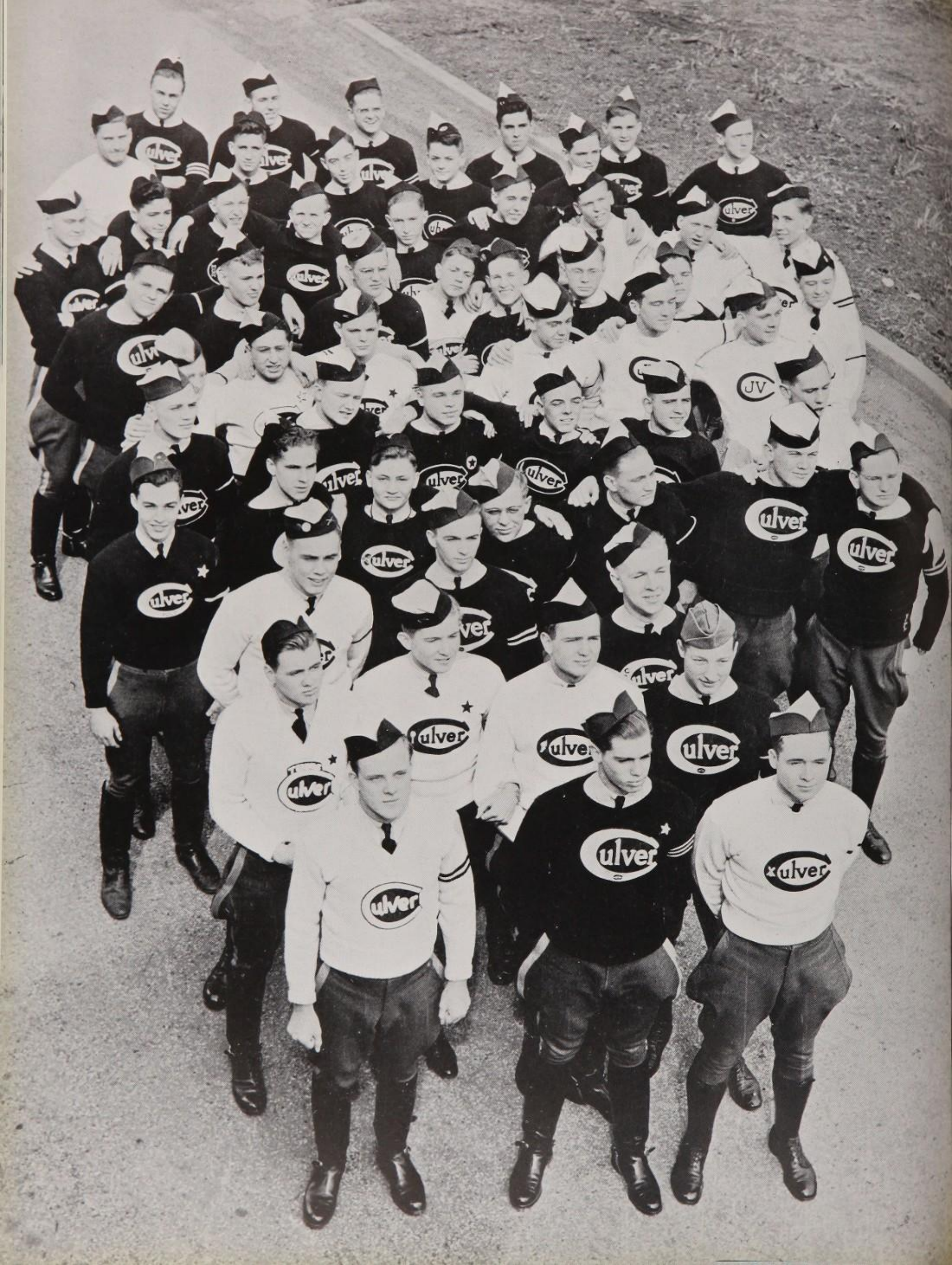
For the fifth straight year Company D captured the wrestling title with 134 points, thirty-five points better than Troop I, runner-up. In taking the championship Company D had four winners: Bassett at 145; Whippy at 165; West at 185; and Corrigan, heavyweight. Also the doughboys tallied on three second placers. Ames at 115; Templeton at 165; and Couch as a heavyweight bowed out in the finals. Other intramural title holders are De la Guardia at 95; Troop I's lone winner. At 105 LeVeque won, as did Carlson at 115 for Artillery II's two champions. Company C had two winners in Chapman at 135, and J. R. Hall at 175. Band also took two titles, having a champion in Anderson, B. at 125, and Hanover at 155. Trailing the leaders at 99 points was Troop I while Artillery I had 95, and Company C 68.The latter's total was built up from an original entry list of fourteen.

Although only two of the scheduled three-meet company track meets have been completed (as we go to press), Artillery II has captured both meets and has rung up a total of 88½ points to its nearest rival's 63½. Thus, with a twenty-five point lead there is hardly any chance of Company C's overtaking the leaders. Heading the champions as individual scorer was Gilbert, dash man and anchor man of the relays.



Company D, Regimental Wrestling Champions: *2nd Row:* Yingling, Kirn, Kime, Sewell, Kostner, Baumgarten, Weaver, P.; *1st Row:* Ames, Templeton, P., Corrigan, Bassett, West, Couch, Whippy.

Troop II, Regimental Basketball Champions: *Standing:* Kvitek, Krulish, Rathbun, Captain Harper, Fuller, Munroe; *Sitting:* Harris, Stanton, Williams, Main, Schacht.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JV

First class officers, Bransfield, Sewell, and president Maxson

On the left the Varsity Club

CLUBS

CULVER has no fraternities; our military organizations handle most of our needs for companionship and extra-curricular activities. But even as large an outfit as an Infantry company or Mounted Service platoon cannot hope to fill everyone's wants—hence our Clubs.

Generally speaking, the Clubs are of two types—honorary and hobby. Both classes are rather self explanatory. A typical example of the former is the Cadet Club, consisting entirely of Cadet Captains and picked "three-stripers"; membership in this honorary society is generally considered a distinction second only to a Captaincy itself.

More numerous in both numbers and membership than the previous type are the Hobby Clubs, totalling about fifteen in number. This year saw the introduction of the Engineers' Club, which, like most of the others, took several trips to nearby cities to see commercial applications of its subject.

Although many clubs are loosely organized and hold few formal meetings, all of them have their accomplishments; and here again, as in most instances, at Culver, thanks is due the faculty for their guidance as faculty advisors.

The following pages, given largely to Clubs, are also dedicated to Culver's Honor Military Organizations—the "Big Three of Drilldom"—Honor Guard, Lancers, and Four Gun Drill. These organizations, like the Clubs, do all their work on their own recreational time.

CADET CLUB

MOST symbolic of Culver's ideals are the emblems you see on the upper sleeves of the men pictured above; most demonstrative of those ideals are the men themselves. They form the Cadet Club, the elite of our school. Reminiscent of the Round Table, the Club has very similar ideas and practices, though naturally more modern ones: representation of the school to all visiting teams, athletic or otherwise; maintenance of contact between the Culver Legion, an alumni organization, and the Corps itself; and finally, and most important to most of us, guidance of the Corps' standards. Since the school has an enrollment of over six hundred, the few men in the Club have a real job on their hands in doing all three.

In connection with the Cadet Club, I might well say something of the school as a whole. There is a natural tendency in any military association, be it Culver or a Regular Army company, to find humor in any and everything, regardless of its actual seriousness. Even the most staid of us have laughed at one time or another at the expression so often used in the Academy's publications—"Culver Educates the Whole Boy." Whether we've laughed or not, we've gradually learned that that quotation is true. We have been led into all the regular preparatory school academic courses—and several extras—plus military training, athletics, culture, and social adjustment. There has been a general opinion that we have fallen slightly short in our social contacts because so much time has been absorbed by other activities; but after all, the majority didn't come here for a nine-month vacation.

The Cadet Club has the tremendous job of showing us the right way of getting that education Culver offers—not the academic education, but the moral and social one. And although unobtrusive, it has succeeded remarkably well.

Its constitution states that only cadet captains and half the men with a minimum of three years' service may be admitted into membership; for this reason, the Cadet Club is one of our smallest Clubs. The members are: Barrenechea, M. I., Crow, H. A., Foster, W. E., Griese, G. G., Harris, R., Janssen, W., King, J. R., Kuhn, R. H., Llano, M., Manning, R. L., Maxson, R. D., McKinstry, R. E., Parker, R. L., Schacht, W. F., and Sewell, F. A.

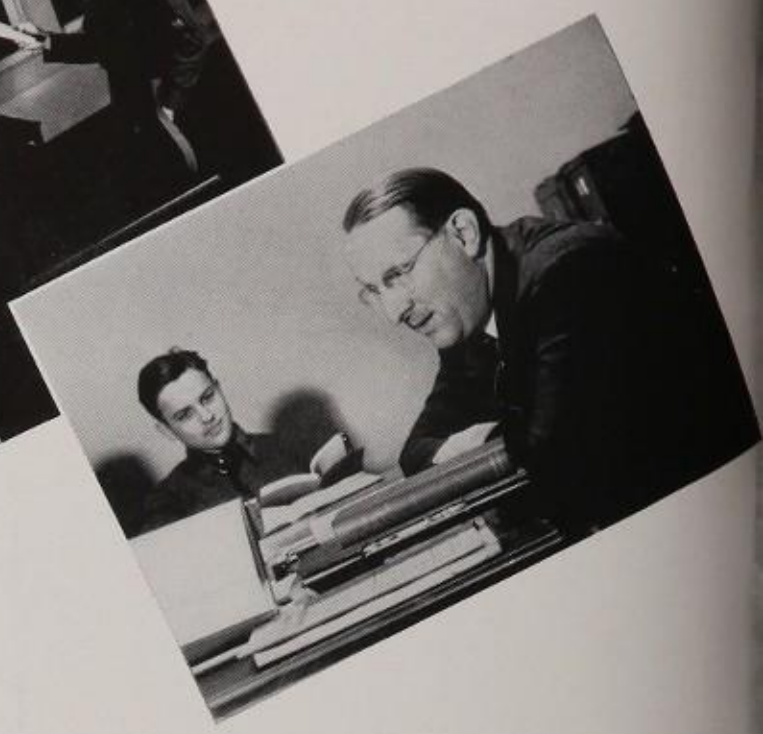
At the right is the Y.M.C.A. Staff of Officers: Foster, Schacht, Maxson, and Sewell.

Y.M.C.A.

THE Y.M.C.A. during this year has been rather inactive because its time has been taken in a complete reorganization under Mr. Sexton, Director of Religious Activities here. What he and the Y.M.C.A. Staff are changing, we don't know as yet; but it will probably be in some phase of religion. Last year the Cabinet, which is no longer in existence, introduced the weekly Discussion Meetings at which we talked over everything from the Bible to Bernard Shaw. The Y.M.C.A. also handled the Sunday Vesper Services in the Music and Arts Building. Under the new plans, the Y.M.C.A. will undoubtedly expand next year.

HONOR SYSTEM

TWO YEARS ago Willis Maxson, then Regimental Commander, called a Corps vote on an Honor System he had suggested; the majority of us voted for its adoption. Although its newness caused some skepticism, general approval of the idea has since increased: at the last poll of opinion almost ninety per cent of the Corps voted "pro." Under Danny Maxson, Willis' brother, and the Honor Council of fourteen men elected from the various organizations, the System was supervised and enforced this year. Thus far the Code has applied largely to academics —particularly to examinations—but eventually we all intend to extend it to cover other fields. The reason is obvious—the Honor System is undoubtedly the greatest step in the advancement of Culver's ideals since any of us came here as plebes. The Honor Council, consisted of: Lehrer, McKinstry, Manning, Maxson, Spitzer, Bromley, Foster, and Griese; Halbleib, Hunn, Hiestand, Trovillion, W. W., Gault, and Parker, R. L.



DRAMATICS

SINCE this book is going to press even before Easter, I have very little material about our dramatics class work. The class under Major Mather has thus far performed (at Thanksgiving) only one of its three plays: Clifford Goldsmith's *What a Life*. As always, the play was a big success; in fact, most of us considered the Thanksgiving performance the best we've ever seen here. Rip Collins played Henry Aldrich; C. Noble, Mr. Nelson; J. P. Weir, Mr. Patterson; H. O. Rea, Bill; J. Castillo, Mr. Vecchitto; R. W. Hacker, Mr. Bradley; W. B. Owen, Mr. Wheeler; H. A. Crow, George Bigelow; W. P. Lewis, Mr. Ferguson; D. F. Kirn, K. M. Terwilliger, R. D. Teasdale, students. Female roles in the play went to Mrs. H. C. Bays, Mrs. R. H. Kernohan, Mrs. Kitts, and Misses Jeanne Keller, Frances Hewes, Margaret Elliot, Josephine Davis, Patricia Mather, Flora Bishop, Miriam Nelson, Barbara Shanks, and Mary Alice Henderson.

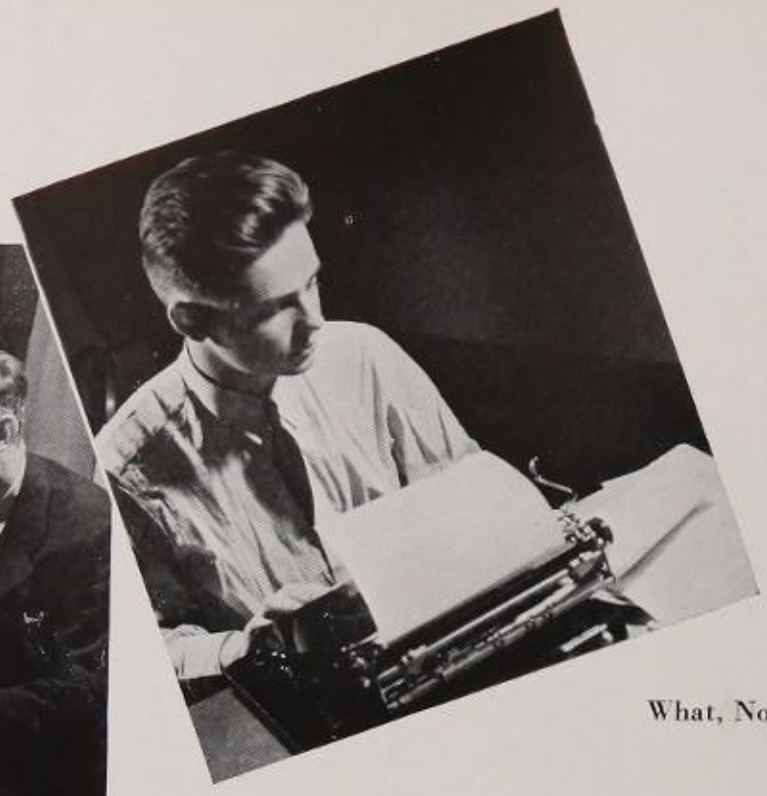
What Major Mather plans for Commencement, I don't know; but the Easter play has been announced to be *See My Lawyer* by Maibaum and Clork. The cast will probably be the same as that for Thanksgiving.

It's no wonder that the plays have been so well presented—the cast has had excellent training. They have taken the full year dramatics course and for a month prior to the play have had daily rehearsals. Some cadets in the past have continued dramatics into college and made a go of it; R. D. Brown, CMA '37, was recently awarded first honors at Dartmouth for his part in dramatics there. We have several prospects here now, Rip Collins being the most promising. Some day we may be saying, "I knew them when."

THE GLEE CLUB

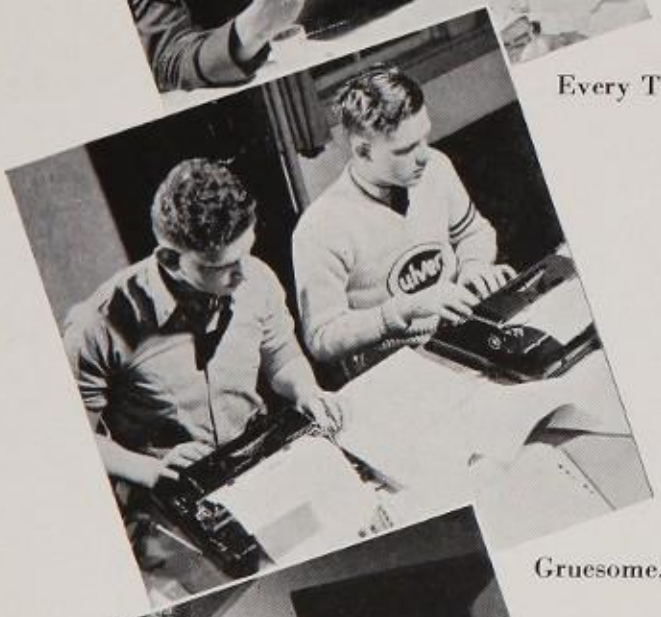
Glee Club Members: Brooks, J. F., Buel, Burr, W. S., Carneal, Close, J. D., Craig, D. H., Davenport, Eaton, Fuller, Gericke, A. J., Goldblatt, Grant, L. W., Hardy, H. F., Hughes, F. C., Kirn, Lee, Looney, Mabbs, Meyer, G. A., Norris, W. B., Nowland, Ostermann, Perrine, W. S., Post, N. C., Reiley, J. M., Scott, Stevenson, J., Swats, A. L., Teetor, M., Terwilliger, Trimble, R. C., Van Hagen, Weir, J., Wilbur, Wroe, Yoe, Ziebarth.

Have You Heard This One?



What, No Green Shade?

Every Tuesday



Gruesome, Isn't It?

Watch the Boidie!

SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS

Corps goes to press

THE ROLL CALL
THE VEDETTE
THE QUILL

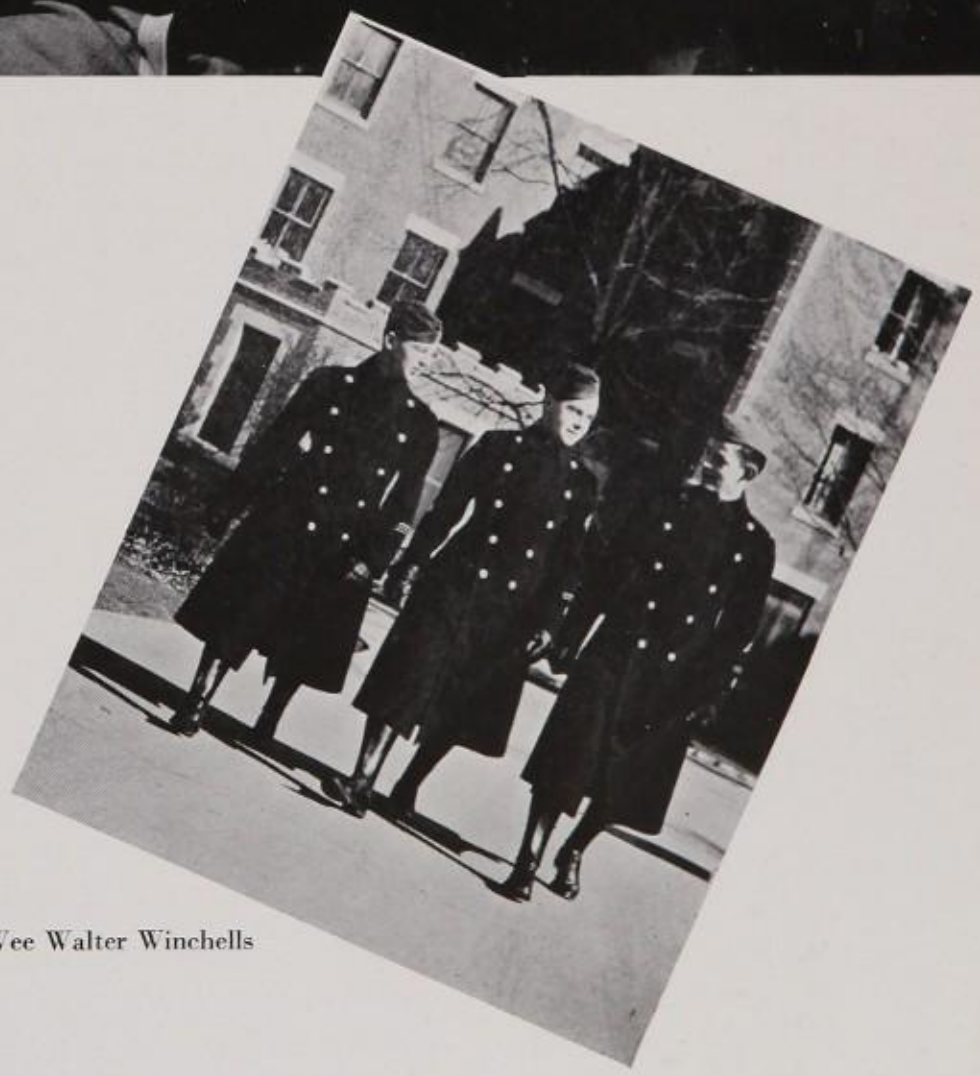
HA! HA! So you think it's such an easy job to put out a yearbook; well, I found out differently. When I first looked into this *Roll Call* business, I discovered myself to be a most uneducated gentleman; but having been educated by various members of the staff, who had been previously educated by Mr. Hill, the faculty advisor, who had been previously educated by . . . but we could go on ad infinitum. I now understand slightly what is meant by Bodoni type (you're looking at it this moment), a pica, half-tones, 133 line screen, and several other terms that you common laymen probably have never heard. It is a tough proposition though to turn out a book that contains about 50,000 words and . . . pictures (you count 'em); deadlines have to be met, cadet groups assembled for pictures, copy written and edited, academy policies considered; but that should give you an idea whether you'd like to take up journalism for a career.

You know Mr. Hill, Mr. Edgell and Mr. Williams did a peach of a job advising the staff; Rod Albright, with Dick

Weaver's help, took the snazzy pictures; Odell captained the crew; Sewell chalked up the sports: Spitzer was second to Odell; Brewster handled Activities; Bransfield took over Specialties post; and Griese calculated finances.

When I learned the task it was for the *Roll Call* to meet its deadlines, then I was confronted by the fact that the Vedette had its deadline "once every week"; fresh news is not too available around here, and the editors were always fearful that the paper might appear one Saturday with a blank page. They seemed to come through, though; gosh, what difficulties we Culver men surmount. With Dr. McKee as censor, Trovillion at the helm, Collins digging up the dirt, Henderson banging out the sports, Weir gathering news, and a host of reporters reporting, the Vedette arrived after third C.P. each Saturday.

"Doc" McKee, in the absence of a cadet staff, collected our literary efforts, edited them, and produced them in three Quills: Thanksgiving, Easter, and Commencement. Thanks, Doc!



Wee Walter Winchells

CRACK UNITS

AT SUNDAY PARADES ten units span our field, running from the Band through the Infantry, Mounted Service, Mechanized, and Motorized units. From these ten already excellent outfits men are picked to form the cream of Culver's military crop: Lancers, Four Gun Drill, Honor Guard. Newest unit is the Lancers; most carefully picked (only fourteen members), Four Gun Drill; probably most spectacular, Honor Guard. The three have only one thing in common—SNAP—snap that is shown only after hours of practice on their own time. Exhibitions this year were at Thanksgiving and Commencement.

FOUR GUN DRILL

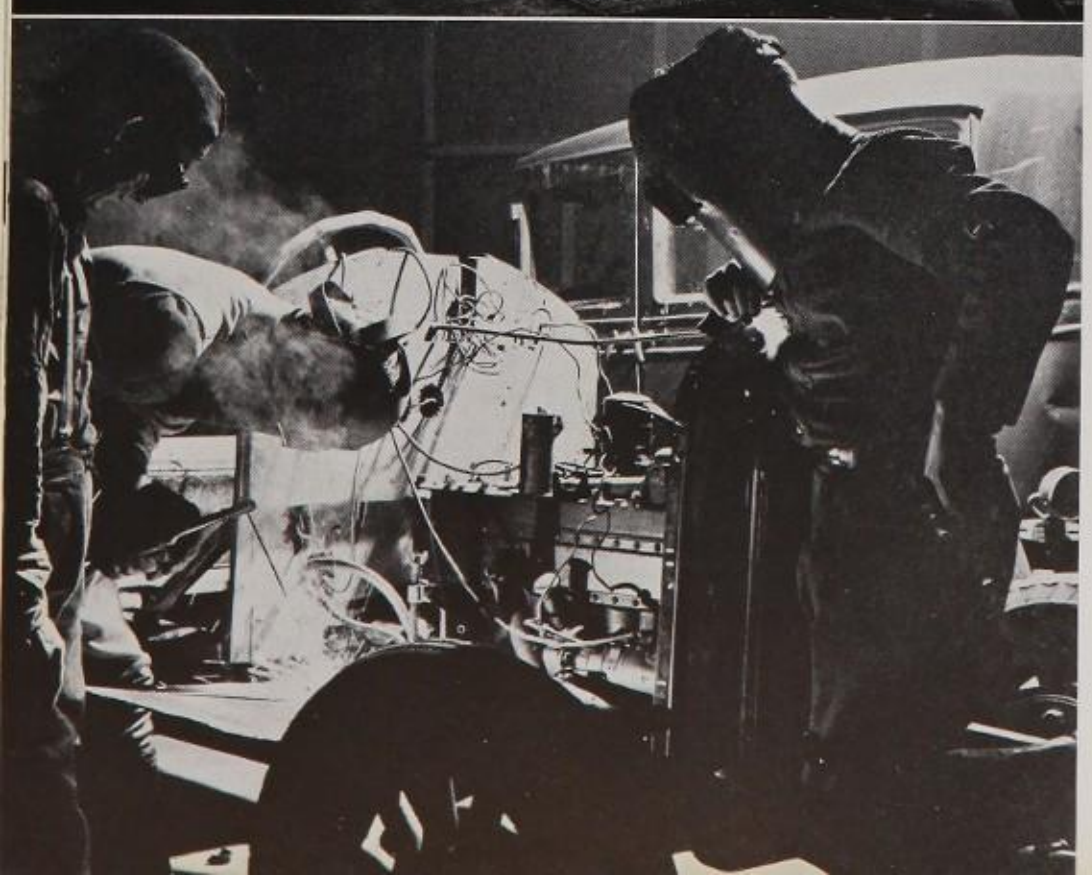
MIGHTY midget of Culver's big three is the Four Gun Drill Unit, formed from fourteen Battery-bests. Though at first glance bulky (four guns, twenty-six horses, fourteen men), the unit is second only to the Motorized Infantry in speed, second to none in accuracy; to say the least, their maneuvers during this year's festivities were spectacular. Captain Bill Foster, followed by guidon-bearer Gault, led the Four Gun Drill in its demonstrations; members were Barron, Beutel, Crow, Gilbert, Keck, Knight, MacDonald, Martin, B.T., Ritter, Scharff, Scribner, C.W., and Short.

LANCERS

THE Lancers are our newest military unit. At its start two years ago I laughed at the thought of the Troop riding armed with enlarged hatpins. By now I know that jumping and maneuvering with a lance in one hand and reins in the other takes real skill. Schacht captains the Lancers: Aal, Allen, Bransfield, Burwell, Cadmus, Campbell, Clements, Connors, Decker, de la Guardia, Downing, Fee, Gates, Halbleib, Hardy, Harris, Hermann, Huston, Jenkins, Kolter, Kuhn, Kvitek, Lehrer, Mahan, Main, McKamey, Newell, Norwood, Paty, Phagan, Phillips, Rathbun, Sheaffer, Stanton, Stevenson, Van Hagen, Walker, Warren, Weiss, and Williams.

HONOR GUARD

ALMOST as *antiquish* as the Lancers in its drill and just as spectacular, the Honor Guard is the Infantry's crack outfit. The drill used by the Guard is essentially the same as that of Frederick the Great's army; co-founder and supervisor, Colonel Johnston, adapted the now obsolete system to the Guard and started its famed six-hundred count Silent Drill and Manual. Main reason for the Guard's precision is its high standard of membership: nearly every member wears chevrons. Captain is Maxson: first lieutenant, Griese; second lieutenants, Sewell, Parker; first sergeant, McKinstry; supply sergeant, Curtis; sergeants, Odell, Kresl; corporals, Brown, J.R., Eaton, Firestone, Forshee, Jones, J. R., King, Knappen, Manning, Massey, Spitzer; privates, Backus, Barrenechea, Bassett, Blackwood, Boyd, Brainard, Brewster, Brown, D. F., Brown, W. P., Burkhardt, R. L., Campbell, Castillo, J., Castillo, D., Chapman, Cook, Couch, Curfman, Dixon, Dunlap, Englehart, Epley, Farr, Ford, Frampton, Hall, F. J., Henderson, Hunn, Hussey, Hylant, Jones, R. M., Johnston, Kelley, Kennedy, Kime, Lawyer, Llano, McElroy, McGaughey, McKinley, Monro, Noyes, Ostermann, Powell, Rea, Redlinger, Robertson, Rogers, Rose, Rosenbaum, Schwartz, Scofield, Teasdale, Terwilliger, Thayer, Thomas, Weiler, West, White, Winchester; honoraries, Hanover, Janssen, Trovillion, L. C., Wright. There are also about fifteen associates to cover absence of regular members.



HOBBIES

ONE time or another, we've done a good deal of talking about hobbies, but I'll bet a nickel not very many of us know just what the word *hobby* means. Seems that it goes back to the Eighteenth Century, and that the fellow who put the professor on a hobby-horse at the faculty hobby show a year ago was on the right track after all. A hobby is something that consumes your interest till you spend more time and effort thinking about it, and playing with it, than you do on the real business of living.

If you ever start asking all your friends what their hobbies are, you'll get a wide variety of answers. The first one I asked said, "Telling nosey people to mind their own business." I got some humorous answers, too.

Well, the range of interests among the cadets here is something to make your hair curl. I found a rufrous (look that one up yourselves, boys) plebe who spends a great deal of time writing passionate notes to a certain movie star, and still hopes to get more than a standard photograph, signed by a secretary, in acknowledgement. Another invites various celebrities to the big Culver functions. That's old stuff—remember the cadet last year who got a formal refusal from the White House?

But these are in the minority; most hobbyists don't spend their efforts in annoying people better than themselves. Everybody loves a dog—the four-legged kind, I mean, so we have here the Culver Field Trial Club. There was once a city-bred plebe who asked if there were any connection between it and the regulations regarding the conduct of old and new cadets. As a matter of fact, I've never seen the club actually trying anything, except the running, smelling and pointing abilities of the various personally-owned and other hounds that roost in the kennel just across the State road from the Armory. Like fencing, I guess it's just one of those things that are easy to the elect, and incomprehensible to the rest of us.

The basement of the Commerce Building is full of model airplanes in various stages of construction, from kit to plane to smashup. The idea seems to be to spend from three weeks to six months in painstakingly cutting and pasting and fitting together the most beautiful flying model you ever saw. Then you take it outdoors on a fine afternoon, wind it up and watch it soar and climb, bank and turn, and finally crash in the Bird Sanctuary or the lake. Then you say it was an awfully good flight, and go back and start another one.

People with hobbies are strangely intolerant. A man with a great passion for birds' eggs will have little or no use for a collector of postage stamps. The latter will tell you that his is The Art Hobby, and look blank when you mention Colt or Remington or Smith and Wesson. I'm not exactly a collector, as it happens, but at home I have a modest little beginning in the way of antique American

repeating weapons. You'd love to hear about them, I'm sure, but. . . .

Moving up to the new Art Building, you can find hobbyists in various stages of frenzy at almost any hour. Of course, you'll have to be careful not to mistake one of the Band boys for a real, genuine hobbyist. The former will take his mass of coiling copper tube and scrap iron away from his mouth long enough to lean back against both walls of his cubby-hole and say dreamily, "But Music is My Whole LIFE." A hobbyist will either explain until you run away, or just stare at you glumly, not really seeing you.

Seriously, one of the members of the Photography Club took me through the steps of developing and printing a roll of my own snaps, and did as good a job as they do downtown. It looked like fun, and someday, maybe, if. . . .

I wish I had some of those dog's-head bookends the Ceramics people make and bake, or better still, I wish I could make some of my own—you know, designed like a Colt Western model, with the grip for a base, and the barrel for a support—or something. Maybe the idea really is as bad as the experts said it was.

There's even a group of people here so lost in a hobby that they spend their free open C.Q.'s figuring out complicated math problems with slide rules. If you want my opinion, that's carrying things a bit too far, but you probably don't want my opinion. Anyway, like all hobbyists, when quizzed about their insane diversion, they look coy, and then begin talking so fast that you can't tell for sure whether their reasons are logical or not. The truth of the matter is, I guess, that they just *like* to do complicated math problems with a slide rule.

Some of us have had a lot of fun in learning to draw or paint or carve with Mr. Williams. If I had just a little bit of talent, I'd be right up there doing a gorgeous caricature, in four colors, of a certain columnist for the *Vedette*. Twice now he's seen fit to publish to the world my personal business. I'd like to draw him with microphone ears and a forked tongue, crawling through a keyhole. But he's safe—I can't draw.

Saturdays, it was good fun to go out to the Skeet range, and watch the clay pigeons get smashed. The team, especially Bobby Parker, made it look so easy that too many of us were tempted to try. No soap. Seems it takes not only a lot of natural ability but lots of practice as well. And the rifle team, too, has an amazingly good record over a long period of time. I thought I was pretty good with a .22 until I arrived here, but I soon found that I'd have to be a whole lot better before I could do any talking.

There are fifteen varsity and a dozen intramural sports, for those who want exercise. But there are just as many varieties of non-athletic activity for everybody—you can paint or write or make posters, you can sing or make music, or train your dog; you can do almost anything, if you really are interested.

FESTIVITIES

Dreams, Dates, Dances, Fun,

Femmes, Flowers, Families

IF THERE WAS any other time besides Commencement when I counted the days, it was while waiting for the festivities; countless pieces of paper went into complicated graphs for determining the hours when I would see her again. Everyone else did the same, although they all knew that Festivities mean near approach to physical breakdown, what with parades, inspections, assemblies, and last but definitely not least, dances. And oh, boy, those femmes! After three or four months' absence from the female species of our age, we thought there were thousands; we found at the dances that there still weren't enough to go around. The resulting competition, which followed two days of exhibitions, left us almost glad it was all over. Almost, but not quite—it was too much fun.

The officers' figure at the Thanksgiving Ball

Janssen's Jazzmen at the Home Coming Dance

Spitzer talks—as usual!

Van Hagen, Foster, and Griese *trying* the La Conga!

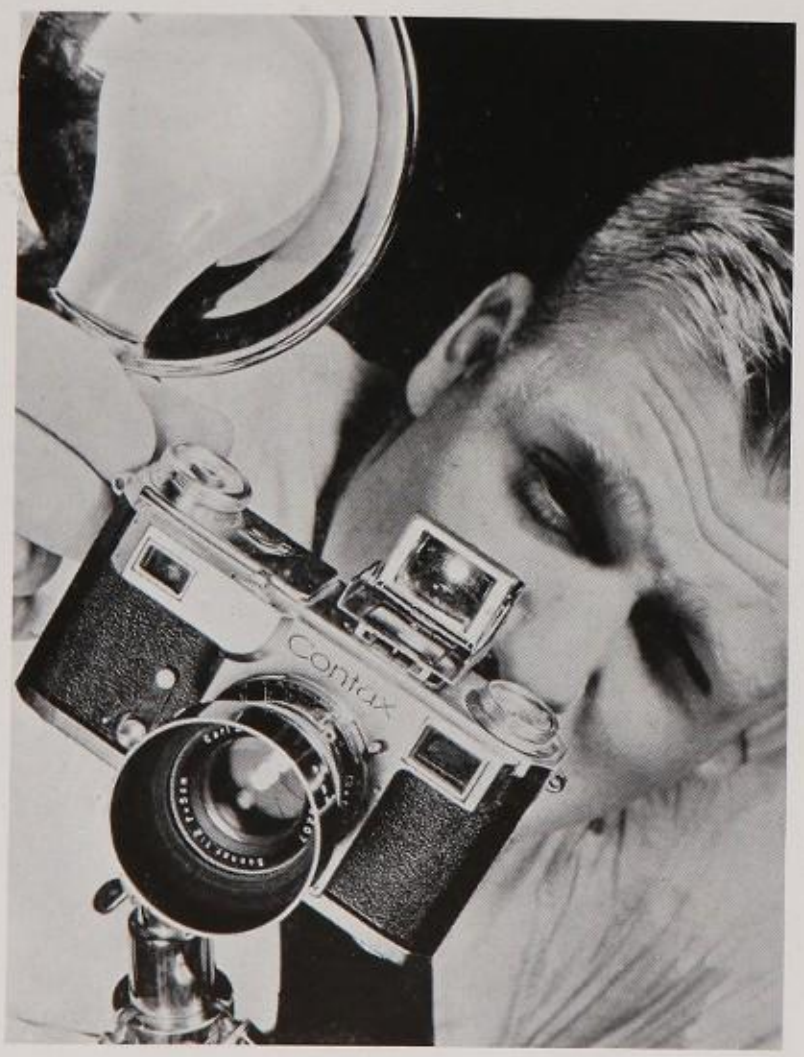
Members of the 1940–41 Hop Club

Wright forgetting the point of his joke—again!

All of us received a shock recently when Colonel Gregory told us that the Easter activities had been cancelled because of the school's measles epidemic. But after the rush of cancelling dates had died down, at least the First Classmen realized that we would be amply repaid after Government Inspection by a First Class dance, a May dance (hmmm—May dances in a military school? Tsk, tsk), invitations to Monticello (Wahoo!) and Tudor Hall (Ditto), and a "name" band at Commencement, by combining the funds allowed for both the Easter and Commencement orchestras. I guess our social training isn't so bad after all.

To most of us the holidays meant dances and—oh yes, a few drills and chapels, too. Actually the latter took up most of our time. Usually there were parades by the Infantry, Artillery, and Cavalry, demonstrations by the Mechanized Artillery and Motorized Infantry, drills by the Honor Guard, Four-Gun unit, and Lancers. Though these were not present at Easter, the always beautiful religious ceremonies, in which the cadet orchestra and glee club took part, were not neglected.

Goober Sewell and Maxson sit a few out while trying the latest Culver line on their dates.



You are never sure when this guy will creep up behind you and *her*. D. . .n inconvenient at times.

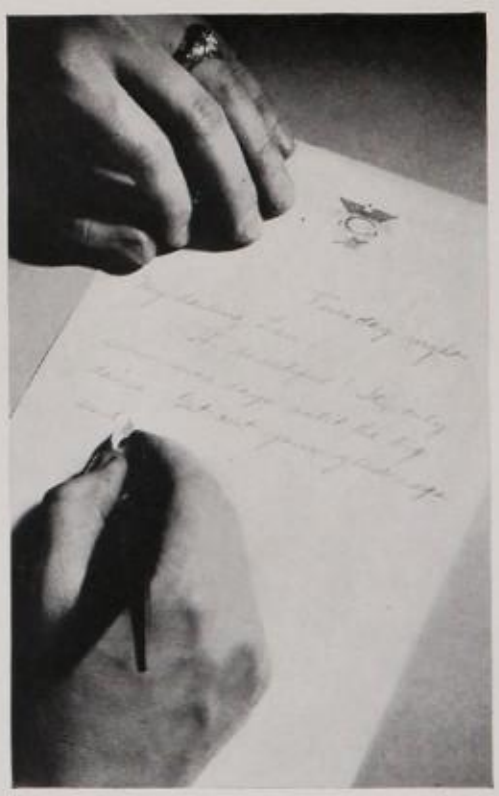
A Company's commander is evidently more than just a captain. From the looks of things right now he doesn't even know he is a captain.

Odell and the latest date from St. Mary's. Funny how far a North Carolina man will send for dates.

"Artie Shaw" Janssen plays a *La Conga* while the corps struts its stuff.

In the spring a young man's fancy—eh, Scharff?

McKinstry's highest card must be the queen of hearts.



Pink envelope—air mail.

The Corps goes to assembly

ASSEMBLIES

UNDER the Auspices of the Alexander Frederick Fleet Memorial Fund appeared at the top of several assembly programs the last two years; always it meant that a top-notch artist was to entertain and educate us. With the expansion of the cultural plan has come an increasing number of artists, mostly musicians. On the next page are a few of our favorites although space prohibits including more.

Powder River Jack and Kitty Lee

"Major Mather has just told me that my speech is to end at six o'clock; that reminds me of a story of another speaker, who was talking at Hobart. He opened with, 'I shall speak on the letters of the word Hobart; my subjects will be *H*ope, *O*pen-mindedness, etc.' He spoke for several hours, and after the assembly walked around the campus looking at the grounds. As he followed two students, he heard one say to the other, 'Well, what did you think of the speaker?' The answer came, 'He was okay; but I'm glad I don't go to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.' So I'll try to stop promptly at six."

That seems to be the opening phrase of all assemblies; but beyond that, they are very different. Such contrasting subjects as astronomy, politics, art, music, and wildlife were covered by the speakers, who generally supplemented their speeches with slides or movies. The following were the speakers or artists and their subjects up to the date of this book's printing: Mr. and Mrs. (Powder River) Jack Lee, Western singing; Philharmonic Male Quartet, singing; Mr. Roy Scott, China; Miss Louise Hoe, singing, and Mr. Rudolph Reuter, piano; Mr. C. Warner Williams (Culver Artist in Residence), sculpture; Mr. Dudley Crafts Watson, art; Mr. Luthor Patrick, politics; Congressman Robert Grant, national election; Mr. Ennio Bologninni, cello; Mr. Samuel Campbell, nature; Mr. John Anderson, drama; Dr. Harlan True Stetson, astronomy; Professor Vanderblue, monetary systems; Dr. Charles Copeland Smith, commercial futures; Mr. Kenneth Ogle, national defense. The Alexander Fleet Memorial Fund, recently established, was responsible in large part for the presence of these speakers and artists.

In contrast to the assemblies given by professional speakers were the ones conducted by the Corps itself, at which First Classmen gave required speeches. All of these gatherings were comparatively informal, since most of the First Classmen were speaking for the first time before a large audience. At this writing only five such assemblies have been held; three of them were of the speech type and two of the "Town Meeting" type. Considering the newness of the speakers, they went off very well.

The opening of the new Music and Arts Building has aroused much interest and activity in its subjects; perhaps this is one of the reasons for the increase in the number of assemblies this year. Both these factors have made the Corps a better informed and more critical audience, which shows that the assemblies have accomplished their purpose. Last year we felt that they were a bother and practically useless; since then we've changed our minds. We know what we want, and although this isn't perhaps the place to say so, I must admit that we often disagree with the school on its choices. More and more of the fellows want fewer assemblies dealing with politics or "After Culver—then what?"; what we want is more arts, sciences, and music; Dr. Stetson and Mr. Williams both "hit our spot," and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra undoubtedly will.

Regardless of what we would like to have, we know that an education, to be complete, must cover every conceivable field; the speakers this year have taken us into many of them. What we have learned will stand us in good stead.

Even cadets take part

Bologninni

Miss Knox and Mr. McGaw

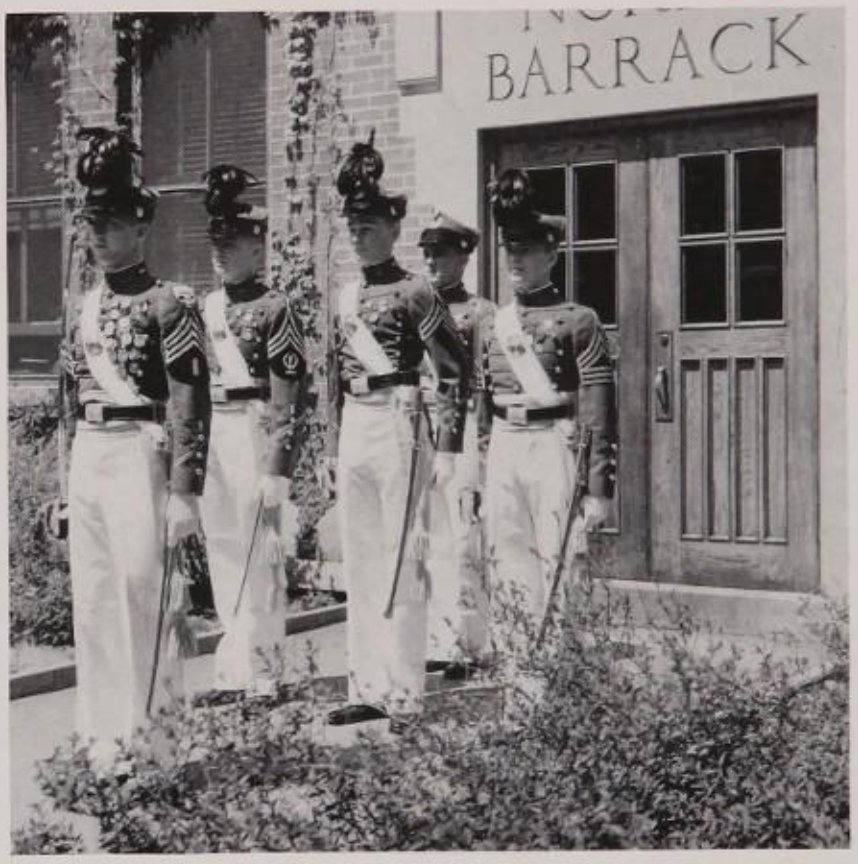
Firestone, *Regimental Mess Officer*, Martin, B.T., *Regimental Infirmary Officer*, Crow, *Regimental Athletic Officer*, Knappen, *Regimental Posture Officer*, Maxson, *Regimental Commander*, Curtis, *Regimental Personnel Officer*, Bransfield, *Regimental Adjutant*, Kresl, *Regimental Supply Officer*, White, *Regimental Staff Sergeant*.

THE CORPS

CULVER has nine organizations with four Infantry companies, the Band, two Troops, and two Batteries. The few exceptions of cadets not in the following pictures because of illness or leaves are noted, but we tried the best we could to arrange for the pictures at the time when most of the school was present. The organizations appear with the Infantry first ("A," "B," "C," "D," and Band), Cavalry second, and the Artillery last. This order is taken from traditional lists and wasn't made by me.

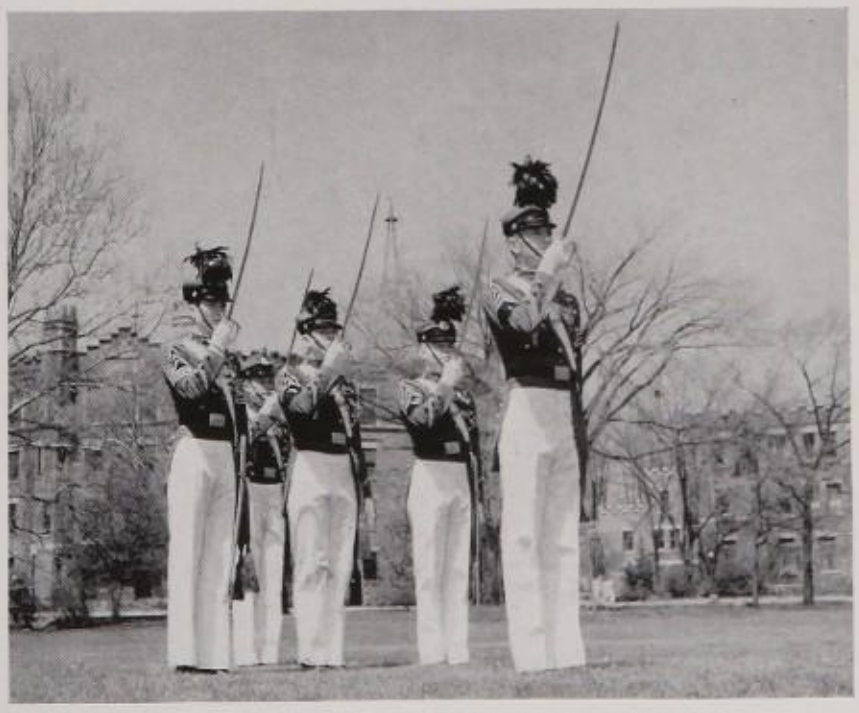
It seems amazing to most visitors how a group of six hundred boys can live together, eat together, study together, and work together, and still not get under each others' skin. However, that can be easily explained by the fact that the corps is a self-governing body. I mean by that that we have a leader, corresponding to a mayor, a cadet club, corresponding to a civic-minded group, personnel officers, corresponding to police in a way, an honor council, corresponding to a court, not to mention the Q.M., canteen, school paper, and the literary publications.

Griese, *Battalion Commander*, Odell, *Battalion Adjutant*, Manning, *Battalion Personnel Officer*, Forshee, *Battalion Supply Officer*, Ball, *Battalion Sergeant Major*.



Troop Staff: Schacht, Lehrer, Harris, Stanton, Weiss

Stimmel, McGaughey, Bromley, Brokaw, West, White



Battery Staff: Foster, Gault, Barron, Scharff

COMPANY A

BEING one of the first companies formed, A has a long and proud past to challenge the capabilities of its present members. True to its traditions under the proficient leadership of Captain Moore, tactical officer, and Cadet Captain Griese, A has set a high mark for future doughboys to shoot at.

Colonel McKinney, the present commandant was at one time way back wearing the A Company collar ornaments.

A has been quite persistent in the pursuit of military honors, of which it has acquired no insignificant number. The Austin Trophy, the highest award for close order drill in the Infantry, has remained in the firm clutch of A Company for the last three years, no less.

This fact, incidentally, is quite a feat, as the competition for this award is bitterly contested by the other companies.

More chevrons probably reside in A's barrack than in any other on the campus, because it has managed to place two men on the regimental staff and two on the battalion staff.

5th Row: Spitznagel, Gooch, Grant, O'Connor, Hoof, Welch, Milstead, Kershaw, Hermann, Pugh, Allen, Faulconer, Perry, Pitts.

4th Row: Vurpillat, Turton, Buttolph, Wolfe, Kangerga, Bayard, Bixby, McDuff, Glendening, Sommer, Dwenger, Walsh, Springer.

3rd Row: Evans, Copeland, Keer, Hoge, Dixon, James, Moran, Griffith, Fitzpatrick, Teasdale, Krohn, Baker, Gericke, Shilling.

2nd Row: Hussey, Chapman, Phelps, Campbell, Russell, Ball, Powell, Frampton, Cook, M., Jordan, Yalem, Thayer, Rose, E. D.

1st Row: Gernon, Ostermann, Barrenechea, Hylant, Odell, Curtis, Eaton, Capt. Moore, Griese, Forshee, Hall, F., Thomas, Hunn, Brown, W. P., Jones, R. M.

Absent Members: Cook, W. C., Kresl.

COMPANY B

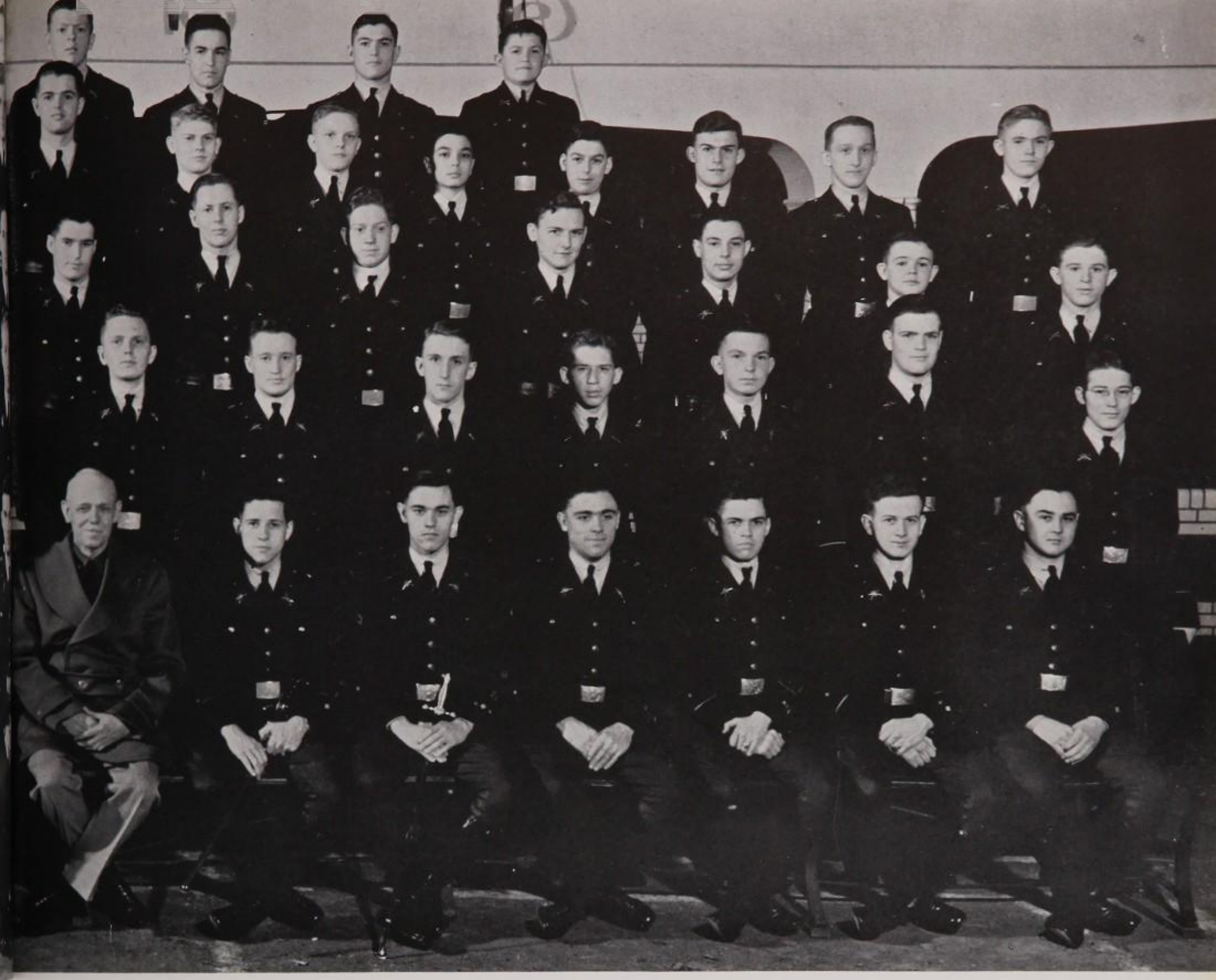
UNDER the guidance of Colonel Kennedy and the leadership of Cadet Captain McKinstry, B Company has come through this year with a record that even the critical alumni are prone to laud. Colonel Kennedy has been around Culver for so many years that he can remember when it was just a fraction of what it is now. B Company has had many distinguished alumni, among them Horace Heidt, famous band leader, who was the captain of B.

B makes a practice of being a jack of all trades concerning activities. The "Dukeman" dabble in everything and have come out on top in several fields of competition.

The coveted Austin Trophy has resided in the possession of many a victorious B Company drill team. Colonel Kennedy's companies have always had the distinction of being exceptionally well drilled units—a compliment to his efficient work.

B was one of the first three companies to be formed back in the times when all companies were mixed together, and no distinction was made except at the meal formations.

B's academic accomplishments, though not outstanding, have been more than strong. It has always had a reputation in the corps of containing many of the best fellows in school.



5th Row: Mandle, Herman, Machle, Pinckard, Miller, Sproat, Arnold, Watkins, Youngs.

4th Row: Leisy, Merrion, Crager, Bergy, Dobyns, McCoy, Larkin, Beatty, Macomber, Haven, Saren, Abarca, Hernendez, Blim, Kurtz, Robinson.

3rd Row: Ingalls, Brody, Eldred, Reilly, Williams D.E., Evans, Taubman, McLaughlin, Wilbur, Meyer, Hoge, Heller, Martin, McClung.

2nd Row: Collins, Stafford, Schettler, Rose, Harris, S., Munro, Englehart, Lowenstine, Stromsen, Terwilliger, Clark, Cochran, Dunlap, Lanman, Williams, D. G.

1st Row: Brokaw, Lawyer, Rosenbaum, White, Harris, R., Manning, McKinstry, Colonel Kennedy, Jones J. R., Noyes, Rea, Robertson, Earll, Brainard.

Absent are: Carneal, McGaughey, Schwartz, Christenson.

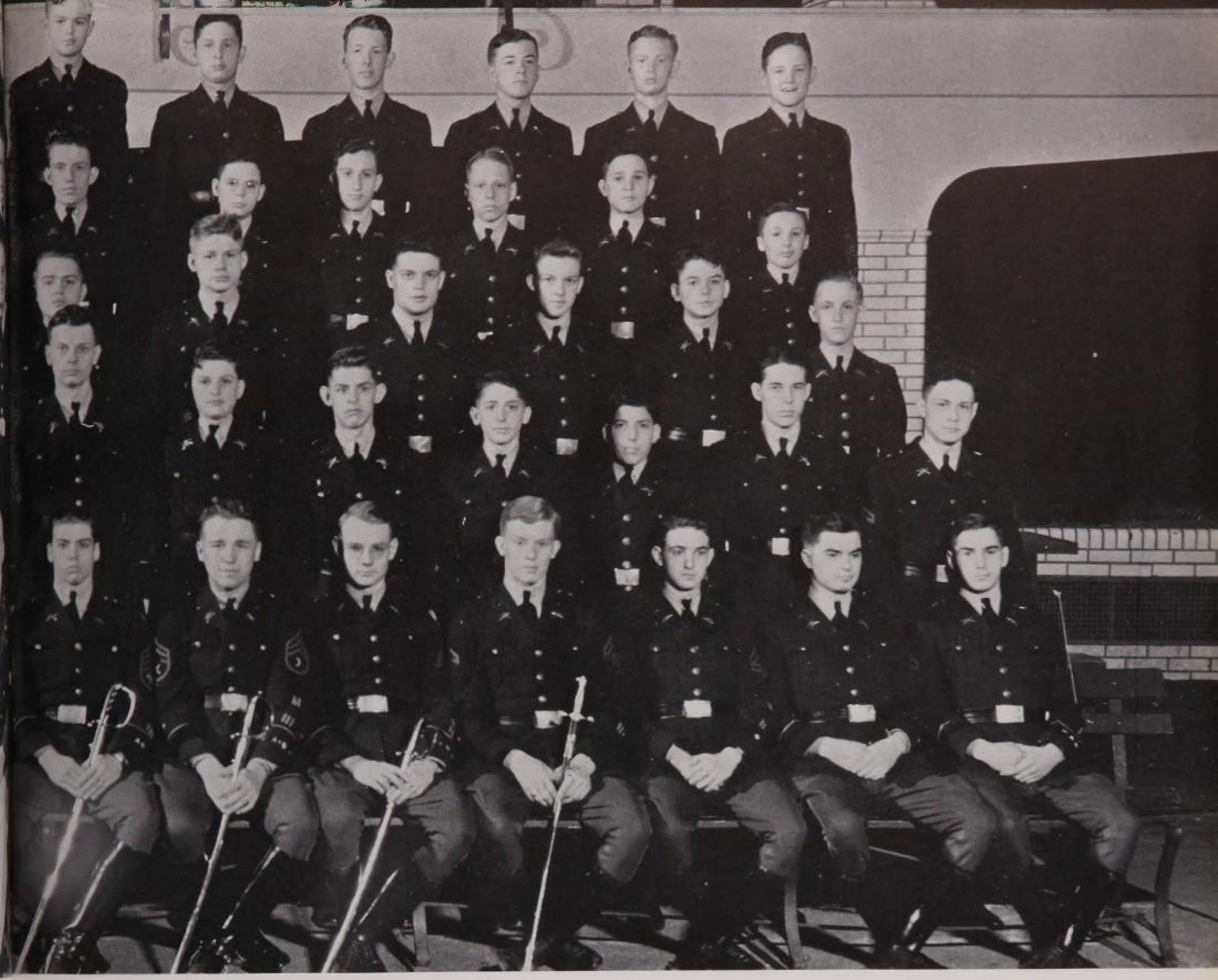
COMPANY C

VERSATILITY is the pervading theme of C Company's accomplishments. Not content to limit themselves to any one field of endeavor, C Companymen have invaded all realms of honor hereabouts. The first year the Bowl (the highest academic achievement attainable by any unit) was given away, C promptly snapped up this fat prize.

For the athletic side of the ledger C chalked up the regimental football championship last year, momentarily stopping D's winning streak and put up a stiff fight this year that was a striking example of C's tenacious spirit.

Colonel Johnston, the tactical officer of C, with the aid of Cadet Captain Parker has formed his seventy odd men into a company that has set a high standard that future C Companymen will find more than tough to beat.

Although not containing all the "brains" in the school, C has a group of fellows that have hung together with typical C Company loyalty.



5th Row: Jacobson, Chapman, W., Merrion, Thayer, W., Greenway, Harrington, Ingersoll, Ridgeway, Nazar, Brady, Fishack, Kochtitsky, Hulbert

4th Row: Heller, Koch, Fisk, P., Cunningham, Copeland, R., Cassady, Schettler, J., Arganbright, Hix, Ware, Coon, Eschenbrenner, Weaver, R.

3rd Row: Bromley, Claggett, Shaw, Bederman, Holmes, Tuller, Corrigan, Hall, Vorm, Sniderman, Scofield, Holbrook, Andrews

2nd Row: Epley, Redlinger, Boyd, Backus, Wynne, Castillo, D., Castillo, J., Brown, J. S., Thomas, Henderson, Blackwood, Livingstone, Hansen, Winchester

1st Row: Curfman, Johnson, Brewster, Brown, J. R., Massey, Parker, Colonel Johnston, Maxson, Firestone, Kennedy, Burkhardt, Farr, Stimmel, Kelley

Absent Members: Batten, Carlisle, Fisk, R., McKinley, Mitchell, Roesch

The members of Company C pay affectionate tribute to the memory of Paul Frederick Menke.
January 22, 1926—January 22, 1941.

COMPANY D

D COMPANY, the specter of the athletic field, came right back this year to show everyone that it had earned its nickname of "Fightin' D." Without further ado it proceeded to snatch up the intramural football championship, a hard fought for honor that D has been winning for the last five years with only two exceptions. This feat is an accomplishment that can be won only by the company possessing an excess of that intangible thing called company spirit. Obviously D has plenty to spare.

Every company has its own personal specialty, and D's is the accumulation of athletic awards. Varsity letters are by no means a rarity in this company of muscle men. When Colonel Walmer, D's tactical officer, was called for active service with the National Guard, the Company's guidance was taken over by the efficient Major Stinchcomb. In previous years D has maintained a death grip on the athletic plaque, holding it for three consecutive years and yielding it finally to C last year.

Colonel Elliott, Executive Officer of the Academy, is a former D Company man whose success at CMA is a matter of company pride.

This year Cadet Captain Sewell has been at the D's helm, steering a successful course.

5th Row: Downs, Seeley, Weaver, P., Whippy, McFall, von Wrangell, Kretchmar, Speidel, Trimble, Tyson, Goss, Warner
4th Row: Sipe, Westphal, Hull, Neal, White, G., Corrigan, W., Templeton, Patterson, Hyde, Simmons, J., Baumgarten, Petrie, Kramer, Maritote
3rd Row: Clark, D., Cockburn, Gohn, Ames, Brown, D., Hunt, J., Kaelber, Byrne, Haas, Lubick, Simmons, R., Yingling, Mulvena, Goff
2nd Row: Shaver, Gould, Grant, Kostner, Scott, Bassett, Couch, Kirn, Tryon, Widmer, Williams, W. E., Balcom, Austerberry, Bullock
1st Row: MacMillan, Ford, Llano, Rogers, Weiler, King, J. R., Sewell, Spitzer, Knappen, Hacker, McElroy, Agee, West, Kime
Absent Member: Harper

BAND

BEGINNING quite humbly in the early twenties, the Band has become one of our most consequential organizations. Would you believe it; the first Band was composed of a motley assortment of cadets, people from the town of Culver, workmen, and even a janitor here and there?

What a difference there is in the Band that we know!—forty-five smart looking cadets marching in impeccable precision, who continue to amaze even themselves with the amount of volume they can produce for their size.

The Band has several organizations within itself, the most prominent of these being the cadet dance orchestra, led by capable Cadet Captain Werner Janssen.

Much credit goes to Captain Payson, the tactical officer of the Band, who has put that zip into his organization which characterizes our parades.

The Band is quite proud of the new Fine Arts Building, where all its practice sessions are held. Its greatest achievement, however, in the school activities is its persistence in winning the Bowl, highest academic honor attained by any organization.

Clarinets: Janssen, Stevens, Trovillion, W., Oosting, Anderson, W., Prindle, Jenkins, McGraw. *Cornets:* Noble, Heilman, Nelson, Paschal, Evans, Miller, Anderson, P., Ditmars, Mayer, Matthews. *Trombones:* Trovillion, L., Norris, W., Wright, Brown. *Flutes:* Pinkerton, Weir, C. *Oboe:* Hanover. *Saxaphones:* Bell, Horton, Graf, Harrison. *Alto Clarinet:* Steele. *Bassoon:* Turner. *Baritones:* Woods, Laird. *French Horns:* Griffith, Goettsche, Ziebarth. *Drums:* Valentine, Anderson, B., Hoffman. *Tympani:* Martin. *Basses:* Hiestand, Edwards, Mutschmann.

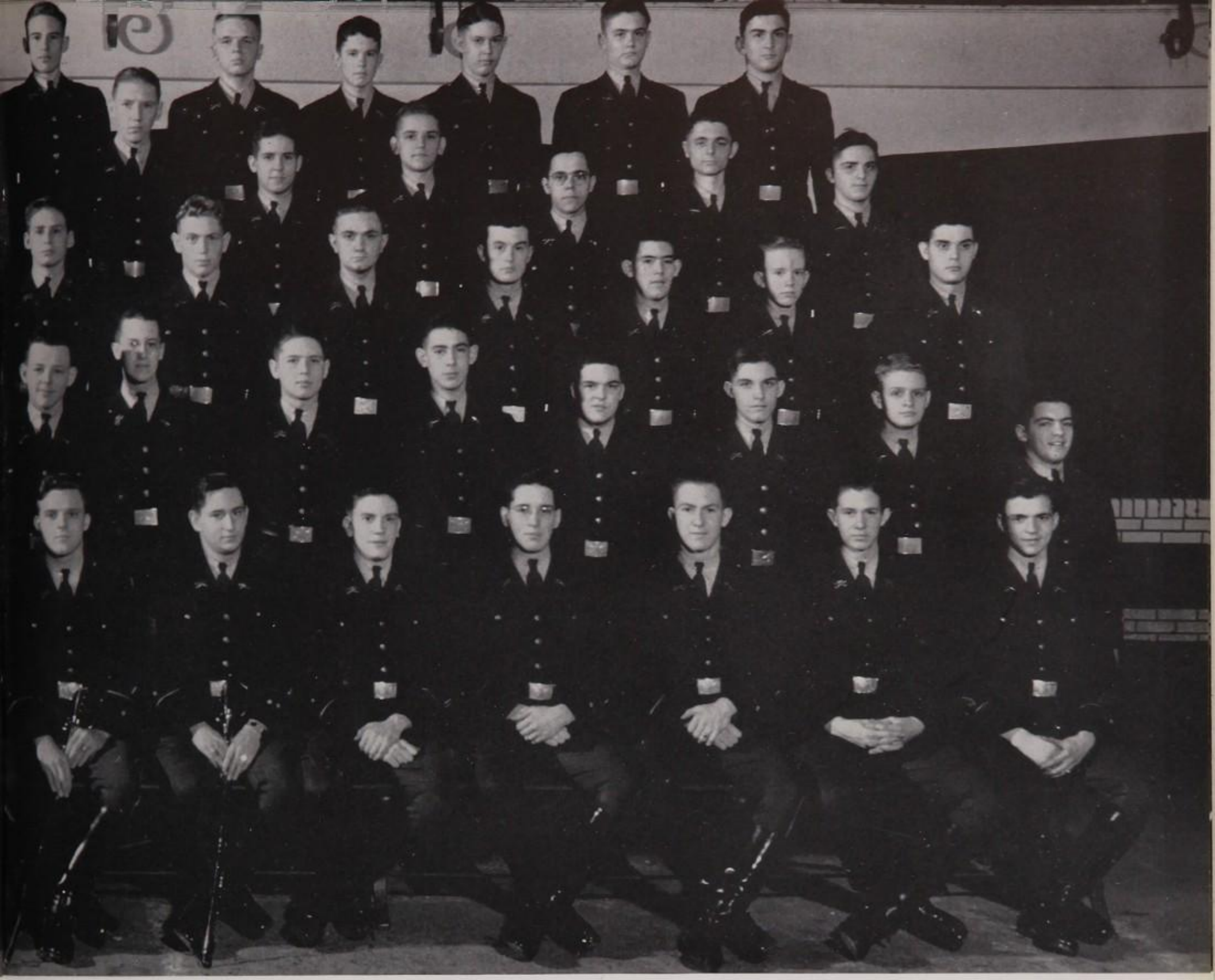
CAVALRY I

TROOP I this year went about making a name for itself in its usual competent manner, and did it darn well too. D just managed to edge out these hard fighting cavalrymen in company wrestling; the Troopers came right back to walk off with the water polo championship for the third consecutive year.

The Black Horse Troop started when the academy purchased about thirty horses from a Cleveland National Guard unit.This small nucleus has been augmented so that at the present time the Troop possesses more than one hundred and thirty horses, all black as night.

Putting on jumping exhibitions is one of the things that the Troop does in its spare time, much to the delight of the spectators. The Troop managed to pull itself up one notch in the academic ladder. This feat delighted Major Whitney no end, as raising the scholastic average of the Troop was one of his pet projects.

Cadet Captain Schacht has put the Troop's efficiency record on to a higher level than it has been in the last five years, at least. More comradeship and cooperation exists among the officers, than ever in the memory of the writer. When better Troops come along they will have to hustle to beat the one of this year.



5th Row: Post, Swats, Hawley, Robnett, Caldwell, V. B., Kennedy, M. S., Kohlberg, Donahoe, Richard, E. R., Looney, Bauchman, Nowland, Treadwell

4th Row: Rowland, R. W., Massey, T. R., Norfleet, Metzel, N. D., Hamel, Sharp, Brewer, Dyer, G. T., Buttrey, Johnston, R. D., Goldblatt, Elliot, Merry

3rd Row: Choate, de la Guardia, Allen, J., Buell, Gibson, Whipps, Lewis, O., Campbell, W., Schlesinger, H., Bailey, Lee, R. E., Frye, Ekvall, Walker, J. M.

2nd Row: Connors, P. M., Hardy, Paty, Downing, Estabrook, Jenkins, Gates, P. C., Garretson, Lewis, W. P., McCamey, Burr, Peterson, Lewis, J. W., Greenwell, Cadmus

1st Row: Adams, Massey, P. J., Allen, H. M., Harvey, Weiss, H. A., Lehrer, Schacht, W. F., Bransfield, Huston, Mahan, Sheaffer, W. A., Van Hagen, Phagan, Halblieb

Absent Members: Becker, R., Fee, Hermann, Hopping, Maytag, Middleton, Nall, Owen, Paulsen

The members of the Cavalry pay affectionate tribute to the memory of Johnson C. Stoll,
June 5, 1925—March 22, 1941.

CAVALRY II

TROOP II has kept up its reputation for winning athletic events by capturing the regimental basketball championship in a close fought game with A Company.

When he was called up for active duty in the Marine Corps, Lieutenant Bear was replaced as assistant tactical officer of Troop II by the able and well-liked Captain Stone.

One of the snappiest tactical officers in the school is Major Whitney, the "Tac" of the Troop. His tempestuous personality and his insistence on discipline have made him extremely popular with his organization, and these traits have also helped make the Troop one of the smartest looking outfits in school.

The Troop is one of those organizations that have built up an incomparable record for tradition. These cadets that spend most of their drill periods jouncing in the saddle, have made a widely known reputation for themselves.

In years past the Culver Black Horse Troop has been the escort of honor to several prominent personages including the former French General, Marshall Foch.

The Troop has gone slightly literary, having the best company library with a handsome book plate designed by Lieutenant Graham, the popular "Tac" of Troop I.

5th Row: Nelson, C. P., Pake, Dannenmaier, Craig, Silverstein, Price, Morrow, J. T., Hawkins, Mills, Medici, Strouss, Borda, Scarborough, Pepson

4th Row: Hohenberg, Krulish, Butler, Meyer, G. A., Fuller, Moen, T. R., Cleary, Pratt, Kolter, T. R., Monroe, Colby, Paulsen, Palmer, North

3rd Row: Douglas, Croutch, Jeffries, Fegles, Herbst, Hillenbrand, Gerber, Walker, C. R., Springs, Otis, Brooks, J. P., Parker, J. A., Ferreira, Mayer, J. F., Crawford

2nd Row: Connors, Decker, Hubbard, Willson, Warren, P. S., Vaughan, M. L., Yonts, Drury, Kolter, Aal, Collins, M., Webster, Norwood, Huck

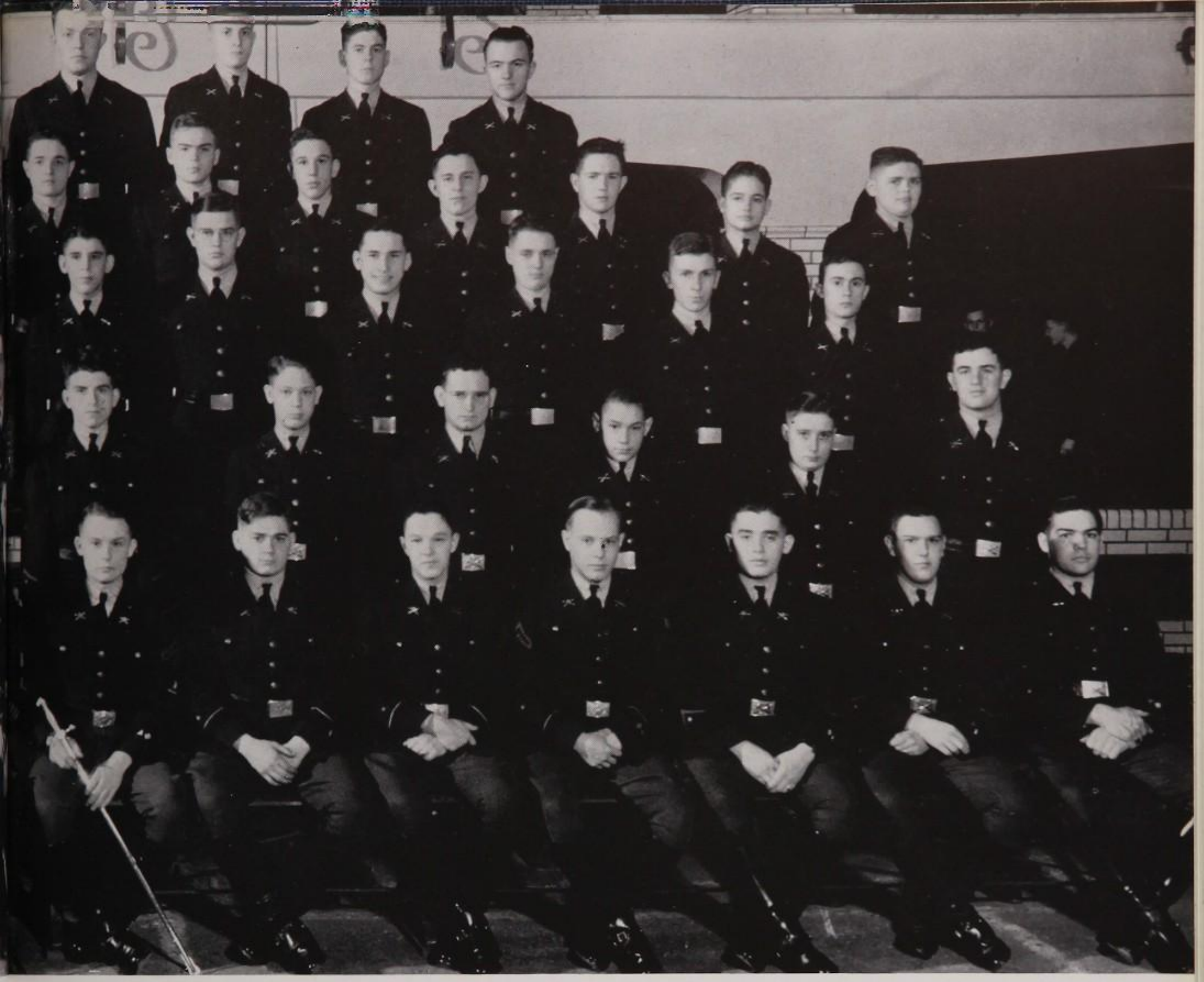
1st Row: Stevenson, J., Rathbun, Stanton, Hirschfield, Harris, D., Schacht, W., Kuhn, Williams W., Wieland, Main, Weiss, T., Clements, Phillips

Absent Members: Finkbine, Newell, Protto, Quinn

ARTILLERY I

THIS group of sturdy lads comprises exactly one half of that organization known as the Culver Battery. Artillery I has been this year probably the most outstanding of the two Batteries as far as athletics is concerned. Starting out with a bang these men of the caissons and long guns fought their way up to the regimental football playoff, but in a fiercely fought contest marked by an abundance of Battery spirit they eventually succumbed to the superior power of D. Cadet Captain Foster has held the position of Battery Commander this year in a manner that is a tribute to the efficiency of his character. Captain Dayhuff, a former regimental commander at V.M.I. has held the post of tactical officer of the Battery. Holding the position of academic advisor, Colonel Miller, continues in an active position in the organization that he knew way back in its infancy. Colonel Gregory was at one time the tactical officer to this splendid organization.

The Battery was once an organization composed of first and second classmen who were interested in escaping the dreaded indoor drill. It came into its own in 1919, when it was organized as a separate unit. It started out with two 3.2 inch guns, but it now possesses eight 75mm guns.



5th Row: Metzel, T. T., Lichtenberg, Gray, Busby, Doyle, Hill, Yeo, King, H. L.
4th Row: Pigott, Muirhead, Hopson, Bronson, Crosby, Reiley, J. M., Fay, Dumesnil, Bowen, Brooks, J. F., Dunn, Gurney, Black
3rd Row: Yakey, Close, Strawn, Dazey, Perrine, Viersen, Dykes, Dennis, Berry, Savidge, Caldwell, R. B., Rooke, Gee
2nd Row: Macdonald, L. S., Kroh, Friend, Hoffman, B. A., Keck, Schlesinger, O. J., Scribner F. C., Brunkhorst, Nicholson, Irelan, Eggleston, Goettle, Blum, H. T.
1st Row: Moncrief, Stout, Scribner, C. W., Klusmeyer, Arthur, Richards, C. S., Foster, Beutel, Byron, Tuttle, Searles, Roberts, Harman, Ritter
Absent Members: Crow, Hogan, Rees, Tonkin, Wheeler

ARTILLERY II

ARTILLERY II is the other half of the organization known as the Culver Battery. One thing that has always marked Battery men on the athletic field is the amount of spirit generated among these fellows even though their teams were not always winning.

In recent years the Battery has been organized on a purely recreational basis, a small band that could be heard blowing itself into a state of delightful exhaustion for the benefit of its struggling team.

When the Battery was first formed, it had the oddest assortment of pieces to drill with that can be imagined. At first the Battery was used for just more or less exhibition purposes, but ever since 1919 it has been an integral part of the Culver Corps. Its equipment now consists of four guns and caissons and four motor drawn 75mm guns and a command car. The Battery as it is organized presents an inspiring spectacle to the observer at Parade.

Lt. Oliver and Mr. Roberts are two of the Battery alumni that have returned to Culver as part of the faculty. An amazingly large group of alumni from the Battery return each year to see if it has carried on the high standards set by former Batterymen. This year's Battery is one that even the alumni laud.

5th Row: LeVeque, Roth, Wroe, Mabbs, Lighthall, Shonfeld
4th Row: Webber, E. R., McClamroch, Mendelson, Schreffler, Breene, Larsen, Eaton, L. W., Chidester, Morrow, R. E. Jr., Cowell, Bowes, Vaughn, J. C., Hughes, F. C., Ingraham, Gransden
3rd Row: Kampe, Laub, Moen, J. H., Richmond, Teetor, McKallip, Brown, C. R. Jr., Wesley, Woodruff, O'Connor, W. B., Walton, Rubens, Hansen, F. E., Genebach, Kitts
2nd Row: Knight, Carlson, Stensgaard, Baker, J. R., Webber, R. C., Jansey, Werner, Gold, Koegler, Gooding, McDonald, C., Hunt, N. B., Fetters, Hoier, Gilbert
1st Row: Cook, E. C., Davenport, Graf, J. C., Christians, Martin, B. T., Scharff, Foster, Gault, Barron, Norris, L. J., McCracken, Nealey, Wier, J. P., Short
Absent Members: Donovan, Graves, Epstein

RICHARD W. AGEE

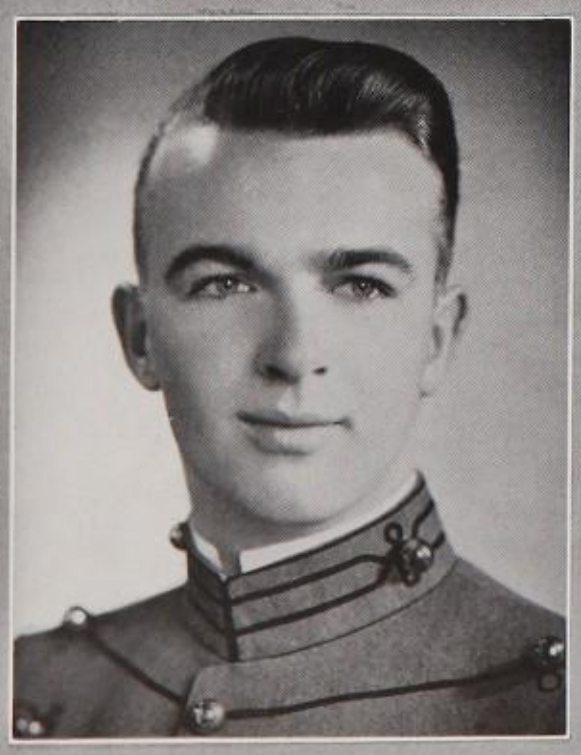
GEORGE B. BACKUS

RICHARD H. BAILEY

NORTON F. BARRON

ROBERT L. BOYD

JOHN J. BRANSFIELD, JR.

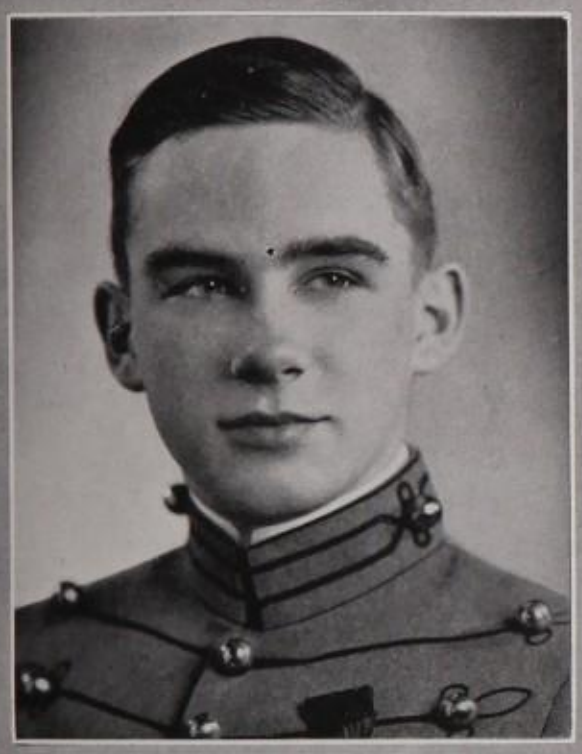


WILLIAM W. BROKAW

STEPHEN B. BROMLEY

JOHN R. BROWN

M. I. BARRENECHEA



FRANK M. BREWSTER, Jr.

JAMES S. BROWN, 3rd.

THE FIRST CLASS

Richard Wallace Agee, Sergeant, Company "D." Short, stocky, good-looking, Dick made up for his size in more ways than one. His hobby seemed to be thinking up new noises (that's all we could call them), for he always had one on the tip of his tongue when he saw any of his friends.

George Baker Backus, Corporal, Company "C." "Back" gave evidence of his Southern breeding with his soft drawl and unhurried movements. However, it was vice versa in water, for he swam off with breast stroke honors on the varsity squad. He also played varsity tennis.

Richard Henry Bailey, Private—Cavalry. Husky, happy, hoosier, excelling in friendship, patron saint of plebes, admired by all, and Beau Brummel of resplendent puttees. His is a good record in crew, golf and soccer. He is heading for Indiana University and more friendships next year.

Marcelino Isaias Barrenechea, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "A." Wild tales of Mexican life came to our ears from the "Baron;" maybe it was these stories or maybe it was just his South American way that gained him such popularity. He led his company soccer team to the regimental championship this year in true gaucho form.

Norton Frederick Barron, 2nd Lieutenant, Artillery. "Buzz" was one of those fellows that everyone liked. When he first got his spurs, he had a terrible time to keep from tripping over them, but with practice he really became quite proficient in handling them.

Robert Lee Boyd, Private, Company "C." "Shyster" spent most of his time conversing in the club room, or relaxing from that, in his own room. But with a fervor for sports, he found time to manage varsity wrestling to a successful season this year.

John Joseph Bransfield, 1st Lieutenant, Cavalry. Debonair, dashing, dandy, soldier par excellence, and athlete superb, he was called "honest John" for veracity in reporting continuous romantic and athletic conquests. A competent member of the swimming team, he was the Troop representative on the Regimental Staff.

Frank McCain Brewster, Sergeant, Company "C." "Brew" spent most of the year working like mad on the *Roll Call*. His studies came in for their share of attention as he received several gold "A's." A rabid supporter of the Q.M. Record shop, he expended his surplus energy on "hot platters."

William Whitfield Brokaw, Color Sergeant, Company "B." Tall, blond, and an answer to a maiden's prayer, "Bill" played a terrific game on the diamond and gridiron. The slightest slur on Washington brought down the house, for it was Washington or none for him.

Stephen Baldwin Bromley, Color Sergeant, Company "C." "Steve" was a potent athlete, wielding a wicked tennis racket and just as formidable a boxing glove. His two years at Culver gave him hosts of friends. Well-liked by everyone, "Steve" hits the long road next year with the admiration of us all.

John Russell Brown, 1st Lieutenant, Company "C." I knew Jack Brown perhaps better than anyone, so I know he was what he seemed. He was hard-working and sincere. His nickname, "Jack Armstrong," though odd was fitting, for he stood by everything fine at Culver; he was a varsity boxer, trackman, cross-countryman, and personnel lieutenant of "C."

James Spencer Brown, 3rd, Corporal, Company "C." "Jim" was the tallest member of Company "C" and a carefree individual. Until sickness knocked him from active competition this year, he played in most company sports, mainly soccer, basketball and baseball. I knew him for the most part as a no mean opponent on the basketball floor.

WILLIAM P. BROWN

JOSEPH R. BYRON

GEORGE F. CHRISTIANS, JR.

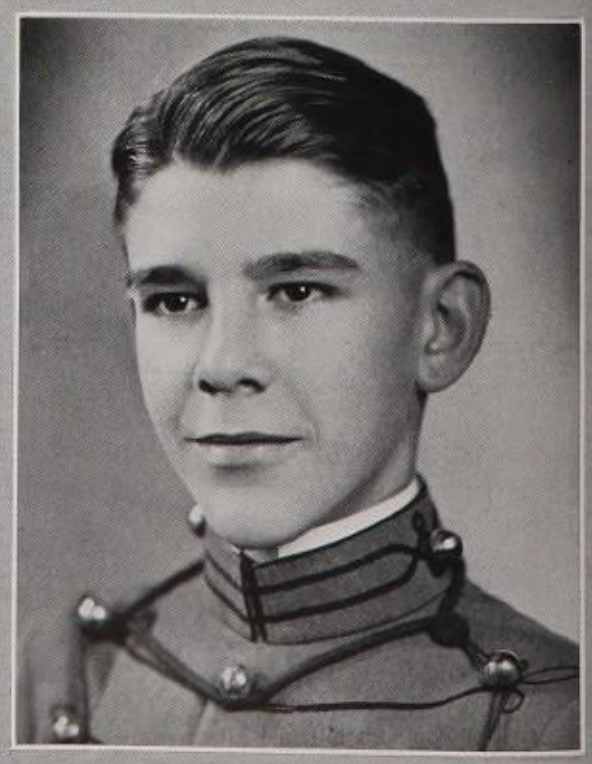
WALTER K. COLLINS

WILLIAM C. COOK

HARKER A. CROW, JR.

FRED DAVENPORT

WILLIAM B. DECKER



DAVID W. DENNIS

ROBERT S. CLARK

WILLIAM M. CURTIS

WALTER E. DITMARS, JR.

William Prusiner Brown, Sergeant, Company "A." "Bill" not only showed his cleverness in the academic field but also in his timely jokes. He was a company soccer player and it's said he's the guy who took it South. "Bill's" clever wit, honest sportsmanship, and persevering stamina will bring him his certain success.

Joseph Rice Byron, Sergeant, Artillery. Here was a real athlete with a disposition that made him one's friend. "Joe" hopes to get into the Army as a graduate of West Point. And we certainly wish him all the luck in the world in a task which is far from easy.

George Frederick Christians, Jr., Sergeant, Artillery. "Chris" was a really good photographer. He took so many pictures, that some of them had to be good. "Chris" went around with a regular gang this year, and he was well liked throughout the corps in all the years he was with us.

Robert Sears Clark, Sergeant, Company "B." "Bob," an exponent of serious training, put his speedy traits to good use in track and football. However, it took a good English class to warm him up for he was a strong and faithful sleeper. As was once said of Abou Ben Adhem, "May his tribe increase."

Walter Kendall Collins, Private, Company "B." "Ripper" was Culver's ace dramatist, starring in the three plays presented this year. He wrote one of the gossip columns in the *Vedette*, "The Gopher and the Mole," and seemed to enjoy making cracks about his fellow cadets and also the faculty. He attempted to start a bridge club and supply the cards. Somebody swiped the cards.

William Campbell Cook, Private, Company "A." "Bill's" specialty was politics, and he freely discussed their aspects, never giving up hope for the return of the G.O.P. Tennis, track, and squash received his attention with vigor. When he leaves, he will part with many sincere friends.

Harker Alexander Crow, 1st Lieutenant, Artillery. From the beginning Harker has had a fine reputation here. Being the right kind of a disciplinarian and an impartial judge, he was well-qualified for his lieutenancy. A superior scholar and bridge fiend, he frequented his favorite haunt, the club room.

William Masten Curtis, 1st Lieutenant, Company "A." "Bill" was that tall, blond Texan member of the Regimental Staff. He was very quiet; but when he talked, he spoke at the time it was most needed. He was an excellent companion to his many friends, and we hate to lose him in June.

Frederick Davenport, Sergeant, Artillery. "Dave" was a skillful fencer and a crack pistol shot, but the thing that made him stand out among his fellows was his love of the classics, especially the works of Shakespeare. Incidentally it helped greatly in any English course which he took.

William B. Decker, Private, Cavalry. With his cheerful disposition and friendly word for everyone, "Bill" couldn't help but have friends. His favorite haunts were the club room and the library when he wasn't engaged in some of his many activities which included Lancers, athletics, and discussion groups.

David Wood Dennis, Private, Artillery. "Dave's" favorite hideout was the club room, his hobby—bridge. He was undoubtedly a success with the girls because of a handsome physiognomy and a pleasing personality. He also originated many of the Battery cheers. He hailed from the good state of Pennsylvania.

Walter Earl Ditmars, Private, Band. "Dit" worked hard in his two years at Culver. He practiced on his cornet a lot, as well as putting in long study hours. He was a staunch supporter of the Band rifle team. "Dit" usually had some morsel of wit to spring on a fellow companion.

JOHN F. DYKES, Jr.

ROBERT E. EARLL

WILLIAM D. EATON

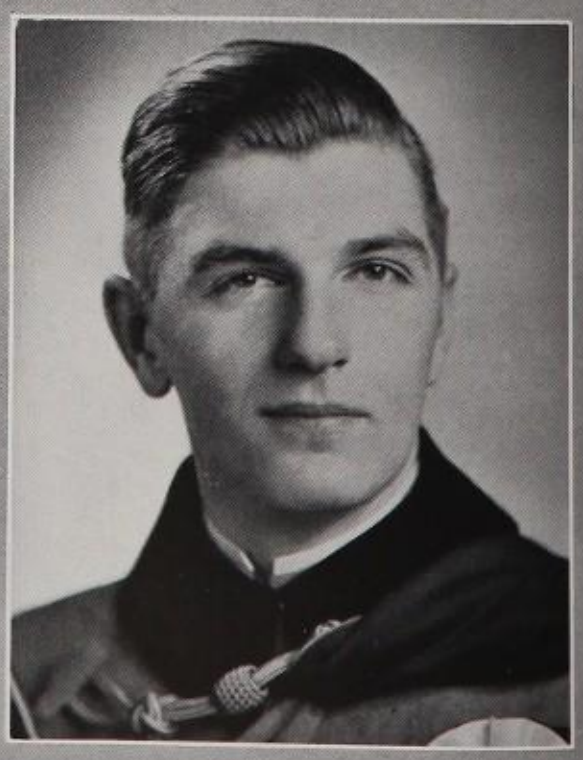
DONALD B. FEGLES

EDWARD A. FETTERS

WAYNE E. FIRESTONE

LEE J. FORD

WILLIAM A. FORSHEE, Jr.



WILLIAM E. FOSTER

TIMOTHY W. ENGLEHART

PERRY W. FISK

DUWARD B. FRAMPTON

John Francis Dykes, Jr., Private, Artillery. Jack could probably imitate Mr. Cinabro better than anyone else in school. If ever there was a lack of entertainment all one would have to do was to go to Dykes' room. There no holds were barred unless, of course, a faculty officer appeared.

Robert Edward Earll, Sergeant, Company "B." "Bob" was one of those personalities found everywhere on the campus; he was a member of the club room family and a company soccer and baseball star. Still he found time in the winter to manage varsity basketball during one of its most successful seasons.

William Dowden Eaton, 1st Lieutenant, Company "A." "Dick" was an expert at bridge and believed in constant practice. As an amateur instructor in the manly art of the rumba, he was a constant danger to my dancing. A thoroughly likeable fellow and a true friend leaves us when he passes through the Gate.

Timothy William Englehart, Private, Company "B." "Tim" was one of that group of "B" Company's three stripers who circulated in the corps as friends of all they met. He was quiet except among friends and possessed a personality which pleased us all; and although he leaves, he remains in our memories of Culver.

Donald Barry Fegles, Jr., Private, Cavalry. When a person likes to play bridge well enough to miss the Saturday night movie, that is true devotion, and Don was just that person. He was always to be seen in action whenever the lake was on limits for skating. We will all miss his acid but good-natured sense of humor next year.

Edward Alfred Fetters, Private, Artillery. "Ed's" favorite sport was baseball. However, when not on the diamond, he spent his time writing long letters to the girls at home with whom he seemed to make a hit just as he did with us here at Culver.

Wayne Edward Firestone, 1st Lieutenant, Company "C." Men who go for corny jokes just flock around Wayne. But that exterior hides a grand personality and an excellent officer. He helped his company academically and scholastically a lot by his silver "A's" and participation in company soccer and rifle.

Perry Warren Fisk, Private, Company "C." Perry, a prototype of happy-go-luckiness, was the "Poe" at Culver; he dashed off numerous articles for the "Quill." It was the Club Room for him until track season came around when he became a valuable member of his company team.

Lee James Ford, Sergeant, Company "D." The saying goes that fat people are always jolly, and Lee was certainly no exception to the rule. To Lee, food was an absolute necessity—not just a pleasure. His weight aided him in holding down one side of the Flying Squadron's line.

William Alva Forshee, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "A." Here is one of the few men who have gone from private to Regimental Staff in five days (Remember?). Faithful is the word to describe the "Forsh" as anyone associated with him will tell you. Purdue and Engineering claim him next year.

William Earl Foster, Captain, Artillery. "Bill" was the tall, extremely popular captain of the Battery this year and an excellent one at that. He was an officer in the Hop Club. His record with the Battery is, to say the least, commendable. As he passes through the gate, we say goodbye to a grand fellow.

Duward Belmont Frampton, Corporal, Company "A." "Pete" was one of the regulars in the club room brigade; kept off the sports field by the "doc," he was always in the gallery. He's been at Ye Olde Alma Mater for three years, and from those years a host of friends are his. His collection of pipes is his pride and joy.

MILTON H. FRIEND, Jr.

FRED L. GAULT

JOHN H. GERNON

JOHN C. GRAF

ALAN G. GRANT

GEORGE G. GRIESE, Jr.

WILLIAM F. HALBLEIB

FRANK J. HALL, Jr.

JEROME B. HANSEN

TODD J. GOODING

ROLAND W. GRIFFITH, Jr.

HORACE F. HARDY

Milton Henry Friend, Private, Artillery. As a supporter of Artillery athletic efforts, "Bro" can find no equal. His good-natured cracks at company football were one of the factors that enabled his team to reach the regimental finals. He and Harry Stout were inseparable friends whose antics kept the Battery holding its collective sides.

Fred Lincoln Gault, 1st Lieutenant, Artillery. Fred came here as a third classman, and he proved himself to be a whiz at academics, and an all around athlete. He's personality plus to most of us, and certainly this asset will be of great value to him always.

John Henry Gernon, Sergeant, Company "A." A first-string upholder of the Varsity "denizens of the fairways" (golf team to you), Hank shone in the pivot position on his company basketball team and also held the forward line of their football team. His pipe often wafted pleasant odors among his friends in the club room.

Todd Junior Gooding, Private, Artillery. This last year Todd was Co-captain of the Varsity Basketball team. Quiet and unassuming, he was the type of fellow with whom I really enjoy being associated. I do not think I stand alone in this opinion for his popularity shows otherwise.

John Christian Graf, Sergeant, Artillery. "Gunner," the Swiss mountaineer, was not only an excellent boxer, but an artist as well. His talent as a talker made him a welcome addition to any barrack bull-session spoken in either French, German, or English. This was one of the reasons for his great popularity.

Alan Granberry Grant, Corporal, Company "D." Despite his quiet, unassuming nature, Alan spent a lively two years at Culver. Varsity crew and wrestling took up the athletic side of his life here, and that little green orderly card speaks for the academic. His personality won him a number of friends and we wish him the best of luck next year.

George Gregory Griese, Jr., Captain, Company "A." "Triple G. Jr." was a very popular cadet captain. He was a varsity oarsman and was active in a myriad of clubs, etc. Last summer he was one of Knox's "rover boys." A grand fellow and a great friend leaves when George graduates.

Roland Wheelock Griffith, Private, Company "A." "Griff" was A's big boy. He had a big heart and a charming nature which made him ready to lend any man a hand. Company sports were his specialty, and he took them all in from football to baseball. He proved to be a good friend to many of us.

William Frederick Halbleib, Corporal, Cavalry. "Bill," with his pleasant disposition and knack for saying the right thing at the right time, will not soon be forgotten by the many friends he made here. Here, too, was the uncommon combination of a fellow who participated ably on the athletic field and yet was to be seen nearly every month on the reading privilege list.

Frank Joshua Hall, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "A." "Hi Pal" was Josh's trademark which earned him his many friends. That Southern humor always seemed to be with him. His more prominent characteristics were laughter, wit, and high spirits, of which he was always well-supplied. Soon (in ten years or so) we'll be calling him Doctor Hall.

Jerome Berthold Hansen, Private, Company "C." "Jerry" was a highly talented rifleman, but he got his greatest pleasure exploring the inner regions of a motor. During his spare time between formations he joined his many friends who dashed off to the club room for a hand of bridge.

Horace Frederick Hardy, Private, Cavalry. Though not often seen on the athletic field, "Horatio" did his bit in the cause of trying to get Troop out of the cellar academically. His room was full of jumping ribbons won at fairs, and he also did some jumping while here at school.

DAVID F. HARRIS

ROSS HARRIS

STILES S. HARRIS

ROBERT E. HEILMAN

HARVEY A. HELLER, Jr.

ROBERT H. HERBST

WILLIAM D. HIRSCHFIELD

BRIGGS A. HOFFMAN, Jr.

ARTHUR F. HOGE

THOMAS C. HARVEY

JEAN C. HIESTAND, Jr.

WALTER L. HUNN

David Frease Harris, 2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry. "Dave" was forever being chided for the crimson blush that spread over his features at seemingly trivial things, but he enjoyed it as much as his tormentors. An ability to take a kidding good-naturedly is a valuable thing anywhere, and this plus his other traits should stand him in good stead.

Ross Harris, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "B." In all the four years that Ross has been at Culver, I can't remember any time that I have seen him on the campus without a companion. He made his friends through sheer personality. And as a result they were friends that lasted—the kind we want.

Stiles Shelton Harris, Private, Company "B." Could you ever forget that grin? Quiet, unassuming, modest, Harris is one of those people you don't easily get to know. Once known, he's equally hard to forget.

Thomas Chadwick Harvey, Sergeant, Cavalry. "T. C." has probably the dubious honor of being one of the most frequent visitors to the Club Room. He was, during his four years here, one of those super experts on swing records who fill our halls with melodious jazz.

Robert Edson Heilman, Corporal, Band. Many say that "Bob" never saw a serious moment. Give him a trumpet and some innocent on whom to play his pranks, and Bob is happy. Everyone had to like him wherever he went, for Bob was beyond disliking.

Harvey Augustus Heller, Private, Company "B." One of the more proficient "B" company playboys, Harvey majored on the guard sheet and the squash courts. He liked to have fun, and with him around, there was always plenty. Earnest in his undertakings, Harvey will get along in the years to come.

Robert Harry Herbst II, Private, Cavalry. "Doc" was the Troop's extra special addition to the Jazz Band. His quiet pleasing disposition came to an abrupt end whenever he took his place behind his battery of synthalating skins. "Doc's" extemporaneous humor and our relationship with him will be a part of our Culver memories.

Jean Carter Hiestand, Sergeant, Band. "Doc" was all-around. Sports meant a lot to him, and he meant a lot to sports. He played the sousaphone in the Band, and was four times a gold "A" man. A potential lawyer, "Doc" attends Columbia next year. He earned his name from the glasses he wore.

William Donald Hirschfield, 2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry. Known by the peculiar name of "Arab," he is an unforgettable character to his companions. He took a constant kidding with his consistent good humor that never failed to materialize. For this reason, he was one of the Troop's most popular officers.

Briggs Alexander Hoffman, Jr., Private, Artillery. In his three years here, "Briggs" never got mad at anyone. It was his very quiet, but firm conviction of affairs in general that made him so very interesting to be around. Briggs liked swing and had quite a collection of discs. We all hate to lose him.

Arthur Franklin Hoge, Private, Company "B." From Fort Smith, Arkansas, Art was easily distinguished by a southern accent. Always boosting his state, he frequented the club room and chapter room and was game for a hand of bridge anytime. We wish him luck.

Walter Leo Hunn, Sergeant, Company "A." "Walt" was everybody's best friend. He was particularly popular as an advisor for the lovesick and homesick. Culver will remember him as the small town boy with a big heart and a grand future.

DAVID B. HUSTON

FRANK M. IRELAN

WERNER JANSSEN, Jr.

JOHN R. JONES

RICHARD M. JONES

WILLIAM W. KAELBER

FRANK J. KELLY, 3rd

JOHN R. KING

DAVID F. KIRN

HUBERT J. JENKINS, Jr.

LOUIS D. KECK, Jr.

CHARLES B. KNAPPEN, Jr.

David Bradley Huston, 2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry. Being veteran varsity swordsman and accomplished academic marksman are a few of the items that accompanied "Dave" as a clever and capable cadet officer. For two years he was a mainstay of the Troop soccer team. His personality and dependability were synonyms for efficiency and a worthy friend.

Frank Meek Irelan, Private, Artillery. Don't be mislead by his middle name for "Irish" was as tough as they come. One of the outstanding athletes of the year, he was famous for his not-too dry humor and manly physique. He was the daddy of the first class because he was the oldest member.

Werner Janssen, Jr., Captain, Band. Take a man, give him a clarinet, some track shorts, twenty-four quality points, and captain's chevrons and you have "Fritz." A musical prodigee, Werner is headed into a great musical career. We all wish him the luck that he deserves.

Hubert Johnston Jenkins, Private, Cavalry. When "Jube" wasn't worrying about his girl, he had a rather laudable habit of breaking swimming records. His chief delight was almost drowning some luckless individual in water polo. He was also a horseman and a rough rider of no mean ability.

John Richard Jones, 1st Lieutenant, Company "B." Short, determined, and sincere, "Rick" showed more get up and go than a lot of fellas despite his size. He always had some caustic joke for anyone that might listen to him. Sometimes I wonder if he wasn't born for the entertainment world.

Richard McClellan Jones, Private, Company "A." "Mabe," the darling of "A" Company, let his bashful but devilish grin acquire for him the real friendship of his classmates in every organization. Prominent in basketball, all company sports saw him out, and the club room was a second home to him.

William Walbridge Kaelber, Private, Company "D." Studious, well-liked, and almost a habitual inhabitant of the First Class Club Room, Bill was one of the mainstays of the "D" Company football team. He had a casual, unhurried personality that won him a host of friends.

Louis Douglas Keck, Sergeant, Artillery. A fireball if there ever was one. Put together a magnetic personality, a favorite on the gridiron, and a southern accent, roll it up in a ball and there's "Rollo." The outlook was never dark for him, and despite his weight he was agile enough to figure in many company sports.

Frank J. Kelly, Sergeant, Company "C." I've often thought that Frank was Culver's "forgotten man"—he was an excellent scholar, athlete, and sergeant, but somehow the "brass hats" just never got around to making him a lieutenant. His "logic" was something not to be forgotten.

John Ralston King, 1st Lieutenant, Company "D." Kalamazoo direct to you, otherwise known as "King Hey." He captained the football champions, was the best basketball guard, short stop on the company baseball team, but then he still had time to catch a quicky in the club room and play a couple of hands of bridge.

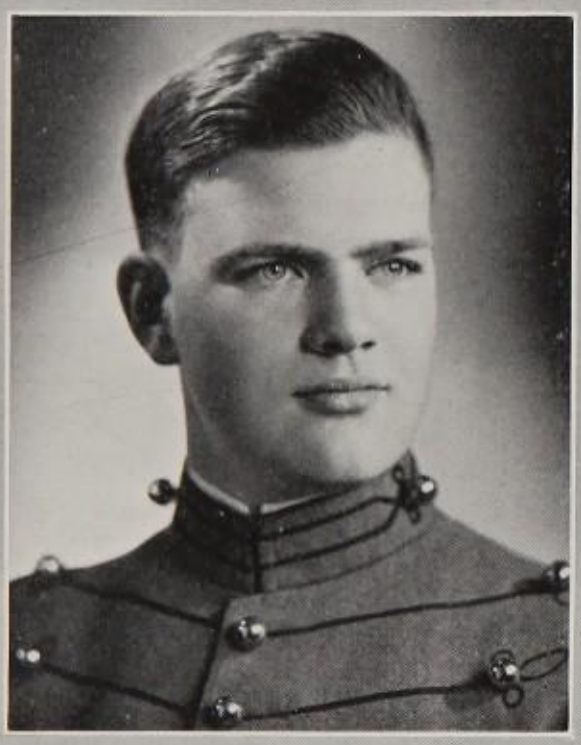
David Frederick Kirn, Sergeant, Company "D." When someone has some outstanding characteristic, you can't help but remember him, and it was the same way with "Dave." You heard a pun, then a laugh falling off into wonderment because no other laughs joined him, and then a ready smile—and that was "Dave" in a nutshell.

Charles Brown Knappen, 1st Lieutenant, Company "D." "Charlie" had the proud distinction of designing and wearing the first chevrons for posture lieutenants. "Chuck" really thought that parades ought to be thrilling, so while driving his motorcycle at an exhibition, he stalled it and gave the next driver a chance to do some fancy maneuvering. Then he throttled his bike in the mud and ended the day with an awfully dirty face.

MARK H. KOLTER

JOSEPH O. KOSTNER

JAMES KRESL



GEORGE B. LANMAN, Jr.

ROBERT B. LAWYER

WILLIAM N. LEHRER

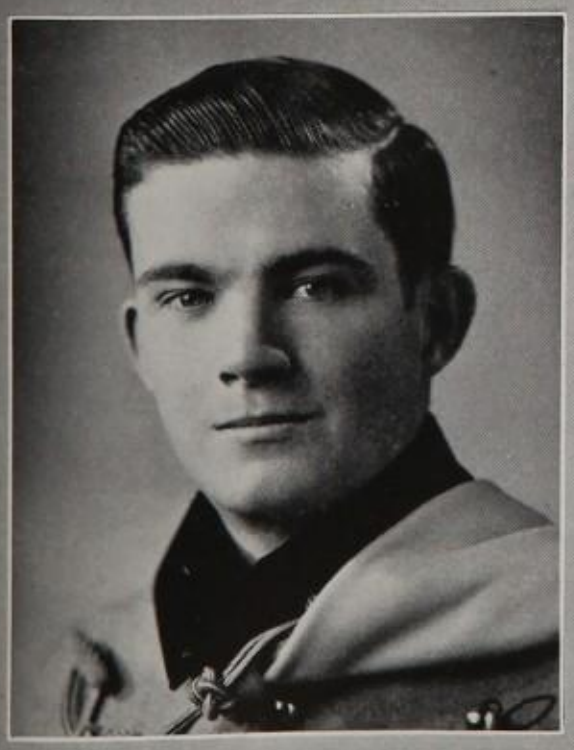
MARCIAL LLANO

BILLY W. McCRACKEN

GUY E. McGAUGHEY

ROBERT H. KUHN

WILLIAM P. LEWIS



ROBERT E. McKINSTRY

Mark Henry Kolter, Private, Cavalry. Besides throwing a mean punch at varsity boxing opponents, "Bud" lent his talents to many a victorious company team in his four years here. His collection of records was renowned as one of the best in the school both as to size and variety. We can never recollect his looking downhearted.

Joseph Ottokar Kostner, Corporal, Company "D." A constant gag expert of the "Shoot the spam to me, mam" type, one of the fixtures of the Chapter Room, and one of the glamour boys of the school in a weird sort of way all go to make up Joe. His personality impressed all of us.

James Kresl, 1st Lieutenant, Company "A." Football, basketball, and track were varsity letter sports for "Jim." He was as good-natured as they come. He was always full of pranks. Remember? As he leaves, he carries with him part of our Culver memories which we cherish so highly.

Robert Hugh Kuhn, 2nd Lieutenant, Cavalry. Things were always popping in the Troop barracks when "Fritz" was on deck. He was either engrossed in some task or was an eager participant in sports or conversation. His girl and his platoon were his two chief loves and worries.

George Burnham Lanman, Private, Company "B." George was a big, easy-going fellow and easy to live with. He frequented the club room, though he didn't smoke. George was popular with all, and as he liked having fun, there wasn't a dull moment when he was around. We all wish him luck.

Robert Bernard Lawyer, Sergeant, Company "B." "Bob" was always willing to try his hand at a game of bridge. He was a quiet, reserved individual who never made anyone mad. We hate to lose him, but we still wish him all the luck in the world.

William Neal Lehrer, 1st Lieutenant, Cavalry. Another one of those proud Texans, Bill had the stuff that made him one of those fellows that really put backbone into the officer group of the Troop. I knew him for his genial drawl whenever he spoke with anyone.

William P. Lewis, Private, Cavalry. This outwardly serene chap excelled in dramatics and was given the title of "Wild Bill" for his spectacular riding in many polo matches. His bottomless source of comebacks and clever conversation added much enjoyment to our campus life.

Marcial Llano, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "D." The "Spik" was Mexico's gift to Company "D." After he played on his company's soccer team for three years, he finished his fourth year on the regimental championship football team. Quite a wit, "Spik" loved to have fun. We all wish him the best of everything.

Billy Woods McCracken, Sergeant, Artillery. A yearling sergeant overgraced with that admirable trait, efficiency, Billy also made a name for himself as a cross-country man and scholar. He was a tireless worker in his capacity as company clerk, but this did not keep him from "figuring in" on many jam sessions.

Guy Ennis McGaughey, Color Sergeant, Company "B." "Mac" gained his fame by fraying the hoops on the hardwood court. Although he always maintained that his studies were a problem, he was a talented braintruster, receiving three gold A's. He was one of the basketball team's co-captains this year.

Robert Emmet McKinstry, Captain, Company "B." "Bob" was a short, good-natured guy with an exceptionally congenial personality. Popular with everyone with whom he came in contact, he made a record here of the most enviable quality. He goes on to Cornell next year, but he leaves with us the memory of a good friend and a Culver man.

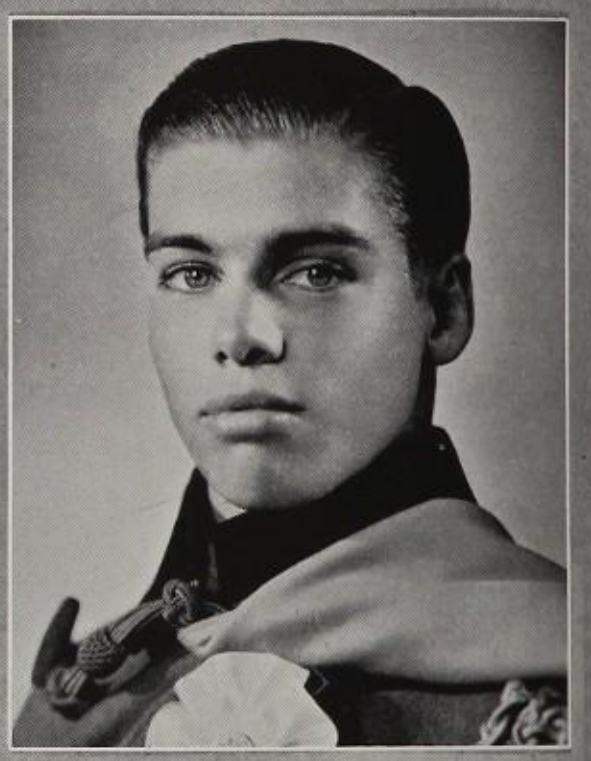
LINFORD S. MacDONALD

DAVID V. MAHAN

DAVID C. MAIN

BERTRAM T. MARTIN

MARSHALL M. MASSEY

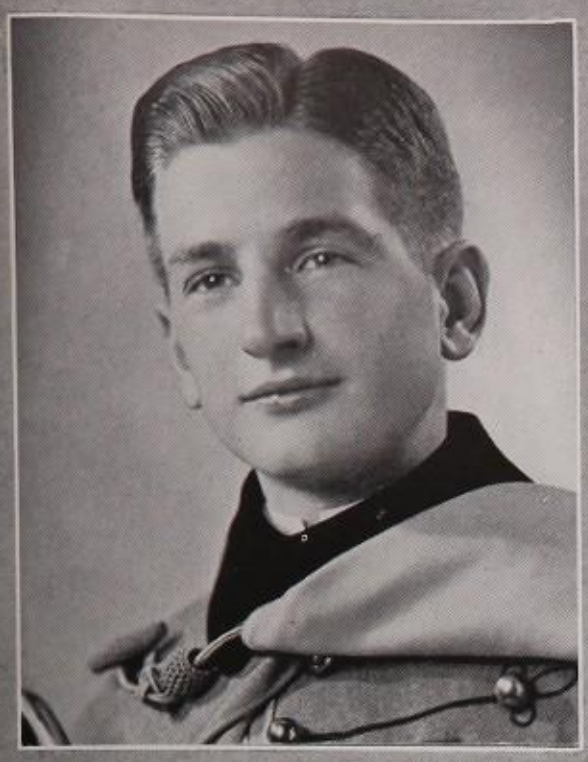


RICHARD D. MAXSON

RICHARD B. MONCRIEF

WILLIAM L. MONRO, 3RD

FREDERICK R. MORAN



ROBERT L. MANNING

RICHARD W. MIDDLETON

EVERETT T. NEALEY, 3RD

Linford Smith MacDonald, Sergeant, "Artillery." "Dashboard" was given his name by Major Kitts because "Mac" liked to stick his feet out in front of the horse. "Dashboard" was one of the best drivers in the Battery last year. Other than this, many of the better bridge players met their defeat at "Mac's" hands.

David Vincent Mahan, Sergeant, Cavalry. Gentleman of culture, superior soldier, modest and friendly, popular for patience with plebes, versatility in athletics—these are but a few of the phrases with which we can describe him. He was nicknamed "Mouse" for careful listening and studious reserve and was a "left-hander" who was always right.

David Cummings Main, Sergeant, Cavalry. Genial, blond, "Dave" didn't seem to know what blue Monday meant. He had an unbeatable reputation for being one of the Troop's best chasers of blues. I think I knew him best for the traits which made him so much fun to be associated with.

Robert Lafayette Manning, 1st Lieutenant, Company "B." One of last summer's "Rover Boys," "Hosey" led a rather interesting life. He did look funny on the Battalion Staff beside Forshee and Griese. His was a character not easily forgettable, and I'm sure we shall not forget him after he leaves.

Bertram Templin Martin, 1st Lieutenant, Artillery. "Bert" and his roommate made up the well-known "M and M Bar," which was none other than 312 Main. "Bert" was known for his very bass voice that did most of its bassening his second class year. When we separate in June, we will lose a great friend in him.

Marshall Mitchell Massey, 1st Lieutenant, Company "C." "C" Company was lucky this year in having one of its first lieutenants a "living brain" —mastermind Marshall Mitchell Massey. Varsity crew and rifleman, lieutenant in the Motorized Infantry, "Mart" did a good job.

Richard Dan Maxson, Senior Captain, Company "C." "Jack-of-all-trades and master of none" certainly doesn't apply to "Danny"—he was master of everything. Scholar, athlete, regimental commander, he was outstanding in nearly every field, as his record shows. His popularity was great among the corps.

Richard Westbrook Middleton, Corporal, Cavalry. "Dick," the man of dual character, conservative, sensible, and ingenious student. But, when he took his position as an athlete he was transformed into a fiery, spirited sportsman. Combining these enviable qualities we assemble a Culver cadet that we are truly proud of.

Richard Barto Moncrief, Corporal, Artillery. One of "Monty's" joys was loafing in the club room, an activity which didn't impair his pistol shooting. He was also famous throughout South for his large supply of confections. To clear up any doubts—that means South Barrack.

William L. Monro, Private, Company "B." "Charlie" was one of Culver's grand old men. He was the originator of some of the best practical jokes ever to come out of a club room and was a Fort Knox "rover boy" of good standing. His varsity sweater came for varsity rifle.

Frederick Robert Moran, Private, Company "A." A football and "Fred" went together. Without a football there was less chance for a game, without "Fred" there was less chance for a victory. His incessant smile hypnotized the most violent opponent. Remember the St. John's game?

Everett Thornton Nealey, Sergeant, Artillery. "Slug" hardly fits the description of the smooth New-Englander who is so proud of his home state, Maine. No one knows where this nickname started; it seems he has always had it. The "nice boy" of third floor Main was also a capable officer and congenial friend.

JAMES R. NELSON

CLYDE E. NOBLE

JAMES E. ODELL

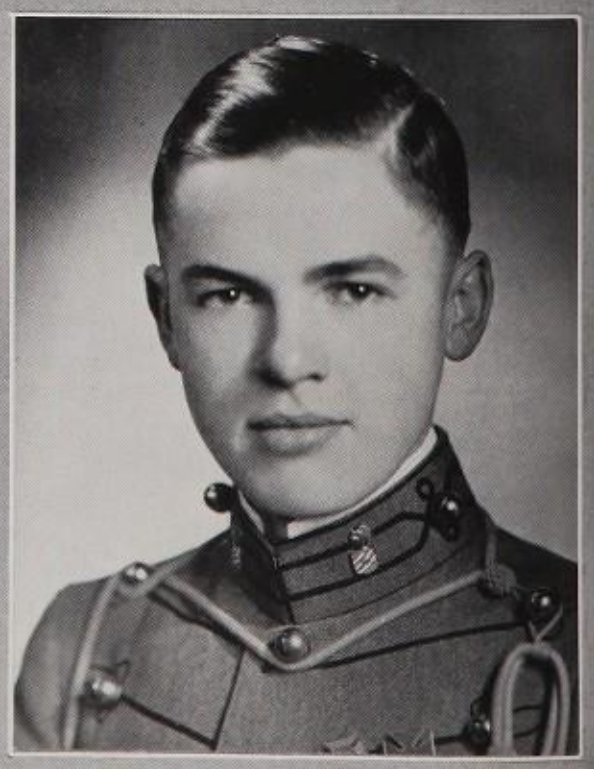
ROBERT L. PARKER

JAMES G. PASCHAL

ROBERT E. PHELPS

FARRAND C. PRINDLE

WILLIAM D. REES



EDWARD K. ROBERTSON

GUSTAVE W. OSTERMANN

LYLE S. POWELL, Jr.

LAYNE ROGERS

James Richard Nelson, Sergeant, Band. "Jim" has been clowning probably ever since he saw light. We know he has for the past four years. His always congenial way made a place for him in every group. We don't like to lose him, but we wish him the best of luck when he leaves.

Clyde Everett Noble, Corporal, Band. Everyone liked Clyde's cornet solos as well as his dramatic attempts. Conversationalist enough for any three persons, his personality won for him many friendships here at Culver, and we're more than sure that it will be a great asset at Vanderbilt.

James Ernest Odell, 1st Lieutenant, Company "A." "Odle" as an all-around chap polished off the year as Editor of the *Roll Call*, upon which he spent many tedious moments. A varsity fencing letter and membership in Cum Laude speak for the versatility of his nature. His absent place at school next year will be hard to fill as his ambitious record shows.

Gustave William Ostermann, Sergeant, Company "A." "Gus" was in the glee club as mainstay of the second tenor section. Most of us knew him as a real pal, with always some time for horse play. "Gus" frequented the club room and was a fiend for bridge. We shall miss him next year.

Robert Lee Parker, Captain, Company "C." Bob was transferred from "D" this year to be "C's" captain; he did the swell job we all expected. He helped his company in football and basketball, and still had time to get a varsity letter in baseball and with national championship ability lead the Skeet team. I thought he was a good kid.

James Greene Paschal, Sergeant, Band. "Jim" was from Winston-Salem, and to be sure, he had a Carolinian accent. When not supporting some athletic team, he enjoyed playing his sweet-swing records. He plans on going to the University of North Carolina, possibly just to get away from Indiana weather.

Robert Eugene Phelps, Corporal, Company "A." "Bob" was old "A's" mascot. His short legs and long winded tales won him his reputation of a good comrade. While at Culver he not only increased his knowledge of golf, soccer, and scholastics, but acquired the titles of the "Missing Link" and the "Angel." His information on autos exceeds that of Henry Ford.

Lyle Stephenson Powell, Jr., Corporal, Company "A." Lyle, the "Spider," was the tallest thing that ever grew in Kansas, nor did he fall short as a scholar and a crew man. But I remember him most for his excellent arguments and debates. He will certainly succeed in his chosen field of medicine because of his perfect understanding of our human traits.

Farrand Clarke Prindle, Corporal, Band. "F. C." hailed from a great big little town in Pennsylvania named Ellsland. He frequented the club room, and had the friendship of all. His amiable disposition will be generally missed next year when he'll be at Cornell, but he'll be with some twenty odd Culver men there.

William David Rees, Sergeant, Artillery. "Bill" was the mad chemist of the Battery. He spent his days in the upper regions of Old Main and his nights studying on his last notes. Next year he'll be cramming for his chosen profession—chemical engineering. When not studying chemistry, he was a strong oar-puller on the varsity shell.

Edward Kingsley Robertson, Sergeant, Company "B." Boxer and brightie, this boy is one who *will* do things his own way. It seems to work out pretty well in the end, so why object? Personally, I always wish I could wear a varsity sweater with the air he managed.

Layne Rogers, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "D." Tall, athletic, good-looking, "Rog" would be hard to mention without saying something about his sports. A master in everything he tried with close to 9 varsity letters, ever busy at something, "Rog" always found time to help a friend.

EDWARD T. ROSE

THEODORE F. ROSENBAUM

ROBERT G. RUBENS

JACK G. SCHARFF

MELVIN H. SCHLESINGER, Jr.

CHARLES SCHWARTZ

RAY SEARLES, Jr.

FRANK A. SEWELL, Jr.

JOHN B. SHAVER, Jr.

WILLIAM F. SCHACHT

WILFRED L. SCOTT, JR.

WALTER A. SHEAFFER

Edward Thomas Rose, Private, Company "B." Sleeping through breakfast was "Sleepy's" favorite pastime, and to be truthful, he never did seem wide awake. However, he displayed much ability in winning his many friends. He spent most of his time in the Domicile of the First Class.

Theodore Franklin Rosenbaum, Sergeant, Company "B." "Rosey's" tales of Iowa were something we all enjoyed (?). He was with us for four years, and he won many staunch friends. His specialty was golf, but he also played a good game of soccer. No matter where he was, he was able to have a good time, and we all admired him for this.

Robert George Rubens, Private, Artillery. "Bob" was a great lover of horses. His favorite sports were polo, jumping, and riding. Because of his interest in the goings on in the stables, he is sometimes known as "Doc" although I'm not quite sure what the connection was.

William Frederick Schacht, Captain, Cavalry. I knew him mostly for the songs he wrote, and, believe me, they were good songs. His room was the cause of much envy among the more unfortunate of us, for it was equipped with a private shower. Seriously though, he left a lasting impression with us.

Jack Gordon Scharff, 1st Lieutenant, Artillery. Jack leaves behind him an exceptionally well-balanced record at Culver. As an athlete: winning every wrestling match in which he took part; as a scholar: gaining membership to Cum Laude Society; as a soldier: performing his duties as a lieutenant with efficiency comparable with the best.

Melvin H. Schlesinger, Private, Cavalry. "Slesh" was a wild and woolly Denver man and proud of it. It must be admitted that he earned the title by reason of his exploits on the polo field. His room was often the center of an animated bull session and was also renowned for good food which it held.

Charles Schwartz, Sergeant, Company "B." Crazy about baseball and Benny Goodman, Charley kept a fairly complete swing library. He was one of the Rover Boys, and a popular one at that. We'll miss him next year on the athletic field, in the barracks, as well as in the club room. A good guy from every angle, we wish him good luck.

Wilfred Leech Scott, Jr., Sergeant, Company "D." "Scotty" had a disposition that anyone could envy. A willingness to help any of his friends, always a few pet sayings on hand—no matter what the case, and a short stature. I'm not sure his height was an asset, but it certainly wasn't a liability.

Ray Searles, Jr., Sergeant, Field Artillery. He's all right, but don't tell him we said so. Might go to his head. A one-girl man. (And very nice, too—we've met her, yessir.) Greatest merit: rifle marksmanship (letter plus all the medals there are). Greatest worry: Losing his hair. Stop worrying, pal.

Frank Asa Sewell, Jr., Captain, Company "D." "Luke" was good at everything he did; his personality found him 600 sincere friends. The journalistic field won't be able to hold down the author of "Smoke Rings" and the sports section of this book.

John Beecher Shaver, Jr., Private, Company "D." Long, lanky, and good-natured, Jack always had some kind of a story on hand for anyone that would listen to him. Jack knew all there was to know about the great Jurgens, and he never tired telling you everything concerned with him.

Walter A. Sheaffer, Sergeant, Cavalry. "Walt's" favorite pastime was a good game of bridge in the club room, closely followed by the composition of long letters to the one he left behind. We never tired of hearing him tell of his harrowing (?) adventures at camp.

NORMAN H. SPITZER

WILLIAM E. STEVENS

JOHN T. STEVENSON

HARRY A. STOUT

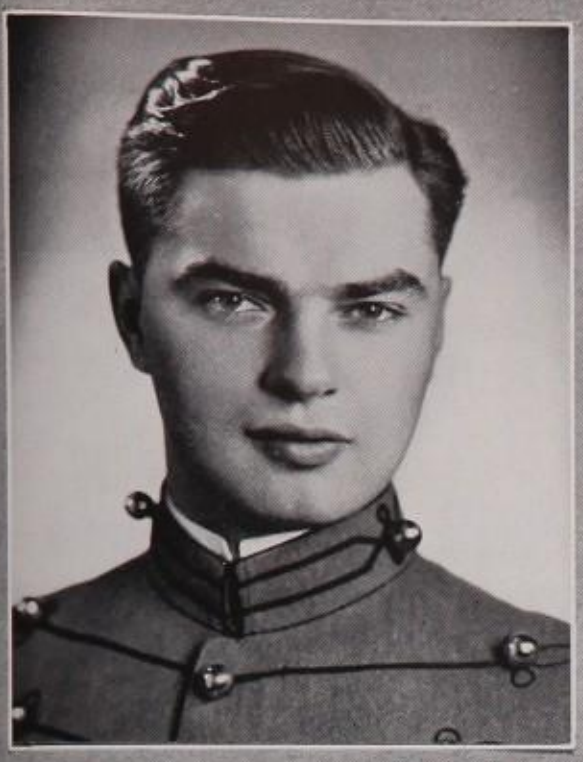
WILLIAM M. TONKIN

LAMBERT C. TROVILLION

WILLIAM E. TUTTLE

GEORGE E. VAN HAGEN

CHARLES R. WALKER



GEORGE STIMMEL

WILFRED W. TROVILLION

JOHN M. WALKER

Norman Herbert Spitzer, 1st Lieutenant, Company "D." "Norm," though a Fightin' "D" "Looie," was noted for his outrageous pranks. Anything with excitement in it fascinated him. His puns drove us mad for four years, but we weathered this and found him to be a staunch friend. We will remember him as a true Culver man.

William Edward Stevens, Sergeant, Band. Music, academics, athletics—he was a master in them all. His performances on the varsity and company tennis alike were big helps. Bill could play clarinet or sax with the best. Columbia will get him next year when he goes on to college.

John Thomas Stevenson, Corporal, Cavalry. "Steve" was the type of person that could come in at the cross country races and still get "A" from Captain Bates the next morning, and believe me that is no easy task—especially getting that "A" from Captain Bates. I know, I tried.

George Stimmel, Jr., Sergeant, Company "C." Since I knew him well, I'm sure that George wasn't the retiring fellow he seemed; Color Sergeant trackman, and an excellent student, he certainly proved himself among the best.

Harry Allerdice Stout, Private, Artillery. Harry roamed the ranks of the Battery for four years. Constantly seen in the presence of Friend, he was the centre of a group of friends. Though when we lose him, we lose a good friend, we wish him the best of luck.

William McClung Tonkin, Sergeant, Artillery. "Wild Bill" really knows his way around, having been here five years. Besides his letters to Southern belles, the Rebel is noted for his contention that the South really won the War; no one can tell him anything to the contrary.

Lambert Carr Trovillion, 2nd Lieutenant, Band. "L. C." never overdid himself. He was a good officer, played a good first trombone, and did what he did well. His good humor and sense of fairness marked him above the average.

Wilfred Whittemore Trovillion, Sergeant, Band. "Tony" found time to participate in many activities and was a constant live-wire. He had a pleasing personality and was always amiable as was his brother. His clarinet was a welcome addition to the Band's reed section.

William Edwin Tuttle, Sergeant, Artillery. "Bill" was one of the outstanding basketball players in the battery both his years here—last year's champs, and among this year's best liked group of players. "Bill" seemed to be outstanding in everything and anything that he chose to undertake, and he undertook a lot. His many friends will miss him.

George Van Hagen, Sergeant, Cavalry. This dextrous Trooper displayed his proficiency on all fronts in his two years with us beside Lake Maxinkuckee. With a boisterous tenor voice he graced the glee club for two years. Besides being a varsity man, "Van" was a crack horseman and a likeable fellow.

Charles Richard Walker, Private, Cavalry. "Dick" will be remembered as one of the famous "night raiders" who caused so much devilment last year with their inter-room wars. For two years he swung an able mallet for the varsity polo team besides being active in various company sports and outside activities.

John M. Walker, Jr., Private, Cavalry. "Johnny" would have been one of the boys even if his trouble with math hadn't placed him close to the hearts of the rest of us fellow strugglers. He also carved quite a name for himself as a mallet swinger on the polo field.

MORRIS R. WEILER

CHARLES R. WEIR

HOWARD A. WEISS

JAMES A. WEST, Jr.

DICK G. WILLIAMS

WILLIAM A. WILLIAMS

ROBERT K. WOODS

SIDNEY C. WRIGHT

THOMAS H. WEISS

JOHN B. WOODRUFF

Morris Raymond Weiler, 2nd Lieutenant, Company "D." When "Ray" first came to Culver, he was a mere five foot plebe. Since then he has stretched a little. His height seemed to be of advantage to Ray when he participated in his favorite sports. As captain of his company basketball team, he interfered with his opponents so often that he was a good forward.

Charles Richard Weir, Private, Band. "Dick" was about the size of a mouse, the biggest difference being that I never saw a mouse with glasses on. One of his delights was in walking around the mess hall in the capacity of *Vedette* News Editor. His friends were many, and we all wish him the best of luck.

Howard Allen Weiss, 1st Lieutenant, Cavalry. He fondled his boots so carefully that one might almost think he was in love with them. No one minded this, for when one really got to know him, he found a swell fellow and a great friend.

Thomas Horn Weiss, Corporal, Cavalry. "Tommy" was a serious-minded New Yorker who is going to follow medicine for a career. He represented the Cavalry in just about all forms of athletics from soccer to rifle. Wishing him luck for the future, we salute a true friend.

James Allen West, Jr., Color Sergeant, Company "D." That subtle Southern humor and a habitual devotion to the South characterized "Mama." He never let you forget that the South was the best part of the country. His personality will not let us forget him.

Dick Gossard Williams, Corporal, Company "B." Basketball player supreme, good student, and pleasant fellow, he was usually hard to find, but these traits seem to be rolled up in the "Skipper," one of the most popular white stripe yearlings I have known.

William Addison Williams, Lieutenant, Cavalry. "Bill" has struggled through five years of Culver life and is one of those few lads in the corps that everyone knows. He could have more fun on leave than any three other fellows. In the spring he captained the varsity tennis team through a successful season.

John Barnett Woodruff, Private Artillery. "Woody" was a fine boxer and a good student. In spite of his studies he was always ready to take time off for a hearty bull session with the other inmates of old Main. And he was indeed popular for this.

Robert Kenneth Woods, Private, Band. "Bob" was an ardent bridge fan. When not passing his time in the Chapter Room, he could be found in the Club Room. Although athletics didn't appeal to him, he played a good first chair baritone in the band, which, believe me, is considerably harder than it looks.

Sidney Conger Wright, 1st Lieutenant, Band. "Sid" hailed from Mexico City along with several others of the Corps as his fluent Spanish showed me. I knew him well enough to know that his gentlemanly personality will carry him well in later years after he passes through the Iron Gate.

EDWARD C. COOK

CLARENCE W. EPLEY

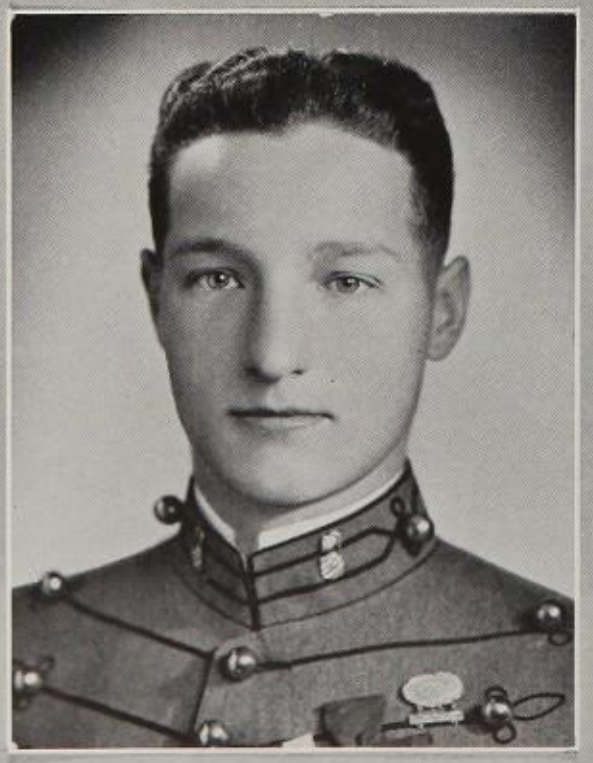
ROBERT S. ESTABROOK

DARRELL C. HAMEL

FREDERICK E. HANSEN

MICHAEL KANGERGA

FLOYD N. MARTIN



ROBERT F. REDLINGER

WILLIAM P. SHORT

ROLAND C. GARRETSON

HAROLD W. KRETCHMAR

CHARLES W. ZIEBARTH

Edward C. Cook, Private, Artillery. "Eddie," that staunch supporter of his home town, Mendota, Illinois, was made a First Classman after mid-semester. His favorite pastime next to rifle shooting was playing bridge in the First Class Club Room. In him we had a good friend.

Clarence William Epley, Private, Company "C." "Ep" to you—did whatever he took up in a big way, whether it was company football, or Joan (guess which interested him most). Perhaps because he came from Gettysburg, Ep agreed with the historians' idea that the North really won the Civil War.

Robert S. Estabrook, Private, Cavalry. "Bob" was one of those men in company football around whose side of the line no sensible team would attempt to run a play. He was one of the gang that enlivened the atmosphere of the club room, and his presence was always welcome wherever good company could be found.

Roland C. Garretson, Private, Cavalry. Whenever you heard a roar of a model engine from the basement of the Commerce Building, it was a safe bet that Roland was down there tinkering with his favorite model racer. He did not confine his activities just to model building although it was his favorite pastime, for he was a capable member of our excellent skeet team.

Darrel C. Hamel, Private, Cavalry. Despite his brief stay here, he was far from being an obscure member of the Corps. He had an insatiable curiosity when it came to the subject of guns of which he had an extraordinarily fine knowledge. He was a fast little man, and he used his fleetness to good advantage in the sports in which he participated.

Frederick E. Hansen, Private, Artillery. "Swede" was noted throughout the school for his deep, bear-like voice which made the windows of Old Main rattle. A loyal battery-man to the core, he supported his company teams in football, wrestling, swimming, and boxing.

Michael Kangerga, Private, Company "A." In the one year that "Mike" spent with us, he proved himself to be a real go-getter and a true Texan. His slow easy speech, along with his hard-working spirit has certainly set a high standard. His belief was that the toughest and roughest and best folks came from Texas, and he truly lived up to his belief.

Harold W. Kretchmar, Private, Company "D." "Kretch" came here in the fall of '40 and got his privileges in February. It was rather hard for me to know him very well in the short time between February and June, but he had a winning personality which brought us a lot closer to him.

Floyd Neal Martin, Private, Company "B." Neal entered Culver at the mid-year his plebe year, and he has wasted no time in becoming one of his company's most popular yearlings. I think his habitual good nature will go far toward making him a success in later life.

Robert F. Redlinger, Sergeant, Company "C." Though "Red" was a yearling, he set himself several very high marks at which to grasp, and he got just what he reached for. With varsity football and track letters, and participation in most company sports, he was a valuable man to have around.

William P. Short, Private, Artillery. As his record shows, "Phil" was a devoted athlete and a great asset to Battery track teams. Possessed with a broad smile and a high, cackling laugh, his voice was recognizable in any crowd where there ensued a hearty bull session.

Charles William Ziebarth, Private, Band. "Charley" was one of those plebes who got his privileges at mid-semester. He plugged away at the French Horn and was an essential Band member. He also was a crew man of no ill repute. We wish him all the luck in the world.

FIRST CLASS DIRECTORY

Chevrons, stripes, medals, letters, and pins

RICHARD WALLACE AGEE, COMPANY D. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Fencing (II, I Captain) Varsity Wrestling (III), Company Soccer (IV, III, II, I).

GEORGE BAKER BACKUS, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I), Honor Guard (I), Motorized Infantry (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (II, I), Varsity Tennis (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Varsity Club (I).

RICHARD HENRY BAILEY, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer, Company Basketball, Company Golf.

MARCELINO ISAIAS BARRENECHEA, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II), 2nd Lieutenant (I), Motorized Infantry (II, I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (IV, III, II, I Captain), Company Rifle (IV, III, II, I), Company Squash (IV, III, II, I), *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club (I), Hop Club (I).

NORTON FREDERICK BARRON, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Lieutenant (I), Four Gun Drill (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (II), Varsity Boxing (I), Company Swimming (III), Company Football (III, II, I All Star Team), Company Boxing (II), Company Wrestling (III, II Regimental Champions, I); *Miscellaneous:* Photography Club (III), Vedette (II), Varsity Club (II, I).

ROBERT LEE BOYD, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (V, IV), Corporal (III), Private (II, I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (III, II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Wrestling (II assistant manager, I manager), Company Rifle (III), Company Tennis (IV, III), Company Football (IV, III); *Miscellaneous:* Varsity Club (I).

JOHN JOSEPH BRANSFIELD, JR., CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (V, IV, III), First Sergeant (II), Regimental Adjutant (I), Lancers (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (V, IV, III, II, I Captain) Company Wrestling (V, IV, III, II, I), Company Football (III, II, I), Company Boxing (V, IV), Company Water Polo (V, IV, III, II, I), Company Swimming (IV, III, II, I), Company Tennis (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club (I), Treasurer, Hop Club (I), Treasurer, First Class (I).

FRANK MCCAIN BREWSTER, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), Sergeant (II, I), 3 R.O.T.C. medals, Honor Guard (III, II, I), First Sergeant Motorized Infantry (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Rifle (II), Company Rifle (IV, III, I), Company Soccer (IV); *Miscellaneous:* Vedette representative (II), Quill (IV, III, II, I), Roll Call Editor (I), 4 Silver A's, 2 Gold A's.

WILLIAM WHITFIELD BROKAW, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Football (II, I), Varsity Basketball (II), Varsity Baseball (II, I).

STEPHEN BALDWIN BROMLEY, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (II), Color Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II, I), Varsity Boxing (II, I), Company Squash (II Regimental Champions, I Regimental Champions), Company Football (I); *Miscellaneous:* Honor Council (I), Varsity Club (II, I).

JOHN RUSSELL BROWN, JR., COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Personnel Lieutenant (I) Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (II, I), Varsity Boxing (II, I), Company Boxing (III), Company Football (III), Company Track (III, II), Company Wrestling (II), Company Swimming (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Varsity Club (II, I).

JAMES SPENCER BROWN 3RD, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Track (I), Company Soccer (II, I), Company Basketball (II, I), Company Baseball (II), Company Boxing (II).

WILLIAM PRUSINER BROWN, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III, II, I Regimental Champions), Company Crew (III), Company Tennis (III, II); *Miscellaneous:* 3 Silver A's, Vedette (I), Secretary-Treasurer Camera Club (I).

JOSEPH RICE BYRON, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (II, I), Varsity Baseball (II, I), Company Football (II, I), Company Wrestling (II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (II, I).

GEORGE FREDERICK CHRISTIANS, JR., FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Football (I), Varsity Boxing (II), Company Football (IV, III, II), Company Soccer (IV), Company Track (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Photography Club (III, II, I President).

ROBERT SEARS CLARK, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), *Athletic:* Varsity Football (II, I), Varsity Track (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Varsity Club (II, I).

WALTER KENDALL COLLINS, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (V, IV, III, II, I), Motorized Infantry (III, II, I), Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (V, IV, III, II, I Regimental Champions), Company Golf (III, II, I), Company Swimming (V); *Miscellaneous:* Feature Editor Vedette (I), Dramatics Club (I).

WILLIAM CAMPBELL COOK 2ND, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (II, I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Track (II, I), Varsity Cross Country (I), Company Swimming (II), Company Basketball (I); *Miscellaneous:* Quill (I), Vedette (I).

HARKER ALEXANDER CROW, JR., FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), Regimental Athletic Sergeant (II), Regimental Athletic Lieutenant (I), 5 R.O.T.C. medals, Four Gun Drill (I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III, II, I), Company Football (IV), Company Wrestling (III), Company Track (IV, III); *Miscellaneous:* Hop Club (I), Cadet Club (I), Dramatics (I), 1 Silver A.

WILLIAM MASTEN CURTIS, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (III, II, I), Varsity Track (III), Company Football (III, I), Company Soccer (II), Company Wrestling (III, I), Company Baseball (III, II), Company Crew (III, II); *Miscellaneous:* 3rd Vice President Hop Club, Engineer's Club, President (I) Varsity Club (III, II, I), Model Airplane Club (III, II, I).

FRED DAVENPORT, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (III, II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (III, II), Cross Country (II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (III, II, I).

WILLIAM BERNARD DECKER, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (III, II, I), Lancers; *Athletic:* Company Soccer (II), Company Baseball (II, I).

DAVID WOOD DENNIS, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (II), Private First Class (I); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (II), Photography Club (II), Art Club (I).

WALTER EARL DITMARS, JR., BAND. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletics:* Company Football (II, I), Company Fencing (I), Company Baseball (II, I), Company Track (I), Company Rifle (II, I).

JOHN FRANCIS DYKES, JR., FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Football (II, I), Mounted Service All-Star Team (I), Company Basketball (II, I), Company Squash (I), Wrestling (I), Company Boxing (II, I), Company Baseball (II, I), Swimming (II).

ROBERT EDWARD EARLL, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), Motorized Infantry (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Basketball (I–Mgr.), Company Soccer (IV, I), Company Football (III, II), Company Wrestling (II), Company Tennis (II, I), Company Baseball (IV, III, II, I).

WILLIAM DOWDEN EATON, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (I), Track (II, I), Company Football (III), Company Track (III, II), Company Baseball (III); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (II), Hop Club (I), First Class Representative, 4 Silver A's, 1 Gold A.

TIMOTHY WILLIAM ENGLEHART, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II), Private (I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (II, I–Manager), Company Golf (IV Regimental Champions, III Regimental Champions, II, I), Company Soccer (IV), Company Basketball (IV, III—Regimental Champions), Company Rifle (IV, III), Company Crew (IV, III).

DONALD BARRY FEGLES, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II, I), Company Football (II), Swimming (I).

EDWARD ALFRED FETTERS, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Private (I); *Athletic:* Company Baseball (III, II, I), Company Boxing (III—Regimental Champions, II—Regimental Champions, I), Company Football (I), Company Soccer (III, II), Company Wrestling (II).

WAYNE EDWARD FIRESTONE, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), Regimental Sergeant Major (II), Regimental Mess Lieutenant (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal, Honor Guard (III, II, I), Motorized Infantry (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II Assistant Manager, I Manager), Company Soccer (IV, III), Company Rifle (IV, III, II Regimental Champions, I), Company Basketball (II); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's, Engineer's Club (member of program committee I), Radio Club (I), Town Hall Club (I), Varsity Club (II).

PERRY WARREN FISK, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Basketball (II), Company Track (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Quill (II, I), Dramatics (II).

LEE JAMES FORD, COMPANY D. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Football (II, I), Varsity Boxing (II, I), Company Football (IV, III), Company Boxing (III), Company Wrestling (III), Company Track (II, I).

WILLIAM ALVA FORSHEE, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Motorized Infantry (II, I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (IV, III, II, I), Company Soccer (IV, I), Company Rifle (III, II, I), Company Basketball (III, II).

WILLIAM EARL FOSTER, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (V, IV), Corporal (III), First Sergeant (II), Captain (I), Four Gun Drill (III, II, I), Chicago Tribune Medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Track (III, II), Varsity Cross Country (III, II), Company Football (IV), Company Track (IV, III, II, I), Company Wrestling (III, II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Hop Club (I), First Vice President, Cadet Club (I), Honor Council (I), Y.M.C.A. Treasurer (I).

DUWARD BELMONT FRAMPTON, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II, I), Honor Guard (II, I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (III, II, I), Model Airplane Club (I).

MILTON HENRY FRIEND, JR., FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I), 3 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (IV, III, II), Company Football (IV, III, II, I), Company Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Company Boxing (III, II, I), Wrestling (I), Squash (I); *Miscellaneous:* 1 Silver A.

FRED LINCOLN GAULT, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), First Lieutenant Battery Supply Officer (I), 3 R.O.T.C. medals, Varsity Rifle (III), Varsity Boxing (III, I), Company Football (III, II, I), Company Swimming (III Regimental Champions), Company Boxing (III, Regimental Champions, II), Company Wrestling (III Regimental Champions, I), Company Baseball (III, II, I), Company Track (II Regimental Champions, I); *Miscellaneous:* 5 Silver A's.

JOHN HENRY GERNON, JR., COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (III, II), Sergeant (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (III, II, I), Company Football (III, II, I), Company Basketball (III, II, I), Company Baseball (II, I).

Todd Junior Gooding, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Basketball (II, I Captain), Varsity Baseball (II, I), Varsity Football (I).

John Christian Graf, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (II, I), Company Football (II—Regimental Champions, I); *Miscellaneous:* 3 Silver A's.

Alan Granberry Grant, Company D. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (I), Varsity Crew (II, I), Company Track (II), Company Wrestling (II, I).

George G. Griese, Jr., Company A. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), 1st Sergeant (II), Captain (I), Honor Guard (III, II, I Lieutenant), 4 R.O.T.C. medals. *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), Company Football (I), Company Basketball (III, II, I), Company Baseball (IV, III, II), Company Tennis (IV, III, II); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club, Hop Club—Secretary, Honor Council, Business Manager—*Roll Call*, 5 Gold A's, 2 Silver A's, Varsity Club (II, I).

Roland Wheelock Griffith, Jr., Company A. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Football (II, I, All Company Team), Company Track (II, I), Company Basketball (I), Company Swimming (II, I), Company Water Polo (II, I), Company Baseball (II, I).

William Frederick Halbleib, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I), Lancers (I); *Athletic:* Troop Football (II, I), Troop Basketball (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Honor Guard Council (I), Troop Council (I), Radio Club (II), Field Trial Club (II).

Frank Joshua Hall, Jr., Company A. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), 2nd Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Wrestling (II, I, co-captain), Varsity Crew (III), Company Football (II, I co-captain), Company Crew (II captain), Silver Athletic medal. *Miscellaneous:* Photography Club.

Jerome Berthold Hansen, Company C. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Private (I), Honor Guard (I), Motorized Infantry (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal. *Athletic:* Varsity Rifle (II, I), Company Football (II), Company Rifle (III), Company Soccer (I), Company Baseball (III), Company Boxing (I); *Miscellaneous:* Varsity Club (II, I).

Horace Frederic Hardy, 3rd, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (III), Private First Class (II, I), Lancers (I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's, Glee Club (III, II, I).

David Frease Harris, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (III, II), 2nd Lieutenant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Track (II), Company Football (II, I), Company Basketball (III, II, I Regimental Champions), Company Rifle (III), Company Swimming (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (I).

Ross Harris, Company B. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II), 2nd Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (IV, III), Company Rifle (III, II); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club (I).

Stiles Shelton Harris, Company B. *Military:* Private.

Thomas Chadwick Harvey, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), Lancers (I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III), Company Football (I).

Robert Edson Heilman, Band. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II, I), Company Football (II, I), Company Basketball (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Varsity Club (II, I), Jazz Band (I), 1 Gold A, 1 Silver A.

Harvey Augustus Heller, Jr., Company B. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (II, I), Company Soccer (II, I), Squash (I), Wrestling (II), Rifle (II), Golf (II).

Robert Harry Herbst 2nd, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Football, Company Hockey, Company Wrestling, Company Basketball; *Miscellaneous:* Jazz Band (II, I).

Jean Carter Hiestand, Jr., Band. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (II), Company Basketball (II, I), Company Baseball (II), Company Football (II, I), Company Wrestling (II); *Miscellaneous:* Honor Council (I), 3 Gold A's.

William Donald Hirschfield, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Lieutenant (I), Lancers (I); *Athletic:* Company Rifle (III, I), Company Soccer (II, I), Company Baseball (II Regimental Champions), Company Water Polo (II), Company Fencing (I).

Briggs Alexander Hoffman, Jr., Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (III, II, I); *Athletic:* Company Football (III, II, I), Company Baseball (II, I), Company Wrestling (II, I).

Arthur Franklin Hoge, Company B. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II), Company Football (II, I), Company Wrestling (II), Company Swimming (II, I), Company Water Polo (II, I).

Walter Leo Hunn, Company A. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), Private (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing Manager (II, I), Company Soccer (IV), Company Basketball (IV), Company Football (I), Company Track (I).

David Bradley Huston, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Lieutenant (I), Lancers (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Fencing (II, I), Company Soccer (I All Star Team); *Miscellaneous:* Vedette Reporter (III).

Frank Meek Irelan, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II, I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal. *Athletic:* Varsity Track (II, I), Varsity Football (II, I), Company Track (II, I), Company Basketball (II, I).

Werner Janssen, Jr., Band. *Military:* Private (V, IV), Corporal (III), Sergeant (II), Captain (I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (IV, III, II, I captain), Varsity Track (III); *Miscellaneous:* Vedette Editor (II), Jazz Band (III, I leader).

Hubert Johnston Jenkins, Jr., Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I), Lancers (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (IV, III, II, I—Captain), Company Water Polo (III—Regimental Champions, II, I—Regimental Champions), Company Boxing (II, I), Company Football (II, I), Company Baseball (II, I), Athletic Medal (II).

John Richard Jones, Company B. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Rifle (III, II), Company Rifle (I), Company Football (III, II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Engineers Club (I).

Richard McClelland Jones, Company A. *Military:* 1 R.O.T.C. medal, Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Baseball (II), Company Football (IV, III), Company Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Company Soccer (II, I—All Star Team).

William Walbridge Kaelber, Company D. *Military:* Private (II), Private First Class (I); *Athletic:* Company Football (II, I), Company Track (II, I), Company Swimming (II, I), Company Tennis (II).

Louis Douglas Keck, Jr., Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (III, II, I), Four Gun Drill (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Football (III, II, I), Company Basketball (III, II Regimental Champions, I).

Frank J. Kelly, 3rd, Company C. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II, I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals, Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Football (assistant, manager, III), Varsity Cross Country (II) Varsity Swimming (II, I), Varsity Track (III, II), Company Basketball (III), Company Swimming (III), Company Wrestling (II), Company Track (III, II, I), Company Baseball (III), Company Boxing (III), Company Football (I); *Miscellaneous:* 3 Silver A's, Varsity Club (II, I).

John Ralston King, Company D. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Motorized Infantry, Sergeant Driver (II, I), Honor Guard (III, II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (III), Company Boxing (IV), Company Basketball (IV Regimental Champions, III, II, I), Company Football (IV, III Regimental Champions, II, I Regimental Champions), Company Baseball (II, I), Company Wrestling (IV, III, I); *Miscellaneous:* Hop Club (I), Varsity Club.

David Frederick Kirn, Company D. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II), Company Basketball (II, I), Company Football (I), Company Squash (I).

Charles Brown Knappen, Jr., Company D. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Regimental Posture Lieutenant (I), R.O.T.C. medals, Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (Sergeant Driver, II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Track (II, I), Company Football (III, II, I), Company Basketball (I); *Miscellaneous:* Hop Club (I).

Mark Henry Kolter, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals, Lancers (II); *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (I), Varsity Golf (I), Company Football (IV, III, II, I), Company Wrestling (II), Company Boxing (III), Company Golf (III, II), Company Baseball (II), Company Water Polo (I), Company Swimming (II), Company Squash (II).

Joseph Ottokar Kostner, Company D. *Military:* Private First Class; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II), Cross Country (I), Company Wrestling (II), Soccer (I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's, 1 Gold A.

James Kresl, Company A. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Football (III, II, I), Basketball (III, II, I), Track (III, II, I), Company Track (III); *Miscellaneous:* Hop Club, Varsity Club.

Robert Hugh Kuhn, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Lieutenant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Football (I), Company Wrestling, Company Golf, Company Football, Company Rifle; *Miscellaneous:* Lancers (II, I), Cadet Club (I).

George Burnham Lanman, Jr., Company B. *Military:* Private (II), Private 1st Class (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), Wrestling (I), Company Football (II, I), Rifle (II).

Robert Bernard Lawyer, Company B. *Military:* (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), Motorized Infantry (II, I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (IV, III, II, I), Wrestling (II, I), Golf (III, II, I), Basketball (III, II).

William Neal Lehrer, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Corporal (II), Lieutenant (I); *Athletic:* Company Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Company Boxing, (III Regimental Champions), Swimming (III, II), Soccer (IV, III, II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Honor Council.

William Purcell Lewis, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Polo (IV, III, II, I).

Marcial Llano, Company D. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II, I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry; *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (III), Varsity Boxing (II, I), Company Wrestling (IV, III, II, I), Company Squash (IV, III, II, I), Company Soccer (IV, III, II—Regimental Champions), Company Football (I—Regimental Champions); *Miscellaneous:* Skeet Club, Varsity Club, Cadet Club.

Billy Woods McCracken, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (I), Company Football (II), Company Basketball (II), Company Golf (II), Company Track (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 1 Silver A.

Guy Ennis McGaughey, Jr., Company B. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (I), 3 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Basketball (II, I—Co-Captain), Baseball (II, I), Company Football (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's, 1 Gold A.

Robert Emmett McKinstry, Company B. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), First Sergeant (II), Captain (I), Honor Guard (II, I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Company Football (IV, III, II, I), Baseball (IV, III, II, I), Hockey (IV, III, II, I), Basketball (I); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club, Honor Council, Hop Club.

Linford Smith MacDonald, Field Artillery, *Military:* Private (V, IV, III, II, I), Four Gun Drill (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (V, IV, III), Company Football (V), Soccer (I); *Miscellaneous:* Battery Jumping.

David Vincent Mahan, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (II), Track (III), Baseball (I), Company Football (I—All-Star Team), Rifle, Basketball; *Miscellaneous:* Lancers (II, I).

David Cummings Main, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), Lancers (I); *Athletic:* Company Basketball (II, I), Golf (II, I), Football (II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club.

Robert LaFayette Manning, Company B. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant Major (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (III, II, I), Company Football (III, II, I), Boxing (IV); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club (I).

Bertram Templin Martin, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (V, IV, III), Corporal (II), Sergeant Major (II), Lieutenant (I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (IV, III, II, I), J. V. (II, I), Company Rifle (V, IV), Water Polo (V), Soccer (IV, III, II), Battery Jumping (III, II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Photography Club (III).

Marshall Mitchell Massey, Company C. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), 6 R.O.T.C. medals, Motorized Infantry, Varsity Crew (III, II), Rifle (I), Golf (I), Football (II—Mgr.), Company Rifle (II); *Miscellaneous:* 5 Gold A's, Honor Council, Debating Club, Varsity Club (II, I).

William L. Monro, 3rd, Company B. *Military:* Private (V, IV, III, II, I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Rifle (III, II, I-Capt.), Company Rifle (V, IV), Swimming (IV, III, II), Golf (III, II, I), Tennis (III, II).

Frederick Robert Moran, Company A. *Athletic:* Varsity Football (II, I), Track (II, I), Company Wrestling (II).

Everett Thornton Nealey, 3rd, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), 3 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I).

Richard Dan Maxson, Company C. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), First Sergeant (II), Senior Captain (I), Honor Guard (III, II, I), 5 R.O.T.C. medals, Best All-around New Cadet, Company C (IV), *Chicago Tribune* R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Football (IV, III, II, I-Capt.), Track (IV, III, II, I—Capt.), Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Company Track (IV, III), Baseball (IV); *Miscellaneous:* Honor Council, Cadet Club (Ch.) Hop Club (Pres.), Y.M.C.A. Club (Pres.), President Second Class, President First Class, Midwest Prep Conf. Football Team, Midwest Prep Tournament Basketball Team, Gold Track Shoes (IV, III, II, I).

Richard Westbrook Middleton, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II, I), Company Squash (I), Football (1 All-Star Team), Basketball (II), Swimming (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 1 Silver A.

Richard Barto Moncrief, Field Artillery. *Military:* 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II); *Miscellaneous:* President, Hobby Club (II, I), Camera Club (II).

James Richard Nelson, Band. *Military:* Honor Guard (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal, Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (II), Company Squash (IV, III, II, I), Boxing (II), Soccer (IV, III, II, I), Tennis (I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's, Jazz Band (I).

Clyde Everett Noble, Band. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), Fencing (I), Company Soccer (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Gold A's, Dramatics Class (II, I), Jazz Band (I), Carnegie Music Committee.

James Ernest Odell, Company A. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), First Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), 6 R.O.T.C. medals. *Athletic:* Varsity Fencing (III, II, I), Company Football (III, II, I), Baseball (III, II), Water Polo (III), Tennis (I); *Miscellaneous:* 3 Gold A's, 2 Silver A's, Varsity Club (II, I), Hop Club (I), Model Airplane (III, II), *Roll Call* (II, I).

Gustave William Ostermann, Company A. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III, II, I), Basketball (III, II, I), Track (III, II), Baseball (III, II, I), Water Polo (III, II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (III, II, I).

Robert Lee Parker, Company C. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Captain (I), Honor Guard (II, I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Baseball (II, I), Wrestling (II), Varsity Skeet (III, II—Capt., I—Capt.), Company Rifle (III, II), Football (I), Basketball (III, II, I), Soccer (III, II), Squash (II, I—Regimental Champions); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club, Hop Club, Honor Council, Skeet Club (III, II—Pres., I—Pres.), Y.M.C.A. Club, Varsity Club, 2 Silver A's, 105 and 115 lb. Wrestling Champion.

James Greene Paschal, Band. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Company Football (II, I), Tennis (II, I), Rifle (II, I), Baseball (II, I).

Robert Eugene Phelps, Company A. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II, I), *Athletic:* Company Football (III), Basketball (III), Soccer (II), Track (I).

Lyle Stephenson Powell, Jr., Company A. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (I), Company Basketball (II), Crew (II); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's.

Farrand Clarke Prindle, Band. *Military:* Private (III), Private First Class (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Baseball (II, I), Company Basketball (III, II), Track (III); *Miscellaneous:* Model Club.

William David Rees, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I), 2 R.O.T.C. Medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), J. V. (II), Company Football (II, I), Rifle (III); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's.

Edward Kingsley Robertson, Company B. *Military:* Private (V, IV), Corporal (III), Sergeant (II, I), 1 R.O.T.C. Medal, Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry; *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (IV, III, II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's.

Layne Rogers, Company D. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard; *Athletic:* Varsity Football (III, II, I), Boxing (III, II, I), Baseball (III, II, I—Captain).

Edward Thomas Rose, Company B. *Military:* Private; *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (IV, III, II, I), Cross Country (I), Company Soccer (III, II, I), Company Tennis (III), Company Golf (II).

Theodore Franklin Rosenbaum, Company B. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II, I), Honor Guard (I), Motorized Infantry (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (IV, III, II, I), Company Basketball (IV, III—All Company team, II, I), Soccer (IV, III, II, I).

Robert George Rubens, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (I), Varsity Polo (II, I).

William Frederick Schacht, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Captain (I—Troop Commander), 1 R.O.T.C. medal, Winner *Chicago Tribune* medal, Lancers (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Swimming (IV, III), Company Football (I), Basketball (I—Regimental Champions), Baseball (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club, Hop Club (Vice President), Honor Council, 1 Silver A. 4 Gold A's.

Jack Gordon Scharff, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Four Gun Drill (I), 5 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Wrestling (II, I—Captain) Company Boxing (II, I—Regimental Champions), Football (II, I—All Star Team), Crew (III, II—Regimental Champions); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (III), Camera Club (II, I), Varsity Club (II, I), Hop Club (I), 2 Silver A's, 3 Gold A's.

Melvin Henry Schlesinger, Jr., Cavalry. *Military:* Private (I); *Athletic:* Company Wrestling (I), Varsity Polo (II, I), Varsity Crew (I), Varsity Skeet (I); *Miscellaneous:* Skeet Club.

Charles Schwartz, Company B. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (III, II, I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (IV, III, II, I), Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Baseball (IV, III, II, I).

Wilfred Leech Scott, Jr., Company D. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (II, I), Varsity Crew (II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (I), Radio Club (I).

Ray Searles, Jr., Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), Rifle (I), Cross Country (II, I), Company Rifle (II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (II).

Frank Asa Sewell, Jr., Company D. *Military:* Private (IV), Corporal (III), First Sergeant (II), Captain (I), Honor Guard (III, II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (IV, III, II, I), Basketball (III, II, I), Company Wrestling (I), Water Polo (I), Football (I—Reg. Champ). *Miscellaneous:* Vice-President, First Class, Vice-president Y.M.C.A. Council, Hop Club, Cadet Club, Honor Council, Varsity Club, *Roll Call*, Sports Editor.

John Beecher Shaver, Company D. *Military:* Private (III, II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Basketball (II), Company Football (II, I), Basketball (III, I), Soccer (III).

Walter A. Sheaffer, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I), Sergeant (I), Lancers (I); *Athletic:* Company Football (IV, III, II); Basketball (IV, III, II), Tennis (IV, III), Golf (I), Swimming (IV, III), Varsity Crew (II).

Norman Herbert Spitzer, Company D. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (II, I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (III, II, I), Company Football (IV, I—Regimental Champions); Soccer (III, II—Regimental Champions); Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Wrestling—Regimental Champions all four (IV, III, II, I), Golf (I), Baseball (I); *Miscellaneous:* 1 Gold A, 5 Silver A's, Honor Council (I), Associate Editor *Roll Call* (I), Hop Club (I), Varsity Club (III, II, I).

William Edward Stevens, Jr., Band. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), Swimming (I), Company Football (II, I). *Miscellaneous:* 3 Gold A's, Jazz Band (I), Varsity Club (II, I).

John Thomas Stevenson, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal. *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (I), Company Football (I), Rifle (II), Crew (II); *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club.

George Stimmel, Company C. *Military:* Private (III, II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Track (III, II, I), Company Track (III, II, I), Football (III, II, I—Regimental Champions), Boxing (II), All-Star Football Team (I), Gold Track Shoe (II).

Harry Allerdice Stout, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I); *Athletic:* Company Basketball (III, II, I), Baseball (III, II, I), Football (III, II, I), Swimming (II, I), Boxing (III, II).

William McClung Tonkin, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (V, IV), Corporal (III, II), Sergeant (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal.

Lambert Carr Trovillion, Band. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (I), *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II—Mgr.), Soccer (III, II, I), Basketball (III, II, I), Tennis (III—Regimental Champions, II—Regimental Champions, I); *Miscellaneous:* Jazz Band (II, I), Varsity Club (II, I).

Wilfred Whittemore Trovillion, Band. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (I), 1 R.O.T.C. Medal; *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III, II, I), Basketball (III, II, I), Tennis (III—Regimental Champions, II—Regimental Champions, I), Squash (I); *Miscellaneous:* News Editor, *Vedette* (II), Editor (I), Jazz Band, (I), Honor Council, 4 Silver A's, 1 Gold A, Gold *Vedette* Medal.

William Edwin Tuttle, Field Artillery. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (II, I), Company Basketball (II, I—Capt.), Soccer (II, I), Swimming (II—Regimental Champions I), Baseball (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 1 R.O.T.C. Medal.

George Ely Van Hagen, 3rd, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (II, I), Wrestling (II, I), Company Football; *Miscellaneous:* Lancers (I), Glee Club.

Charles Richard Walker, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Polo (II, I), Company Football (I).

John M. Walker, Jr., Cavalry. *Military:* Private (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Football (II, I), Polo (II, I), Boxing (II), Baseball (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* Lancers (I).

Morris Raymond Weiler, Company D. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Corporal (II), Lieutenant (I), Honor Guard (I), Motorized Infantry (II, I); *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III, II), Football (I), Basketball (II, I), Baseball (IV, III, II, I), Track (II, I), Wrestling (II, I), Boxing (IV), Tennis (III, II); *Miscellaneous:* Hop Club.

Charles Richard Weir, Band. *Military:* Private (IV, III), Private First Class (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Cross Country (III, II, I), Company Swimming (II), Squash (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* News Editor, *Vedette* (I), Glee Club, Jazz Band (I), Bronze *Vedette* Medal.

Howard Allen Weiss, Cavalry. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Lieutenant (I), Lancers (I), 2 R.O.T.C. Medals; *Athletic:*

Varsity Polo (III, II, I), Company Boxing (III, I), Golf (II); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Gold A's, 2 Silver A's.

THOMAS HORN WEISS, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II), Corporal (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Polo (IV, III, II), Crew (II, I), Fencing (I), Company Soccer (IV, I), Rifle (IV, I—Regimental Champions), Baseball (III—Regimental Champions); *Miscellaneous:* Camera Club (III, II, I).

JAMES ALLEN WEST, JR., COMPANY D. *Military:* Private (III), Corporal (II), Sergeant (I), Honor Guard (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (III, II, I, Capt.), Company Soccer (II, I), Wrestling (II, I), Track (II, I), Varsity Boxing (II).

DICK GOSSARD WILLIAMS, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (II), Corporal (I); *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (II, I), Basketball (I), Skeet (II, I), Company Football (II, I), Swimming (II, I), Basketball (II), Golf (II), Track (II, I), Baseball (I), Water Polo (II, I), Varsity Cheerleader (I).

WILLIAM ADDISON WILLIAMS, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (V, IV, III, II), Sergeant (I), Lancers (II, I); *Athletic:* Varsity Tennis (V, IV, III, II, I—Captain); Company Basketball (V, IV, III, II, I—Regimental Champions), Football (V, IV, III, II, I), Squash (II, I), Wrestling (II); *Miscellaneous:* Cadet Club.

JOHN BARNETT WOODRUFF, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (II, I), 1 R.O.T.C. Medal; *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (II, I); *Miscellaneous:* 2 Silver A's, Engineer's Club.

ROBERT KENNETH WOODS, BAND. *Military:* Private (III, II), Private First Class (I); *Athletic:* Company Tennis (III—Regimental Champions, II—Regimental Champions, I), Soccer (II, I).

SIDNEY CONGER WRIGHT, BAND. *Military:* Private (III, II), First Sergeant (II), Lieutenant (I) Honor Guard (I), 1 R.O.T.C. Medal; *Athletic:* Company Soccer (III, II, I), Golf (III, II, I), Wrestling (III, I), Cross Country (I—Mgr.), Track (II—Mgr., I—Mgr.), Varsity Cross Country (I); *Miscellaneous: Vedette* (II, I), Quill (I), Musical Players (I), Nature Club (III, II), Hop Club, 1 Gold A, 3 Silver A's, Varsity Club.

EDGAR CHARLES COOK, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I) *Athletic:* Varsity Rifle (I), Company Wrestling (II), Company Rifle (III), Company Tennis (III), Company Football (I) *Miscellaneous:* Camera Club (II), Skeet Club (IV, II), Radio Club (III).

CLARENCE W. EPLEY, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I), Honor Guard (II, I), Motorized Infantry (II, I) *Athletic:* Company Football (IV, III, II Regimental Champs, I), Company Baseball (IV, III, II, I), Company Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Company Crew (II, I).

FREDERICK E. HANSEN, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (II, I) *Athletic:* Varsity Boxing (I), Varsity Football (II), Company Swimming (II), Company Wrestling (II, I), Company Football (I).

HAROLD W. KRETCHMAR, COMPANY D. *Military:* Private (I) *Athletic:* Varsity Football (I), Varsity Track (I).

FLOYD MARTIN, COMPANY B. *Military:* Private (II, I) *Athletic:* Company Wrestling (II, I), Company Soccer (I).

ROBERT F. REDLINGER, COMPANY C. *Military:* Private (II), Sergeant (I), Honorguard (I) *Athletic:* Varsity Football (I), Varsity Track (II, I), Company Wrestling (I).

ROLAND C. GARRETSON, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (IV, III, II, I) *Athletic:* Varsity Skeet (III, II, I), Company Basketball (IV, III, II, I), Company Golf (II, I), *Miscellaneous:* Model Club.

ROBERT S. ESTABROOK, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (III, II, I) *Athletic:* Varsity Golf (I) Company Basketball (III, II, I), Company Football (III, II, I—All-Star Team), Company Baseball (III, II), Company Golf (II).

DARREL C. HAMEL, CAVALRY. *Military:* Private (I) *Athletic:* Varsity Baseball (I), Company Football (I—All-Star Team), *Miscellaneous:* Engineer's Club (I).

MICHAEL KANGERGA, COMPANY A. *Military:* Private (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal, *Athletic:* Varsity Football (I), *Miscellaneous:* Secretary, Engineer's Club (I), 1 Silver A.

WILLIAM PHILLIP SHORT, FIELD ARTILLERY. *Military:* Private (III, II, I), Four Gun Drill (I), 2 R.O.T.C. medals, *Athletic:* Varsity Track (III, II, I), Varsity Cross Country (II), Company Track (III, Regimental Champions, II Regimental Champions, I Regimental Champions), Company Football (III, I Capt., Mounted Service Team), Company Basketball (III, II), Company Boxing (III Regimental Champions, I), Physical Training Medal (II).

CHARLES WILLIAM ZIEBARTH, BAND. *Military:* Private (I), 1 R.O.T.C. medal, *Athletic:* Varsity Crew (I), *Miscellaneous:* Glee Club (I), Engineer's Club (I), 1 Silver A.

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